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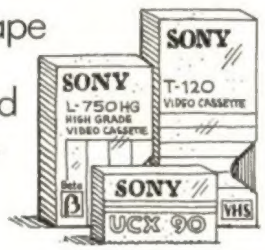

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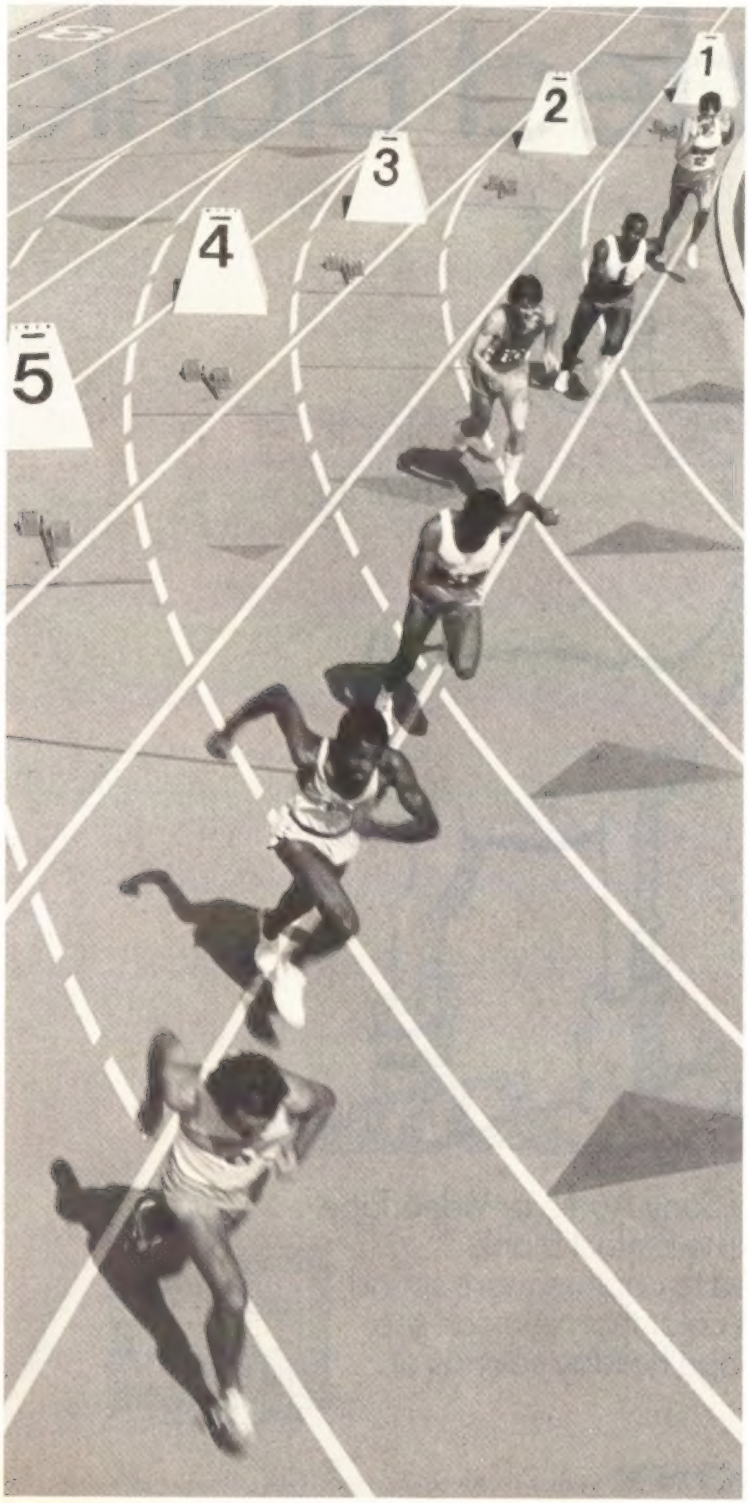

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NOVEMBER 14, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 21 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Journalists are fond of the saying that they write the first draft of history. But on some 20 occasions in the past four decades, TIME's editors have determined that a historically significant individual merited a journalistic "second draft" to assess his contributions and character in light of contemporary events, opinions and scholarship. In this week's cover story, 20 years after John F. Kennedy's death in Dallas, Senior Writer Lance Morrow tries to distinguish between the 35th President's accomplishments and the enduring myths. Observes Morrow: "The past inhabits us and defines us—and often haunts us. We need to go back to it, to sift it, in order to know who we are and how we became what we are." Morrow's re-examination is enhanced by photographs from Kennedy's presidency, some of them never before published. The work of former White House Photographer Jacques Lowe, they form part of his new book, *Kennedy: A Time Remembered,* to be published this month by Quartet/Visual Arts.

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Senior Writer Morrow with earlier J.F.K. covers

Kennedy joins a small pantheon of U.S. Presidents who have come under retrospective scrutiny on TIME's cover. George Washington, appropriately, was the first, in 1953. Theodore Roosevelt was saluted on his centenary in 1958; a 1962 story looked at James Monroe and his hemispheric doctrine; Abraham Lincoln was portrayed in 1963 as the epitome of individualism; and the legacy of Franklin Roosevelt was traced last year. Only three religious leaders have been reassayed: St. Paul (1960), the Buddha (1964) and Martin Luther in 1967 and again last month in international editions. (Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary are our most frequent historical cover figures, but they have not been specifically the subjects of the accompanying stories.) Karl Marx was reassessed in 1948, Vladimir Lenin in 1964 and their ideological opposites Adam Smith, in 1975, and John Maynard Keynes, in 1965. In the arts, William Shakespeare (1960) and Johann Sebastian Bach (1968) have been so treated; in science, Sigmund Freud (1956) and Albert Einstein (1979).

Washington Contributing Editor Hugh Sidey, whose column "The Presidency" accompanies the cover story, is particularly partial to such endeavors. "More than ever," he says, "we need to pause and reflect on other times, other troubles and the people who tried to cope with them. Journalism can help by inserting these reflections from other years into the rushing current of contemporary affairs."

John a. Meyer

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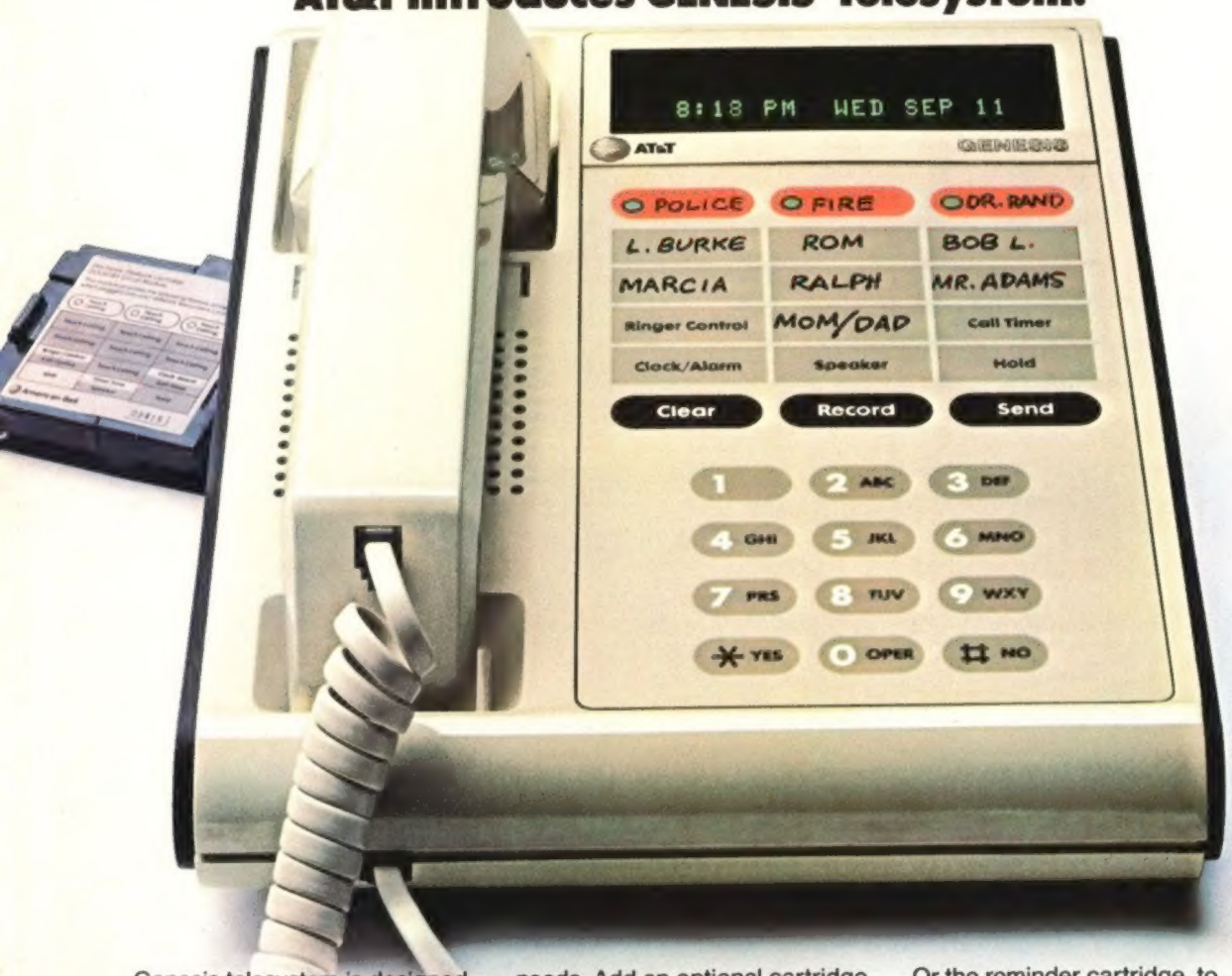

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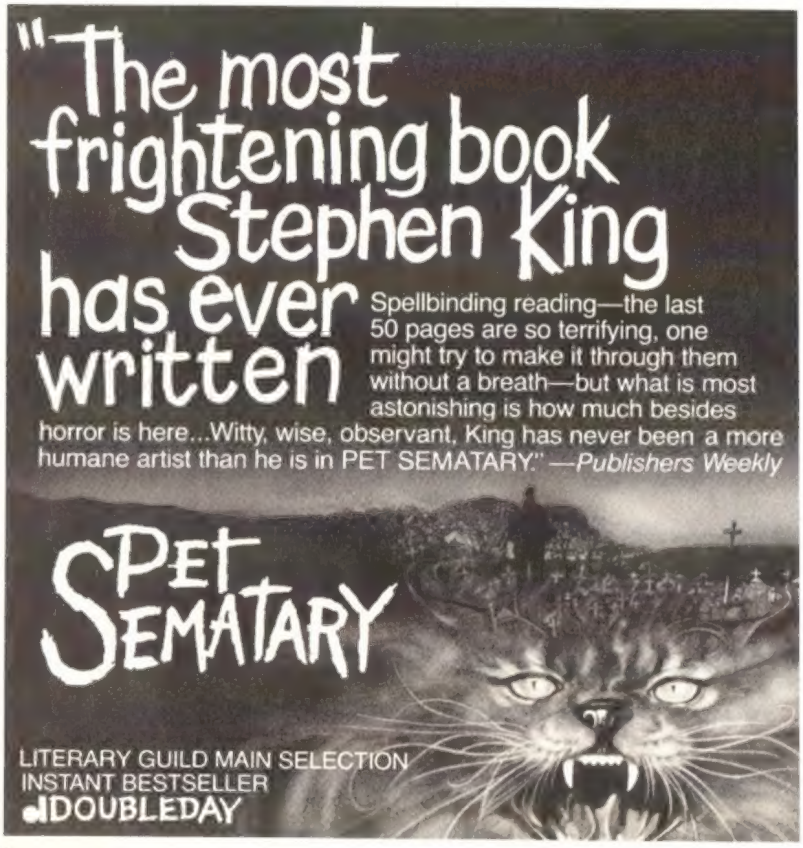

Letters

Reagan's Choice

To the Editors:

Considering the qualifications of former Secretary of the Interior James Watt and the new designate, William Clark [Oct. 24], perhaps the name of the agency should be changed to Department of the Inferior.

Ann H. Hadfield
Perkasie, Pa.

Re President Reagan's latest appointments: they are another example of government-by-crony.

Kenneth Kruger
New York City

Like other environmentalists, I was happy to see Watt go. But the reason for his departure is very disturbing when you consider his performance as Interior Secretary. He was ousted for some ill-chosen words rather than his efforts to destroy the few areas of natural beauty left in the U.S.

Robert Howard
St. Lucia, Australia

Why not Reagan for 1984? Because of his age, 72, which is the same as mine. Already I have noticed that the President often contradicts himself. I have also observed signs of age occurring over and over again in others of my years: poor memory, incessant talking, stubbornness, intolerance of young people's ideas, slowness, and the habit of comparing all events with what happened 50 years ago. I swore it would not happen to me and retired at 69. Reagan's age *is* a factor, and should not be ignored.

Hugo M. Walther
Pentwater, Mich.

Unbiased Bible

I have just read your article "O God Our [Mother and] Father" [Oct. 24]. I am a liberated woman, yet I have never been offended by the sexism in the Bible or in any other literature from an earlier period. I

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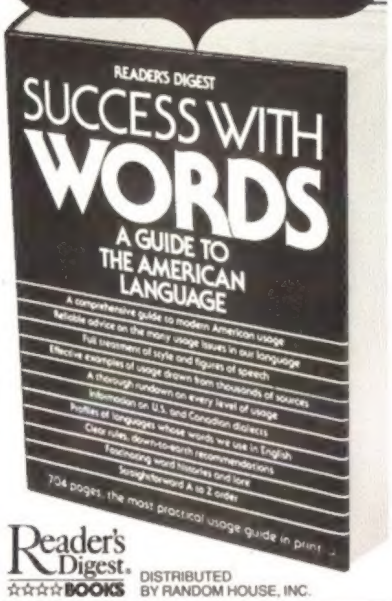

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Letters

question the rewriting of religious books to suit the ideas put forth by contemporary society. Future generations may find something just as distasteful in the new National Council of Churches edition and further revise it. Somewhere down the road the Bible may cease to be recognizable.

Karen A. Cole
Chattanooga, Tenn.

I wonder what passed through the minds of the members of the rewriting committee as they came to the end of the Bible and saw: "I warn every one who hears the words of the prophecy of this book: if any one adds to them, God will add to him the plagues described in this book, and if any one takes away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God will take away his share in the tree of life and in the holy city, which are described in this book" *(Revelation 22: 18-19).*

(The Rev.) John A. Cunningham
Cleveland

If the National Council of Churches considers the Bible's male orientation a problem, the group should provide the reader not with false translations but with short, historical introductions on the social and cultural milieu in which the biblical writings originated.

Hermann S. Schibli
Ann Arbor, Mich.

How will the National Council of Churches remove the male bias of *Luke 1:59*, which discusses Christ's circumcision?

Ronald Buchinski
Bradley, W. Va.

A nonsexist Bible is long overdue. When we are finished with the Bible, we should turn our efforts toward other literature, like *Little People* and *Moby Dick and Jane.*

Carl E. Baker Jr.
Mission Viejo, Calif.

When I was a little girl, it was difficult for me to pray to Our Father because my own father was remote, stern and uncaring. My mother wisely posted on my bedroom wall a prayer referring to the "Father-Mother God." For a little girl whose emotional and religious sustenance came from her mother, the thought of a Father-Mother God was very reassuring. Why should we not accept the concept of a male-female God today?

Rosemary Templeman-Lincoln
Eliot, Me.

The feminists have been successful in making revisions in the Scriptures, but they will never be able to change the image of God. He is God the Father forever.

Mrs. Charles Reinmeyer
Bowling Green, Ohio

The new unisex translation of the Bible would be screamingly funny if it was not such a literary atrocity. I am a liberal

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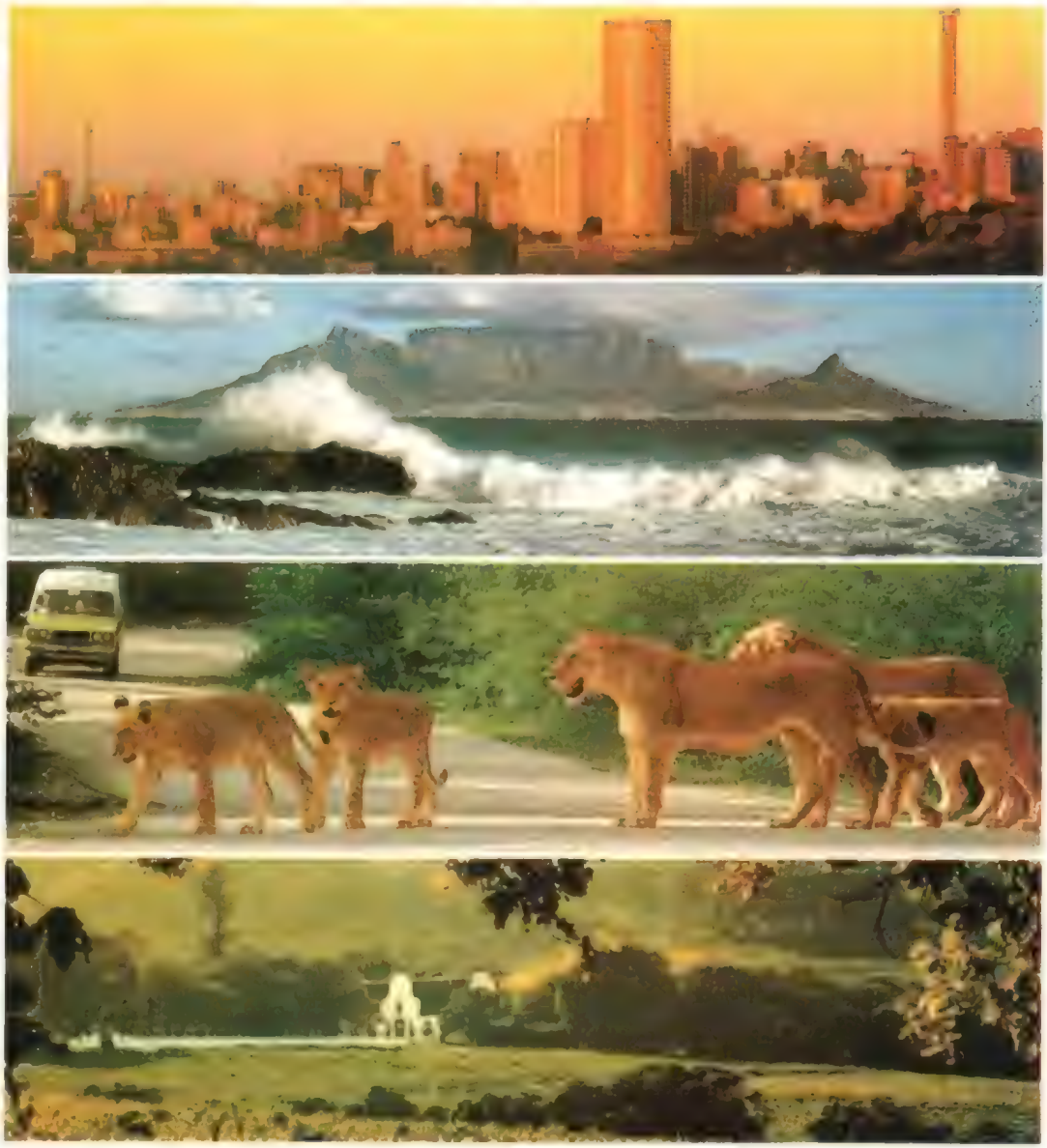
SOUTH AFRICA



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Letters

Baptist, but I would walk out of any service that committed the crime against history and language of using the Bible rewritten by the National Council of Churches.

Mary Elizabeth Sergent
Middletown, N.Y.

The National Council of Churches went too far in its decision to deviate from the Hebrew and Greek manuscripts. I do not intend to use the N.C.C. version in worship because it overemphasizes problems in human relationships and distracts from the Bible's focus on God.

(The Rev.) Kate Penfield
Providence

TV Armageddon

In your criticism of ABC's movie *The Day After*, you state that "there are no people here, only targets, stick figures on a Midwestern landscape waiting to be wasted" [Oct. 24]. I am afraid that it is this attitude, detached and impersonal, that makes it possible for the superpowers to continue to build their nuclear arsenals, without realizing that the "stick figures" involved are our families, our neighbors and ourselves.

J. Randall Cotton
Morganton, N.C.

Pick up any copy of *Pravda*, and you will see photos of peace demonstrations in the West. Yet we never hear of similar demonstrations behind the Iron Curtain. Pacifists like those who produced *The Day After* do not realize how much they are fueling Soviet propaganda.

Peter B. Matiaszek
Paterson, N.J.

I am surprised that advertisers are reluctant to buy time on ABC's presentation of *The Day After*. Companies should realize that we the consumers would respect and support the show's advertisers for participating in the fight against the threat of nuclear destruction.

Laura J. DiPalma
New York City

Modern Mendel

Nobel Prizewinner Barbara McClintock, the scientist whose time has finally come [Oct. 24], is an inspiration, especially to women. But the last sentence of your report, suggesting that McClintock might find it difficult "to buy a suitably fancy dress" for the awards ceremony, was a putdown to a woman who has given her entire life to genetics.

Clara R. Lawson
White Plains, N.Y.

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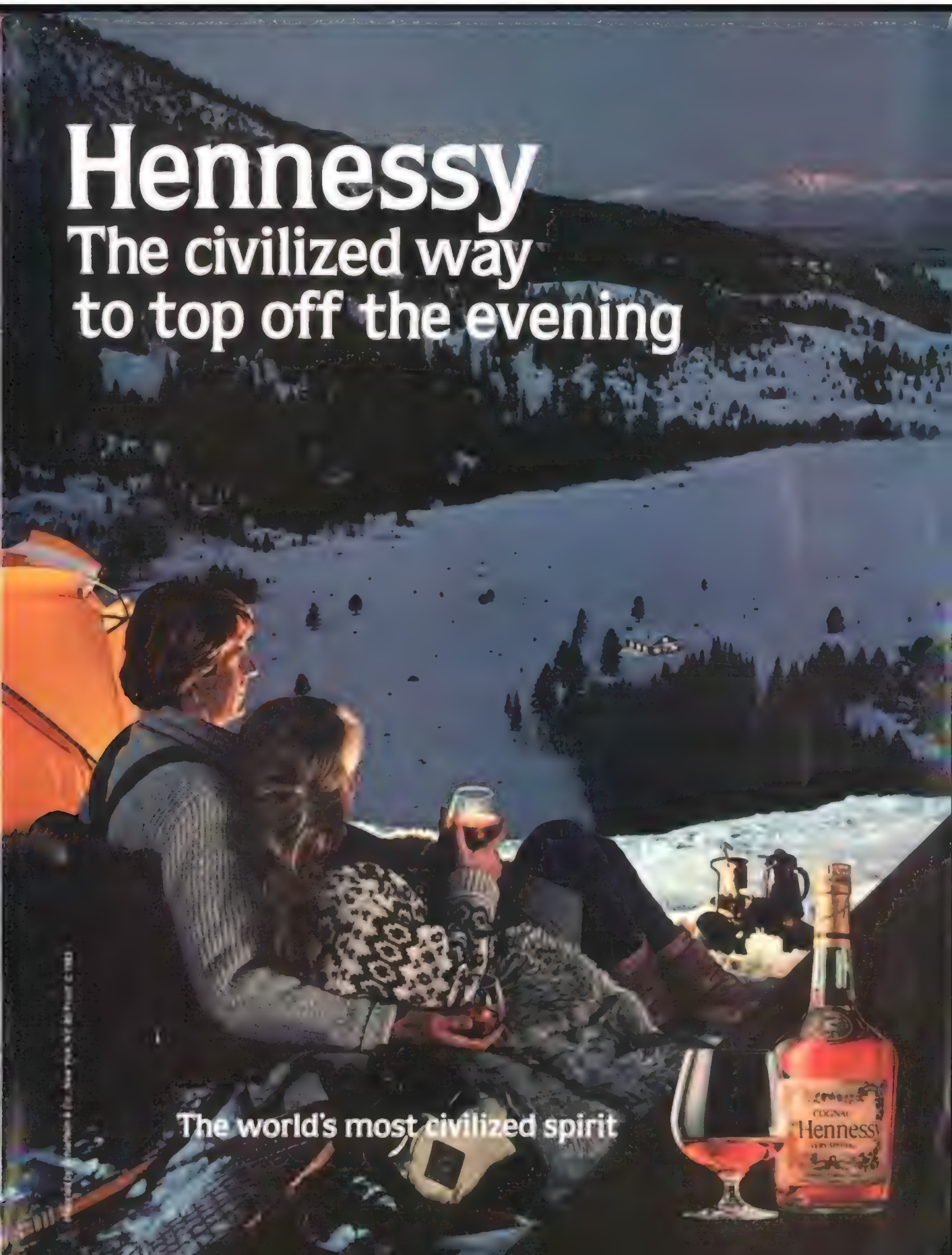
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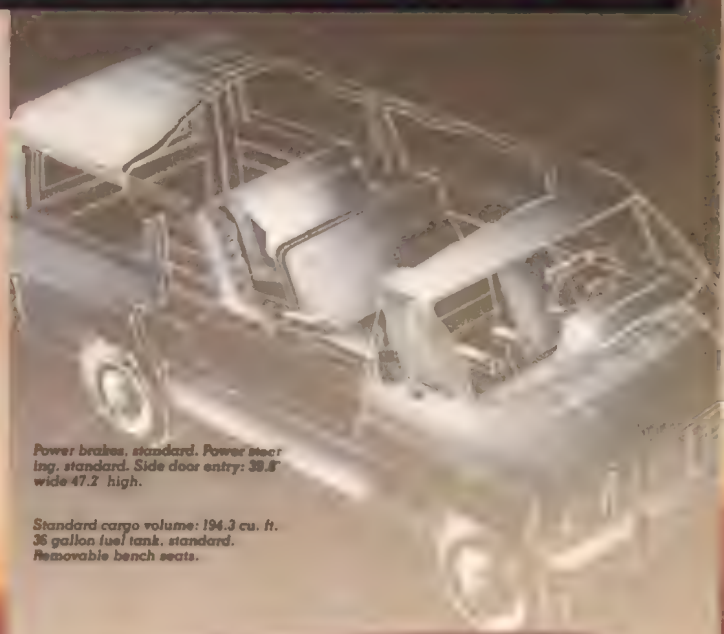

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WAR II

In New Mexico: High-Tech Junkyard

The salvage yard at Los Alamos is open from noon to 4 p.m. on Thursdays. The regulars start arriving early, staking out their positions at the head of the line, which by noon stretches across the parking lot. When the door opens, they trot forward, gaining speed as they gallop through the warehouse, swerve around the cash register and slide past a World War II–vintage sign of a cutout policeman holding up a warning DO NOT RUN OR PUSH. One by one they pop out into the yard, their shirts and hats festooned with bits of masking tape made into instant claim markers. SOLD: JDGL. The rule, only occasionally broken, is that the person who marks it first gets it. What they do with "it" after that is their problem. Sometimes the problem is figuring out what "it" is, among the refuse of the work of the lab, the source of the material on sale.

You can find enough cable at the Los Alamos salvage yard to wire a town

"It's a gamble," says SOLD: JDGL, who is Jim Lindsay, a retired physicist. His wife Jeanette, a retired schoolteacher, is reassuring: "It looks like a dogfight, but there is a lot of sharing too. People help each other." The Lindsays have been regulars for 20 years. The 12-ft. butcher-block counter they bought today for $50 will go under, or on, or behind the piles of salvage that fill their own basement and the basement in the house next door.

Salvage day is a social and psychological event in Los Alamos. Once upon a time, before Galileo changed everything, the people who are now seduced by salvage would have worn long, pointy sorcerers' hats and worried about perpetual-motion machines and the best way to turn lead into gold. Nowadays they call themselves scroungers and arrive for the weekly salvage ritual in white pickup trucks, wearing clothes suitable for labor in a wood lot. Many of them also wear Los Alamos National Laboratory security badges on their down vests and flannel shirts. Their reflexive tendency on being introduced, to reveal whether or not they have a Ph.D., hints that this is not just another junkyard.

This junkyard of high-tech effluvia is 7,500 ft. above sea level, occupying three acres of the Pajarito Plateau in northern New Mexico. The Jemez Mountains and the Sangre de Cristo range rise from the Rio Grande Valley, the gray-green slopes splashed with yellowing aspen. The incomparable clouds of the high desert float over the city on the hill. Los Alamos, birthplace of the atomic bomb, is a 40-year-old company town (pop. 17,500). The company is the U.S. Government, and the main business is nuclear weapons. The lab's Bradbury Science Museum has all kinds of hands-on exhibits explaining peacetime uses of magnetically confined plasma, inertial fusion and lasers. But weapons are the cornerstone, accounting for more than half of this year's $517 million budget. Scarcely anyone would live on the hill if it were not for weapons.

In July a White House Science Council review of the quality of the work done at most of the major national laboratories, including Los Alamos, pointed out serious deficiencies. Last month the man who originally requested the review, the President's science adviser, Dr. George Keyworth II, a former physics-division leader at the lab, warned the badge holders to prepare for changing times. The lab should "deeply think through its mission," he said in a speech at Los Alamos. Keyworth objected to the press's use of the phrase Star Wars to describe what he called the President's new defensive concept. Admitting "the American people are not likely to enthusiastically support the placement of nuclear weapons in space," he urged the assembled scientists to start thinking instead about ways to get their share of the huge research-and-development money involved in putting laser beams in space. In Los Alamos, weapons are bread and butter.

Thirty-four miles southeast, the self-consciously self-aware Anglos who live in Santa Fe like to talk reverently about "the energy that comes off the mountains." They mean spiritual, natural, ancestral energy, not the kind that could come off the high-tech Machu Picchu on the hill. In Los Alamos, the holistic weapons careerists in the cafeteria choose beansprouts and yogurt and reject actual nuclear war as theoretically implausible. It is downright rude in Los Alamos for an outsider—or even an insider—to raise questions concerning war or peace. The first causes moral qualm, the second unemployment.

Living on the edge of contradiction is not easy, even for people who like to describe themselves as high-performance professionals. A trip to the yard seems to offer a chance to domesticate some of that contradiction, to turn some small piece of it into something comprehensibly useful.

None of the stuff in the salvage yard is radioactive. It does not directly bear any functional relationship to an atomic bomb. The prices are dirt cheap, but it is not fair to view the yard as another glaring example of Government waste. Compared with the military, for example, the lab, which is managed by the University of California for the Department of Energy, is positively thrifty. Or so insists Allen Wallace, property disposal supervisor for the Zia Co., the contractor that serves, to use local parlance, as the interface between the lab and the outside world. Says Wallace: "It is important to understand this is the last step." Before this, usable surplus has been offered to other Government agencies through excess-property catalogues, and then to state and local agencies. Finally, it goes to the yard.

Five minutes after noon the scroungers have established territorial piles of gleanings. Inside a dumpster filled with old electronics (40¢ per lb.), three men are crawling around stripping out switches, relays and diodes. In the steel pile (7¢ per lb.), a swarm is hauling off a transformer cabinet, a 16-in. pipe and a chunk of plate steel left in fanciful cookie-cutter shapes by a plasma-arc cutter. Two men are momentarily baffled by a machined piece. "I don't know what they could have meant to do with this," says one. "It could have

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American Scene

been a detector, something to let low-energy particles through . . ."

Rich Hassman, a computer-systems manager in the waste-management group, is taking apart some Unistrut metal framing with a socket wrench. "Right now," he says, "I'm thinking of using this as a base for a water bed. I like to make things. A friend of mine is building a 35-ft. steel ketch, and he turned me on to metal welding. So I got a Heliarc." A steel ketch? In New Mexico?

David Loya, a lab technician, holds up a sheet of copper (90¢ per lb.) and says to a friend: "Wow! Did you ever see the kitchen hood I built from this stuff?" Musing about copper planters, he stacks up a roll of Nalgene chemical-resistant plastic, and a couple of xenon flash tubes used to trigger ruby lasers. "It's fascinating what you can do with these," he gloats. "You can make a short-duration light-pulsing device." For fun? "Oh, yeah."

The biggest pile of all belongs to the legendary Ed Grothus, a former machinist who spent 20 years building "better" bombs ("Be sure to put in the quotes," he says). He has been coming to salvage for 25 years, and his business, the Los Alamos Sales Co., by now claims to offer the "world's most diversified stock of scientific equipment!" Grothus, 60, is the ultimate Los Alamos contradiction. He has collected five warehouses of salvage even

At exactly noon, it's first come, first served

as he has become vociferously more antinuclear, propeace and technodoubtful.

His acquisitions today—a helium-neon laser, a flow meter, some bookends, a Rolodex, a light table, a 3-ft.-tall thermos for liquid nitrogen, a massive pneumatically operated vacuum valve—will go into storage with the rest, waiting for a buyer. "I've got $20 million—that's Government cost, not mine—worth of stuff," says Grothus. "I'm looking for someone to sell it to for 10¢ on the dollar. I'm trying to sell it to the People's Republic of China. It's usable. It would fill the technical and scientific needs of a sizable developing nation."

In one warehouse, an A-framed former Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church, Grothus points out things at random. "Boron-loaded polyethylene, a neutron absorber. Who the hell wants it? I've got twelve or so 400-channel analyzers. Stacks of nuclear-instrumentation modules. IBM card punches and readers—obsolete by our standards. But if a country has nothing? Scintillation crystals. Electronic balances." Grothus supplied the technical props for the Karen Silkwood movie. He was horrified when they were returned. "You can't get rid of this stuff," he moans. "Do you need a five-beam oscilloscope? Nobody on earth has as much stuff as I do, and I'm not sure technology has any value at all." He pauses to admire a high-speed camera that takes 1,000 frames a second. "You can watch dynamite explode. Wow! So what? Does it feed more people?" He edges around a high-voltage power supply. "This stuff is under reinforced concrete. If the Bomb goes, the little green men will find the largest time capsule in Los Alamos." —*By Jane O'Reilly*

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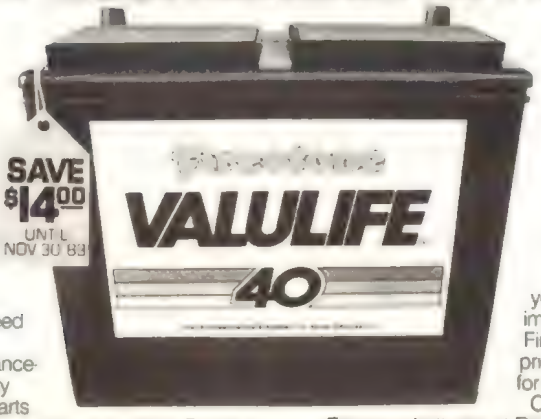

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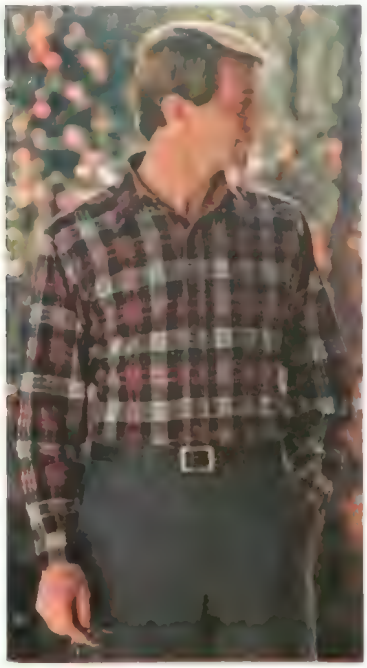

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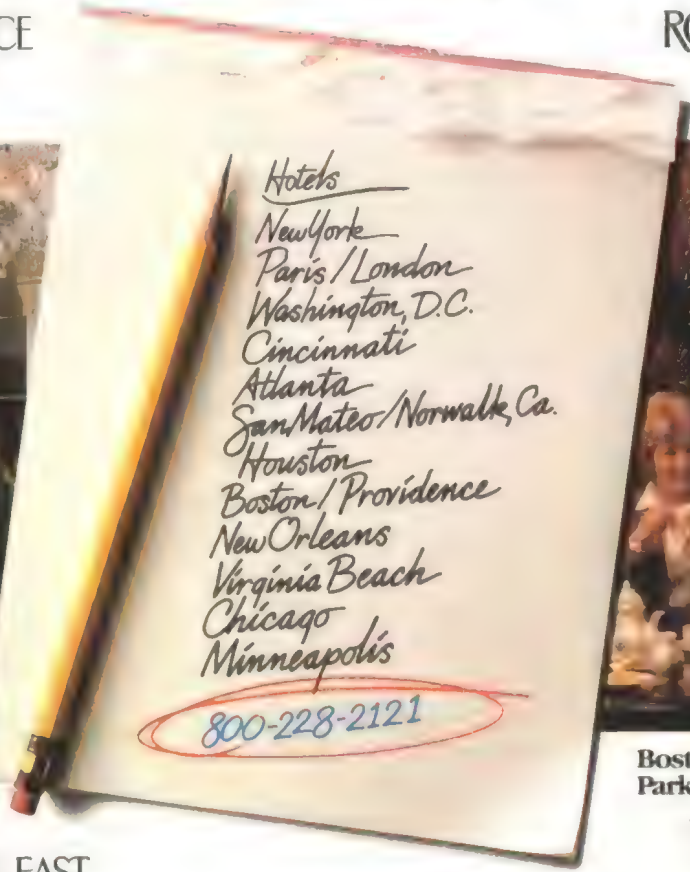

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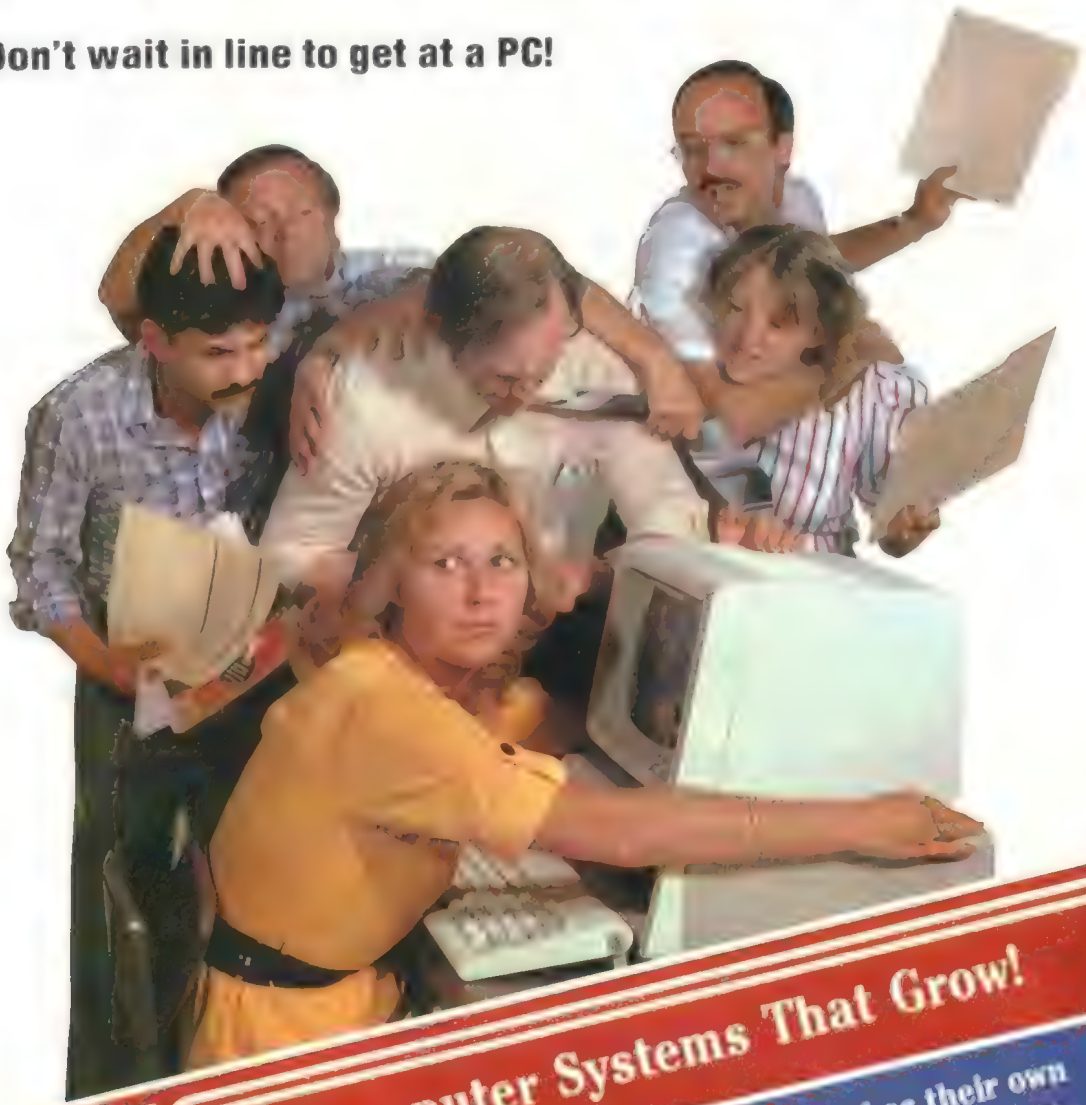

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TIME/NOVEMBER 14, 1983

Now to Make It Work

Grenada's "rescue" accomplished, the task of rehabilitation begins

Sweat soaked the layers of their camouflage battle uniforms. Their rifles and backpacks grew heavy in the 100° F heat of the tropical isle. But it had been a long time since American soldiers had felt so good, or so welcome, in a foreign land. Declared a delighted U.S. paratrooper as he patrolled a post in a suddenly peaceful Grenada: "We're surrounded by friendlies."

Indeed they were. The Grenadians had lived through the intrigue and excitement of a Marxist revolution and experienced one of the bloodiest days in the tiny island's history when their popular leader, Maurice Bishop, and more than 100 citizens were gunned down by renegade leftist radicals on Oct. 19. They had fearfully endured a round-the-clock curfew imposed by an undisciplined military regime that issued orders to kill any violators. They had huddled in their houses after the American invaders had jolted them awake in a furious predawn assault on Oct. 25. Last week Grenadians let their spirits soar.

"The chains have been removed from our hands, the stitches from our lips," said Wilkie Edwards, a bus driver in the fishing town of Grenville on Grenada's east coast. The zesty beat of steel-band calypso music from radios and portable tape decks followed the U.S. military patrols as smiling Grenadians surged about the Americans. They offered the soldiers fruit and vegetables and serenaded them with guitars. Women rushed to embrace the young

MATTHEW NAYMORK

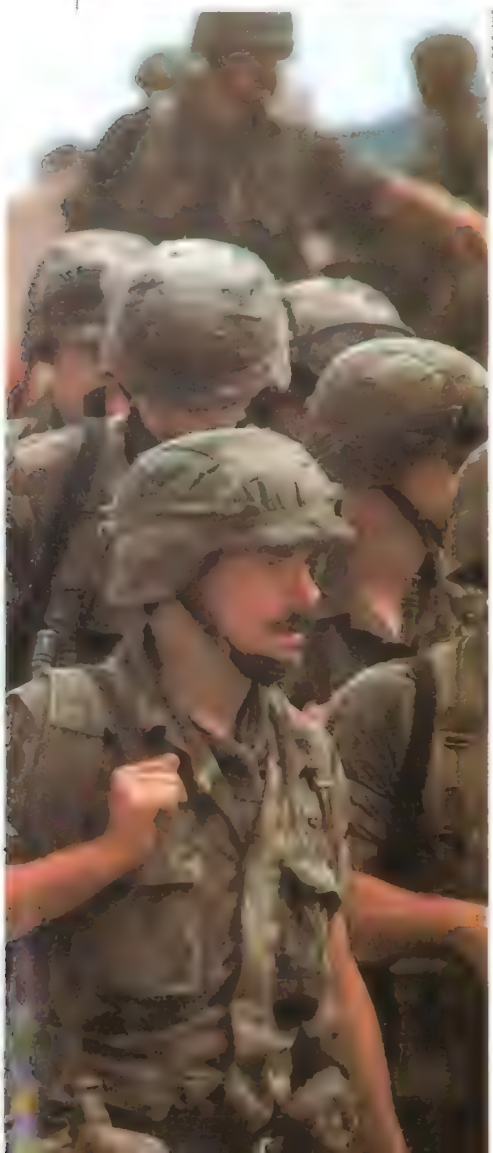
U.S. paratroopers of 82nd Airborne Division in Grenada; girls returning to school, above, pass friendly police and pro-American graffiti

paratroopers. "I feel so settled; I feel so free," declared Linda Charles, a cashier in a reopened gas station in St. George's. With a grin, David Rodd, a cement-plant worker, proclaimed: "This is the week of our liberation." Newly painted writing appeared beside the faded slogans of the revolution on the walls of buildings. GOD BLESS AMERICA read some. A few residents suggested as delicious irony: the island's new 10,000-ft. airstrip, begun with Cuban labor and long the object of deep concern in Washington, be completed with U.S. dollars and be named "Ronald Reagan International Airport."

The euphoria on the picturesque island, roughly the acreage of Detroit, may fade as Grenada tries to rebuild its shattered political system and economy. It will not be easy to fashion a new government that islanders, badly split in political ideology, can trust, or to revive an economy hurt by falling crop and tourist income. In addition, the country still faces the task of repairing its rocky roads as well as its war-damaged power facilities and water systems.

For the moment, however, Grenadians were not worrying much about the difficult tasks ahead. With only an occasional sniper firing at U.S. soldiers from isolated sites, the Defense Department announced on Wednesday that "hostilities have ceased." Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger then ordered the withdrawal of U.S. forces to begin. By week's end the invasion force of 6,000 paratroopers, Army Rangers and Marines had dwindled to about 2,500 men of the 82nd Airborne Division from Fort Bragg, N.C., and up to 500 support personnel. The 400 soldiers contributed by Grenada's neighboring island nations (Antigua, Barbados, Dominica, Jamaica, St. Lucia and St. Vincent) took up routine police duties, patrolling harbors and checkpoints. A task force of six Navy ships, headed by the aircraft carrier *Independence*, resumed its interrupted mission to relieve U.S. Marines in Lebanon, now carrying troops that had unexpectedly been tested in battle. Declared President Reagan: "Our objectives have been achieved."

For Reagan, the Grenada operation seemed to be turning into a political gain



DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

How Necessary Was the Invasion?

Was the U.S. right to move into Grenada? Although polls showed support for the invasion, that was the most difficult question for Americans sifting through press reports and Government statements. A final verdict will depend on answers to crucial lesser questions:

▸ **Were the U.S. students in imminent danger?**	Not imminent danger, but 600 young Americans so close to an inherently unstable regime could eventually have been in jeopardy. At the least, they were an attractive hostage target.
▸ **Would evacuation have been better?**	Yes, if their safety was the primary concern.
▸ **Was Grenada in a state of anarchy?**	Yes. All signs indicate that the new leaders would have been unable to establish control and were unwilling to give up power. More arrests and violence were likely.
▸ **Were the Cuban construction workers also soldiers?**	Many were. U.S. officials admit they underestimated the capabilities of the Cubans before the invasion.
▸ **What were the stockpiled arms for?**	It is hard to say. There were too many solely for Grenadian self-defense, but whether that proves expansionist ambitions or mere paranoia is not clear. On the other hand, Cuba had a motive in trying to destabilize the region.
▸ **Was the new 10,000-ft. airstrip a legitimate source of concern for the U.S.?**	The Grenadians argue plausibly that they needed something better than the existing 5,300-ft. unlit grass strip to attract tourism, which provides 40% of their foreign exchange. Large commercial jets of the type that land at Barbados, Trinidad and many other islands require a runway of at least 8,000 ft. But it is also true that although the new strip was not built with the protective structures and support facilities usually found at military airports, it certainly could have been used by heavy military aircraft as a ferrying point for Cubans on their way to Africa and Soviets transporting weapons to Central America.
▸ **Was Grenada being turned into a Soviet-Cuban fortress?**	Of a sort, yes. The island's armory dwarfed that of its neighbors, posing a permanent threat to their tranquillity. The Cuban and Soviet compacts with Grenada seem to have been more elaborate than the U.S. had thought.
▸ **Was the U.S. invasion legal?**	If the consent of the majority of Grenadians and the evidence of Soviet-Cuban indirect aggression is of any lawful importance, yes. But in terms of the treaties cited by the State Department, the case is weak.

American troops guard suspected members of Grenada's Revolutionary Army

A hooded Cuban prisoner, above, on his way to join others in the Point Salines compound, below

at home, particularly if the pullout continues at a rapid pace. With the serendipitous discovery in Grenada of large Cuban arms stockpiles and documents disclosing secret military agreements between Grenada's former leaders and Cuba and the Soviet Union, the mission, which both Reagan and many Grenadians insisted be called "a rescue" rather than "an invasion," seemed easier to justify. Some of those documents were released by the State Department last week with considerable fanfare.

Fidel Castro's prestige and adventurism in the Caribbean and Central America had sustained a setback. The U.S.'s European allies, who had initially been highly critical of the American resort to military force, began softening their rhetoric as the success of the intervention seemed clearer. The U.N. General Assembly voted 108 to 9 to denounce the U.S. move, but Reagan airily dismissed its action with the quip: "It did not upset my breakfast any." (The White House press office promptly produced Reagan's breakfast menu: one poached egg, fruit, toast, coffee.)

Finally permitted by U.S. military authorities to roam freely on Grenada, newsmen found that even some of the island's ardent leftists were enthusiastic about the American intervention. Former Prime Minister Maurice Bishop had been their hero, and when he was placed under house arrest by extremists led by Deputy Prime Minister Bernard Coard and then executed by a Military Revolutionary Army Council headed by General Hudson Austin, the earlier revolutionaries lost their zeal. Said Lloyd Noel, a former Attorney General under Bishop who had been imprisoned after breaking with Bishop's party: "The Americans should feel free to establish a base here." He urged that the U.S. stay for at least two years of transition to a more stable government. Lyden Ramdhany, Bishop's former Minister of Tourism, conceded that "there is an end to the revolution in Grenada. We feel very embarrassed and upset. We have disappointed the left all over the Caribbean." Many Grenadians not active in politics took a similar view. "The revolution taught us what the masses can do, and what the masses are going to do today is destroy the revolution," said Norris Cox, another cement worker.

The Cubans clearly had lost favor on the island. When a noon crowd watching the police station in Grenville saw 82nd Airborne officers arrive with Godwin Horsford, a well-known Coard supporter, in their custody, the spectators booed Horsford and shouted, "Cuban! Cuban!" Ermyn Campbell, who lived next door to the Cuban embassy in St. George's, recalled that "the Cubans were darling neighbors, very polite. But the U.S. is the best thing for us now. Things were coming so unstuck that I'm sure we were just snatched in time from the devil's own mouth."

Grenadians seemed eager to comply with the pleas of Sir Paul Scoon, the Gov-

ernor-General, who represents Queen Elizabeth II. His ceremonial post, virtually ignored by the Bishop government, suddenly became a temporary center of power. The residents heeded his call to go back to their jobs, even though many found little to do there. In St. George's Harbor, where colorful fishing boats bobbed in the coral-studded water, customs inspectors appeared for duty in a nearly empty storeroom. Said Haddon Latouche, one of the inspectors: "In the past, we saw crates and shipments, but we couldn't inspect them. There was always a superior authority from the party present." Some $475,000 worth of emergency food and basic supplies were on their way from the U.S. to replenish dwindling stocks. But even without them, Grenadians were in an optimistic mood. Said one shopkeeper: "We have plenty enough. The cows are in the pasture, and the fish are in the sea."

Reporters also learned for the first time the true dimensions of the massacre on what the residents call "Bloody Wednesday." This event proved pivotal; it turned Grenadians against the revolution and soured them on Cuba, since many believed that the Cubans, despite Castro's proclaimed fondness for Bishop, had been behind Bishop's arrest and death. His supporters had carefully organized a rally to free him on that fateful day. The crowd had swelled to about 25,000 people, nearly a fourth of the island's entire population. They had swept past the guards holding him prisoner at his house, snake-danced up a winding hill, carrying Bishop along, and rushed into the limestone-walled Fort Rupert, an army stronghold renamed after Bishop's father.

There, Bishop pleaded with the soldiers to put down their weapons, shouting, "For God's sake, don't point guns at your own people." Taking charge, he ordered that the fort's canteen be opened and cold drinks served to the hot, dust-choked people. Suddenly, a Soviet-built, eight-wheel, mud-colored armored personnel carrier pointed its turret at the throng. A recoilless machine gun, powerful enough to knock aircraft out of the sky, opened fire randomly into the crowd. Some fled over the walls. Many others died. The bodies piled up in the fort's yard. Bishop, who was out of the line of fire, and Education Minister Jacqueline Creft (the two had a four-year-old son, Vladimir) were seized, taken deeper into the fort and executed with single pistol shots to their heads. Two other Cabinet ministers and two union leaders were also murdered.

For days, Grenadian families did not know how many people had died. The bodies had been quickly carried away by General Austin's soldiers and burned, probably at Camp Calivigny, later the site of an invasion battle at the island's southern tip. But the families began totaling up their missing members, mostly young supporters of the revolution. Their first count reached more than 70. Last week, moving

PROVIDENCE—GIPA B. ALEXIS

Grenadians watch a U.S. Black Hawk helicopter land near their church

Grenadians with "friendlies"; U.S. soldiers at police station

MATTHEW MARTHOUSE

The one-man government: Grenada Governor-General Scoon at his house last week

more freely about the island to compare reports, most thought the death toll would reach about 140.

TIME also learned that the plotters against Bishop had first hatched a different scheme: they had intended to poison him and blame the murder on the CIA. A period of mourning would have been used hypocritically by the poisoners to stir fury against the U.S. But Bishop's delayed return from a trip to Cuba apparently disrupted the timing of the plot. Instead, he was held captive in a back room of his house, clothed only in his underwear.

At least two years earlier, a Western intelligence officer had tried to tell Washington that U.S. pressure against Grenada was only strengthening the hand of the leftist militants who were trying to push Bishop aside. The man arranged a rendezvous in Canada with CIA agents and warned that the U.S. had only three options: 1) leave Grenada alone, 2) support the island's businessmen as a rival source of power against the Communists, 3) continue to pressure and isolate Grenada. If Washington pursued the third course, he claims to have told the CIA, Grenada would turn increasingly toward Cuba, which would dominate the island, and the only way to save it would be "to send in the Marines in five years." The CIA reply, he said, was "You must be joking."

When the American forces did arrive and gain control of the island, Grenadians were eager to direct them to leaders in hiding who, many felt, had betrayed the revolution. Marines ringed the house in which Coard and his wife Phyllis had taken refuge. Only when a U.S. officer began a loud countdown, threatening to open fire on the building, did the two emerge and were taken into custody. Austin was holed up in a palatial coastal resort that once was a haven for the island's leading capitalists. He fell for a ruse by Grenadian intelligence agents who pretended to accept his offered bribe of $2,000 to take him by boat to the neighboring island of Carriacou or $3,500 to get him to Marxist-dominated Guyana. Instead, they set him up for easy capture by Army paratroopers. The U.S. held the two for eventual return to the custody of a new Grenadian government, which, it is assumed, will bring them to trial for the murder of Bishop and for the Wednesday massacre.

Sir Paul Scoon, meanwhile, became in effect a one-man local government, backed by the authority of U.S. guns. He acted decisively in severing all diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and Libya, ordering them to close their embassies. He directed that the Cubans retain only one diplomat on the island. The three embassies were guarded by U.S. troops. Officially, this was for the protection of the diplomats. Privately, a State Department official in Washington admitted, "We don't want them rattling around the island."

With normal communications between Grenada and the rest of the world cut off during the invasion, and then apparently kept that way by U.S. military authorities, the U.S. played a most unusual role: it served as the only communications channel between the isolated Soviet embassy and Moscow. Washington relayed a list, provided by the embassy, of Soviet citizens in the Grenada chancellery to Moscow, as well as the embassy's request for instructions on what to do next. The Kremlin orders, sent through Washington, were that everyone, including a number of East Germans, North Koreans and Bulgarians, should leave the island, as Scoon had demanded. The Soviets, who had paid $40,000 each for two Mercedes embassy cars, reached the dealer on the island to see if he would buy the autos back. He did, for $4,000 each.

When Soviet Ambassador Gennadi I. Sazhenev rode one of the Mercedes to the new airstrip, where 126 occupants of the Soviet embassy were to board a U.S. military C-130 transport, a bizarre diplomatic clash occurred. U.S. soldiers insisted on searching the car. "We're looking for bombs," an American officer disingenuously explained. The ambassador grumpily assented. But for nearly eight hours he angrily resisted efforts by U.S. soldiers to search all of the Soviet baggage, including a number of unsealed crates. When he finally and reluctantly yielded, the reason for his obduracy became clear: one crate contained 28 AK-47 automatic rifles, 300 loaded AK-47 magazines and five loaded pistols. The cache was confiscated before the passengers were flown to Mexico to catch an Aeroflot jet to the Soviet Union.

Cuban embassy officials held out against the eviction orders, demanding to remain until they were certain that more than 650 Cuban construction workers and military personnel being held by the U.S. Army were being properly treated and until arrangements for their return to Ha-

Ruins of the mental hospital wing bombed by U.S. aircraft during the invasion

Skilled paratroopers, heroic helicopter pilots and some tragic mistakes.

vana were complete. Army troops kept U.S. newsmen from entering the Cuban embassy. Reporters learned, however, that during the invasion U.S. paratroopers had vandalized the Cuban ambassador's one-story residence on a promontory near the uncompleted Point Salines airport. Furniture was smashed, windows broken and an obscene message written on the wall. Libya's ambassador, meanwhile, finally arranged a meeting with U.S. officials to deliver a plaintive question: "How can we get off the island?" He was flown to Barbados aboard a military plane two days later.

After sitting for six days under the eyes of U.S. Army guards, the Cuban construction workers were permitted to move to a more habitable tent city they had erected near the airstrip. All of the captured Cubans were sent there as the tedious process of interviewing each man continued. The U.S. interrogators wanted to determine just how many were professional soldiers, trained reservists, ordinary workers or various combinations of all three. Many of the prisoners looked too old, paunchy or otherwise unfit to be soldiers.

When 57 wounded Cubans were returned to Havana, Western journalists were permitted to interview some in their hospital beds. Most claimed that on Grenada they had been asked whether they would like to defect to the U.S. They contended that they had received no advance warning of the U.S. invasion—a claim that conflicts with Castro's report that he sent warning to "Cuban representatives in Grenada" on the Saturday before the Tuesday strike. Even the U.S. State Department told Havana just hours before the invasion that the strike was imminent, assuring Castro that it was not aimed at his workers. This tip-off angered the Pentagon.

The wounded Cubans say they did not hear Havana's radio instructions that they should resist "to the death." They surrendered in small groups, they said, because they had run out of ammunition. Asked how long the Cubans had possessed large stores of weapons on the island, Lieut. Colonel Mariano Márquez López evaded the question, finally saying that he could not remember.

Arrangements for releasing all of the captive Cubans were finally worked out, and the movement started late in the week. U.S. military planes began taking the Cubans from Grenada to Barbados, where they were picked up by Cuban airliners. They were welcomed as heroes in Havana.

Inevitably, as in every military action, there would be detailed assessments of how well, or how poorly, various armed units had performed. There was immediate praise by military experts both in the U.S. and abroad for the skill shown by the Army Rangers. Pilots of the first transports carrying the Rangers on the invasion strike found so much deadly antiair-

Striking a Delicate Balance

Alister Hughes, 64, editor of the Grenada Newsletter, *has not found it easy to be a journalist on the island. In 1973, under the despotic regime of Prime Minister Sir Eric Gairy, Hughes was beaten up while covering pre-independence rallies. Five years later, the Marxist government of Maurice Bishop began harassing him because of his editorial independence. Three weeks ago, Hughes was thrown into jail for having reported on the violent coup that brought down Bishop. Freed one day after the U.S. invasion, Hughes, who is also a part-time reporter for the London* Sunday Times, ABC *and* TIME, *offers his view of his country's future:*

Island history teaches us something. However welcome the Americans seem to us at the moment, they might be well advised to learn some lessons from the arrival of the first French invaders more than three centuries ago. The records show that in 1650 Grenadians happily "sold" their island for "some knives and hatchets, a large quantity of glass beads and two bottles of brandy for the Chief himself." Only nine months later (presumably after the brandy ran out), the islanders began bridling under the restrictions imposed on them by an alien culture and decided they wanted their island back. In the end, a bloody confrontation erupted in which bows and arrows were smashed against French guns. Our moods have not changed much since then: we are quick to welcome those who come here, even quicker to suspect those who stay too long.

The Grenadians of today are, to be sure, grateful to the U.S. for rescuing them from a dangerous predicament. But, unlike our forebears, we have not sold the island. Perhaps the Reagan Administration understands this. But if the point is missed, the welcome will sour, recriminations will begin, and the same people who are now willing to exchange their hospitality for U.S. humanitarianism may start pointing accusing fingers at the Americans.

MICHAEL LUONGO

Journalist Hughes after his release

We are worried that the "rescue mission" may turn into an occupying force; that the U.S. may seek to dominate Grenadian political decisions; that the very sovereignty of our 120-sq.-mi. home may be threatened.

In the weeks immediately ahead, Americans must realize that our spontaneous expression of joy upon being saved cannot be sustained indefinitely. Roadblocks, searches and overall military control are now accepted with good-natured tolerance. But as the days pass, the risk of misunderstandings, irritations and even confrontations increases. The G.I.s who now float on a comfortable cloud of acceptance as our "rescuers" may find themselves rejected as "invaders."

Grenadians are also anxious about what some call the "threat" of U.S. aid. The U.S. is undoubtedly aware of radical political elements in all the region's former British colonies. Having wrested Grenada from the grasp of Havana and Moscow, the U.S. may wish to prove to Grenadians, and everyone else in the Caribbean, that the capitalist world can provide more economic benefits than the Communist. Some Grenadians fear that as the U.S. tries to administer that lesson, the islanders will lose their distinctive characteristics as a West Indian people. They do not want a community shorn of its traditions and hankering after the American way of life. They feel that an injudicious lavishing of American largesse on Grenada would result in horrendous social consequences.

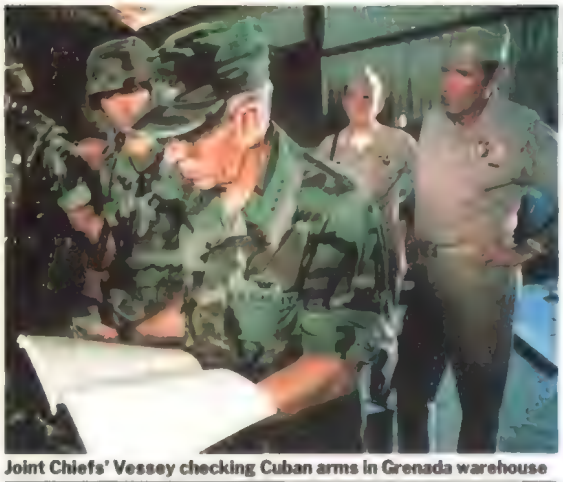
We fear the political effects even more. All Grenadians recognize that our island needs economic help. No one wishes to reject U.S. aid. But because of our circumstances, Grenada could easily, almost unconsciously, slip into the role of a U.S. satellite. We are concerned that our rescue from the terror of the "revolutionary armed forces" may have left us with an American godfather willing to foot the bills, while obliging us to play the role of Washington's little boy.

Our various factions must now work to create a new administration to serve all Grenadians. Sir Paul Scoon must now move from a ceremonial position to the real challenge of assembling a government that represents everyone, favors no one and functions efficiently. Above all, both Grenada and the U.S. must exercise great skill in striking a careful balance that will promote our development without smothering us under a blanket of dollar bills. Grenada is already grateful to the U.S. If this delicate mission is accomplished, we will have even more reason to be grateful.

craft fire at the normal jump altitudes of about 1,000 ft. that they quickly changed the plans. The C-130s dived in under the umbrella of flak, forcing the Rangers to leap from a mere 500 ft., a height not employed in combat since World War II. It gives the jumpers only 19 seconds before their bone-jarring landing. Said a high U.S. military commander: "The Cubans weren't expecting that." The jumps, said a foreign military expert, demonstrated the "superb training" of the Rangers.

The Navy Seals also won praise for moving swiftly by landing craft to secure early beachheads and to fight their way through enemy forces to the hilltop house overlooking St. George's Harbor, where Scoon had been under virtual house arrest. The Seals protected him throughout a night as Grenadian revolutionary troops surrounded the compound. Many of the Seals inside suffered wounds before Army units finally broke through to free them and Scoon. During the beach landing in rough seas, however, a landing craft carrying the Seals overturned, drowning four of the commando-style specialists.

There were also some tragic mistakes. The worst was the U.S. bombing of a mental hospital, some 200 yards from Fort Frederick, on Richmond Hill above St. George's. The fort was one of the last heavily defended sites manned by Grenada's soldiers. It was protected by antiaircraft guns, one of them only 150 yards from the hospital. The soldiers had placed a Grenadian army flag outside the hospital building, which bore no markings showing that it was a medical facility.



Joint Chiefs' Vessey checking Cuban arms in Grenada warehouse

A setback to Castro's Caribbean prestige and adventurism.

Corsair jets from the U.S.S. *Independence* were sent to knock out the antiaircraft batteries and to bomb the fort. But the pilots blasted the hospital as well, apparently in the belief that it was part of the military complex. A three-story wing was leveled, burying many of the occupants. Mortuary workers found at least 20 bodies in the rubble, but other patients were missing. The death toll was difficult to determine, since some of the mentally ill occupants had wandered away from the building during the U.S. attack.

The bombing of the hospital seemed to be an understandable error. But it was less excusable that it was first reported by a Canadian journalist and was not promptly confirmed by Pentagon officials. The Pentagon explained that by the time U.S. Marines took over the fort on foot the next day, the hospital personnel had buried the victims, and the Marines had no reason to suspect that anyone had died there.

Another mistake resulted in a Corsair strafing a group of U.S. paratroopers. The airborne unit was trying to rout Cuban soldiers in their well-fortified Calivigny barracks when it called for Navy air help. Their position was close to an abandoned Cuban antiaircraft gun that still pointed toward the sky. From the air it looked like the intended target. "All of a sudden the world blew up," said Lieut. Scott Schafer, who was hit by shrapnel when the Corsair fired. Twelve paratroopers were wounded. As the plane banked for another strike, a ground officer reached the pilot by radio to warn it away.

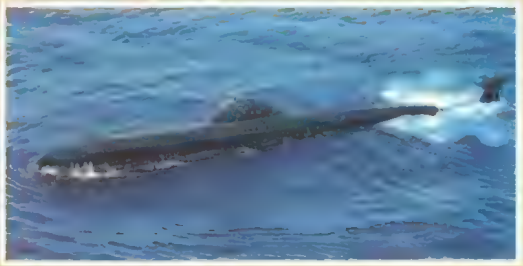
U.S. gunships, including the Navy's Cobra and the Air Force's Spectre, proved highly effective with their shooting rate of up to 6,000 rounds a minute. They knocked out Cuban mortar and gun positions that threatened the invading troops early in the action. But they also suffered casualties, some in heroic low-level flights to draw ground fire, thereby exposing the enemy position to attacks from other U.S. choppers. The Pentagon said five helicopters had been shot down. One transport helicopter, hit by ground fire as it brought troops into the Point Salines airstrip, struck another chopper in its uncontrolled descent. Both crashed.

The final American toll was put at 18 killed, 91 wounded. The Pentagon said it had no estimate of Cubans killed or wounded. There was no estimate either of civilian deaths, except for the probability of perhaps 20 at the mental hospital. Nor was there a count of casualties among

Dead in the Water

Soviet nuclear-powered submarines routinely ply the heavily trafficked sea-lanes off the U.S. East Coast, but few ever surface. Thus Navy pilots patrolling the Atlantic in a P-3C Orion antisubmarine aircraft early last Tuesday morning were astonished to sight a Soviet attack sub moving through rolling seas some 470 miles off the coast of South Carolina in the infamous Bermuda Triangle. The 341-ft.-long vessel was clearly having mechanical troubles, but it issued no international distress signal. Instead, the ship and its crew of about 90 men braved the winds and waves, bobbing, in the words of a U.S. officer, "like a Ping-Pong ball in a stormy bathtub." A Soviet intelligence ship eventually appeared to monitor the activities of the submarine and an American destroyer that was keeping watch over the stricken craft, while the queasy Soviet sailors waited for a salvage ship that eventually arrived from Cuba. Said a Pentagon spokesman during the uncomfortable hiatus: "She isn't going anywhere. She is dead in the water."

TIME has learned that the *Victor III*-class Soviet sub was forced to surface after its screw propellers became entangled in a 2- to 3-in.-thick steel undersea cable that was being used by a U.S. surveillance frigate to track the sub's movements.



Wallowing in the Bermuda Triangle: the hapless Soviet sub

The mechanical mishap was only the latest in a series of embarrassing setbacks for the Soviet fleet. In 1981 a diesel-powered Soviet sub snooping in a restricted zone off the Swedish coast ran aground and had to be pulled to a safer anchorage by Swedish tugboats. According to U.S. intelligence, another nuclear-powered attack sub sank in deep water last summer off the Siberian peninsula of Kamchatka.

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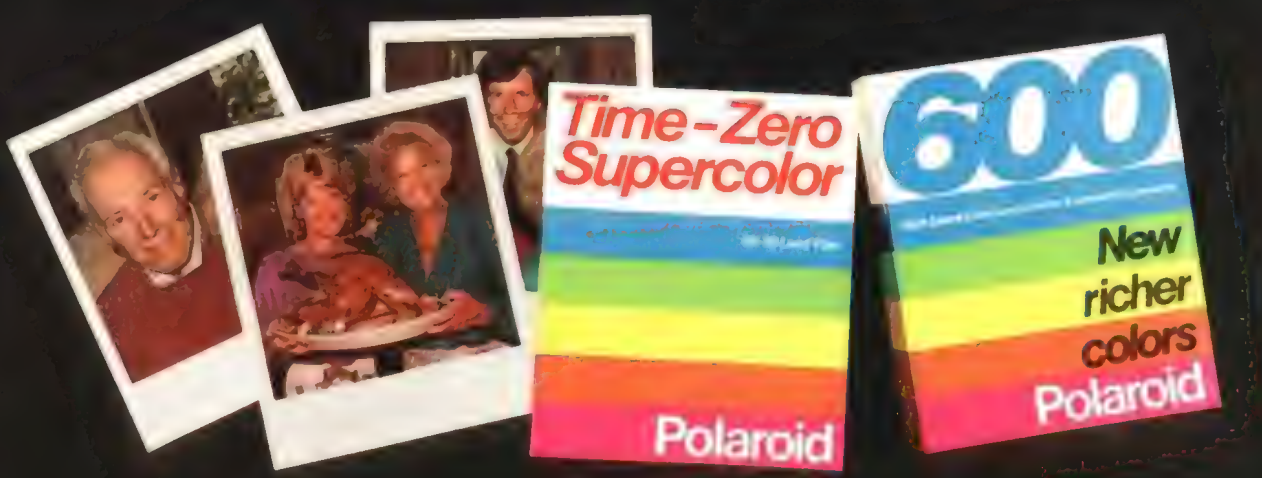

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Finally, a time to relax for paratroopers preparing to leave the island

the Grenadian soldiers. The Pentagon's vagueness on non-U.S. casualties led to suspicions, perhaps unfairly, that it was minimizing their extent.

U.S. intelligence in advance of the operation was, in the understated assessment of Vice Admiral Joseph Metcalf III, the U.S. force commander for the invasion, "not what we would have desired." This was puzzling, since, as early as last March, Reagan had publicly denounced the military buildup in Grenada as "unrelated to any conceivable threat to this island country." Despite Reagan's concern, the CIA did not bother to send agents into the island until two days before the invasion.

Nonetheless, U.S. intelligence estimated fairly accurately that there were some 600 Cubans on the island. What neither the CIA nor military intelligence services predicted, however, was that so many of the construction workers would prove to be well-trained fighters. Nor did the U.S. know how well armed they were. Pentagon intelligence looked bad once the operation began. The Pentagon claimed at one point that up to 1,100 Cubans were actually on the island and at least 600 of them were professional soldiers. But it then conceded that Havana's assertion that 784 were there might be correct.

There was no good explanation for the amateurish performance of some agencies. The U.S. embassy in Barbados, TIME has learned, handled some of its informants on Grenada with extraordinary ineptness. One of them was told simply to call the embassy in Barbados whenever he had new information. But every long-distance call in Grenada is handled by telephone operators who recognize the voices of most island residents prominent enough to have the kind of knowledge that the embassy was seeking.

Another informant was given a special telephone number to use whenever he wanted to relay sensitive information to Ambassador Milan Bish in Barbados. But when the informant tried the number, he was brushed aside with the claim that the ambassador was too busy to talk. Another Grenadian contact, who had urgent news about the recent arrival of hundreds of Cubans, was told to stop by the Barbados embassy. The Americans did not believe him when he protested that this would jeopardize his identity because the embassy was under surveillance by Grenadian informants.

The lack of solid intelligence did not endanger the mission; the U.S. employed more than sufficient military manpower to overcome even the highest estimate of Cuban strength. Nonetheless, said a State Department official, "Grenada came too close to our worst-case scenario. The top brass can see how hard it would be to do on a bigger scale."

Was the invasion worth all the risks? Clearly, Washington had resorted to force before seriously weighing or testing other options. The U.S. was also on shaky legal ground in sending forces into another nation, even at the request of Grenada's worried island neighbors. In the hemisphere, that revived the old charges that America was a bully, bent on working its will with military rather than moral might.

Still, Cuba had interfered blatantly in Grenada's affairs long before the U.S., and there had been a cry for help from the island's neighbors. To reject that plea would have made the U.S. seem weak and untrustworthy in a time of trouble. President Reagan's contention that "leftist thugs" had terrorized Grenada's residents was all too accurate. If the U.S. withdraws quickly and a stable democratic government is established in Grenada, the end result will cast the U.S. effort in a more favorable light. It should silence critics who so shallowly compared the invasion with the occupation of Afghanistan by more than 100,000 troops for nearly four years. Indeed, the relief and joy among Grenadians last week belied any glib claim that America had set out with guns to force its will upon a free people. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Bernard Diederich and William McWhirter/St. George's*

Mission completed, a U.S. soldier carries a souvenir portrait of Che Guevara

A hasty resort to force after poor intelligence, but a successful operation.

A Treasure Trove of Documents

Captured papers provide insights into a declining regime

For more than a week the Administration had tantalized newsmen and members of Congress with hints about what Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth Dam called a "treasure trove" of captured Grenadian documents that would put to rest any questions about U.S. motives for the invasion. Late last week the State Department finally released 196 pages of its vast stockpile. The documents did not quite represent the "smoking gun" needed to substantiate President Reagan's claim that Grenada was being transformed into a "major military bastion to export terror and undermine democracy." But the papers did offer solid evidence that Grenada's Marxist government had grown increasingly reliant on its connections with Cuba, the Soviet Union and North Korea, especially for arms. Together with other documents seen by TIME last week, the State Department's trove portrays a regime obsessed with three problems: the almost total alienation of the Grenadian population, deep divisions within the leadership itself, and counterrevolution.

Five secret arms-delivery agreements, three with the Soviet Union and one each with North Korea and Cuba, show that the government of the late Prime Minister Maurice Bishop was to receive $25.8 million in Soviet and $12 million in North Korean military aid. Cuba was to send 27 permanent and a dozen temporary military advisers.

For the most part, the treaties consist of lists of military hardware. Under an agreement signed on Feb. 9, 1981, the Soviet Union promised to ship 5 million rubles ($7.5 million) worth of arms and equipment to Grenada, including 1,000 submachine guns, 1.3 million rounds of ammunition, five jeeps, a mobile bakery, 12,600 complete infantry uniforms and thousands of pairs of "olive-colored socks." A subsequent agreement, dated July 27, 1982, lists 14 pages of equipment and supplies, including 50 secondhand armored personnel carriers, to be delivered between 1982 and 1985. Moscow also promised to train Grenadian soldiers in the Soviet Union and send specialists to Grenada. In each of its treaties, the Soviets insisted that deliveries be routed through Cuba, presumably to conceal Moscow's direct connection.

Far more intriguing were the insights into the events that led to Bishop's ouster and assassination. According to a series of mostly handwritten minutes of the Central Committee meetings of Grenada's New Jewel Movement that took place after July, Bishop proposed that the party take a more moderate stance toward the West. The idea was rejected. Warned one unidentified participant: "If the revolution is turned back now, it has regional and international implications."

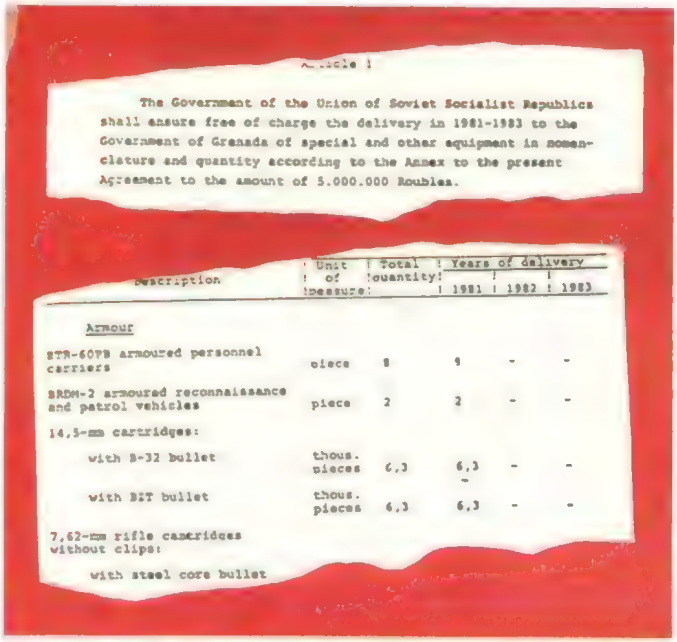
Minutes of other meetings held from Sept. 14 to Sept. 16 showed a party worried about its tenuous hold on Grenadian popular support. "The mood of the masses is characterized at worst by open dissatisfaction and cynicism," said the document, "and at best by serious demoralization." During a meeting on Sept. 28, one participant referred to "the crisis in the party, the atmosphere of confusion." On Oct. 12, the language was heavy with suspicion and paranoia. "There seems to be a mood in the party for blood," one leader is quoted as saying. It was at this session that the Deputy Prime Minister Bernard Coard and the Central Committee decided to remove Bishop. He was placed under house arrest the next day and executed six days later.

Additional documents were shown to TIME by *Soldier of Fortune*, a Boulder, Colo., monthly magazine that specializes in military weapons and tactics; it said the papers had been overlooked by U.S. forces. The documents indicate that Grenada also had military agreements with Viet Nam, Nicaragua and at least one Soviet-bloc country. A top-secret paper dated May 18, 1982, records a shipment of ammunition and explosives that arrived from Czechoslovakia via Cuba. One document, signed last November by Nicaragua's Vice Minister of Defense, provides for the establishment of a course in Grenada to teach English-language military terminology to members of the Nicaraguan army.

Despite the steady stream of equipment deliveries, Grenada appeared to lack military readiness. In particular, the government seemed plagued by a shortage of spare parts for army vehicles. Bishop sent a letter to Cuba's Defense Minister General Raúl Castro, Fidel's brother, stating that the dearth of Soviet spare parts had rendered 23 out of 27 trucks and eight out of ten jeeps completely immobile. Bishop also complained that the Soviets had shipped to Grenada thousands of combat boots that were too small for the island's troops.

One top-secret Grenadian report, dated April 6, 1983, warned that the CIA was masterminding a counterrevolution out of Trinidad. "The enemy," it says, "is at an advanced stage of preparation, and the main force will be Cuban exiles and mercenaries." The report also singles out one American student on the island for suspicion. "He lives just below the Soviet embassy," it says, "and seems to pay more than casual attention to all activities of the embassy."

Among the more revealing pieces of correspondence obtained by TIME is a letter from Cuban President Fidel Castro to the New Jewel Movement's Central Committee. Dated Oct. 15, two days after Bishop had been placed under house arrest, the letter appears to be an attempt to save Bishop. "Everything that happened was for us a surprise," wrote Castro. "Even explaining the events to our people will not be easy." With haunting prescience, he predicts that Bishop's overthrow will bring disaster to Grenada. Wrote Castro: "In my opinion, the divisions and problems that have emerged will result in considerable damage to the image of the Grenadian revolution, as much within as outside the country." —*By Susan Tifft. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington and Christopher Redman/Boulder*



...rticle 1

The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics shall ensure free of charge the delivery in 1981-1983 to the Government of Grenada of special and other equipment in nomenclature and quantity according to the Annex to the present Agreement to the amount of 5.000.000 Roubles.

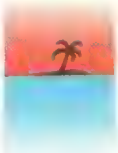
Description	Unit of measure	Total quantity	Years of delivery 1981	1982	1983
Armour					
BTR-60PB armoured personnel carriers	piece	8	4	-	-
BRDM-2 armoured reconnaissance and patrol vehicles	piece	2	2	-	-
14,5-mm cartridges:					
with B-32 bullet	thous. pieces	6,3	6,3	-	-
with BZT bullet	thous. pieces	6,3	6,3	-	-
7,62-mm rifle cancridges without clips:					
with steel core bullet					

Strict secrecy and a delivery route through Cuba: an arms treaty with the U.S.S.R.

Revolution gone awry, useless combat boots and a dearth of spare parts.

Cuba on the Defensive

Homecomings of all sorts for Castro's legions



The first man off the plane walked with a severe limp; the second hobbled down the stairs on crutches; the third had to be helped out the door. One by one, 43 more walking wounded emerged, looking grimy and bedraggled; some were shirtless but most wore torn blue jeans or other work clothes that they had pulled on hastily when the fighting began eight days earlier. The last eleven of the 57 Cubans injured in the U.S. invasion of Grenada and sent home to Havana last week had to be carried off the plane on stretchers.

They descended to a "heroes' welcome" that was everything public ceremonies in Cuba usually are not: brief, somber and quiet. An artillery corps band belted out a few revolutionary hymns, and women militia members goose-stepped across the tarmac of José Martí Airport. But President Fidel Castro, attired in tailored green fatigues, his beard noticeably gray, said not a word in public. He simply shook hands with the wounded, who apparently had been told to say nothing; several seemed too dazed to speak in any case, and one barely conscious man on a stretcher failed to recognize the Cuban leader. After the handshakes, the wounded were silently escorted into waiting ambulances.

GORDON — CONTACT

Castro shaking hands with one of the wounded returned from Grenada

An appropriately subdued ceremony in the wake of a stinging setback.

The subdued mood was appropriate to the occasion in more ways than one. The U.S. invasion of Grenada and the execution of Marxist Prime Minister Maurice Bishop that preceded and helped trigger the U.S. move have dealt Castro's influence in Central America and the Caribbean Basin a greater blow than any events since the missile crisis of 1962.

Only four years ago, when Cuban-allied governments came to power almost simultaneously in Nicaragua and Grenada, Castro's clout seemed to be on the rise. But an erosion began the next year when voters in Jamaica elected conservative Edward Seaga to succeed leftist Michael Manley, a Castro ally, as Prime Minister. Jamaica has now swung so strongly against Cuba that Seaga sent troops to assist in the invasion of Grenada and last week expelled the last semiofficial Cuban on the island, a correspondent for the Cuban news service Prensa Latina. Seaga charged that the correspondent had participated with four Soviet diplomats in a plot to assassinate a Jamaican Foreign Ministry official. The Soviets were also thrown out. Even Manley was less than vehement in opposing the invasion of Grenada. He expressed "profound sharing of concern about the brutality of what has been happening," an apparent reference to Bishop's murder.

Bishop's fate also seems to have weighed heavily with Desi Bouterse, the self-proclaimed pro-Cuban Marxist dictator of Suriname, on the northern coast of South America. Bouterse ordered Havana's ambassador to leave the country, explaining simply that he did not want a repetition of "developments in Grenada." His defection left only two nations in the Caribbean Basin openly allied with Cuba: Nicaragua and Guyana. But Nicaragua's Sandinista regime could take no comfort from Castro's admission, in response to a reporter's question, that U.S. air and naval superiority would prevent him from sending any reinforcements to Nicaragua if that country too should be invaded. One Latin American diplomat in Havana predicts that the Sandinistas, while remaining vehemently anti-U.S., will nonetheless try to put some distance between themselves and Cuba. For the time being, whether by coincidence or design, the Sandinistas were venting their frustrations at home. Government-inspired mobs attacked a dozen Roman Catholic churches because of opposition from some priests to Sandinista attempts to force all male Nicaraguans from 17 to 22 to register for military service.

Anti-Cuban feeling runs strong in others of the Latin American countries that have assailed the U.S. action in Grenada. In Panama, one of only two Central American countries where Cuba maintains an embassy, Alvin Weeden, general secretary of the leftist Popular Action Party, asserted: "Even if any intervention is to be condemned, and we did condemn the U.S. invasion of Grenada, there is no doubt that Cuban military adventurism in Central America and other places will have a terrible consequence for the Third World." Colombia, a major Latin nation that joined in the castigation of the U.S., suspects Cuba of supporting a revolutionary movement against its government. It suspended diplomatic relations with Castro in 1981 for that reason.

In the coldest practical terms, says a Western ambassador in Havana, "Cuba lost a big economic and political investment in Grenada." For example, Grenada was a magnet for leftists throughout the Caribbean, who frequently visited either to hold meetings or to consult with Cuban Communist Party officials and draw less attention than they would have if they had gone directly to Havana.

Trying to pick up the pieces, Castro resorted to a propaganda offensive. Beginning shortly after the invasion of Grenada, the Cuban government has been ferrying reporters and TV crews in from Miami by chartered plane for an unprecedented round of press conferences, communiqués and briefings. The primary message at the moment is that Sir Paul Scoon, the Grenadian Governor General who represents Queen Elizabeth II, is a U.S. stooge, and any Grenadian government that might be set up with his help would be a puppet of Washington. Thus Cuban Vice Foreign Minister Ricardo Alarcón last week sneered that "some U.S. Army memorandum" probably gave Scoon the only authority he had, and added that the next Grenadian government would be "supported by the bayonets of the Yankees." Alarcon also simultaneously portrayed the U.S. as a menacing villain and a bumbling giant. Said he: "Now millions of people who did not believe before that the U.S. Government was capable of doing such things, that it would dare to attack a small country, are convinced that it is possible." But, he added, "look at the trouble the heavyweight had in defeating the featherweight."

Havana in addition is preparing Cuban and world opinion for the possibility that some Cuban prisoners in Grenada might defect to the U.S. That has not happened yet, but Castro evidently fears it will and is seeking to soften the blow by dismissing any defections in advance as the result of U.S. psychological coercion. A government communiqué charges that American interrogators are "using every possible means to undermine the morale" of the prisoners, telling them that Cuba does not want them back and offering them political asylum in the U.S.

Washington was uncertain how seriously to take a tip from a friendly intelligence service that Cuba had asked South American terrorist groups to attack U.S. targets, presumably citizens and embassies. Nonetheless, the U.S. twice warned Havana that it would hold Cuba responsible for any such attacks. Alarcón said Cuba had asked only for "expressions of solidarity of a political nature."

Internally, as the airport ceremony

for the wounded demonstrated. Castro is appealing to patriotic fervor rather than revolutionary enthusiasm to maintain his hold on the populace. There is, in fact, little of the old guerrilla spirit left in Cuba: like Castro, the revolution has gone middle-aged and gray. Visitors to Havana are struck by the similarity to most Communist countries: a rigid bureaucracy, a once lively press that is now dismissed even by sympathetic leftists as boring, buildings that are shabbily maintained.

Another factor that dismays even some leftists visiting Cuba is the extent to which Castro has militarized the nation. The official force of 127,500 is one of the largest in the Western Hemisphere, but that is only the beginning. Estimates of the number of Cuban troops (usually called "military advisers") stationed in Nicaragua, Angola, Ethiopia and South Yemen range from 33,000 to 61,000; almost 7,000 Cuban civilians are believed to be in those countries too. At home, Castro plans to double the size of the territorial militia from the 1981 count of 500,000 to a million by next year, or more than 10% of Cuba's total population of 9.9 million. Some 70% of the new recruits will be women. The Pioneers, a Soviet-inspired youth organization, is encouraged to play war games. Cuban TV admiringly shows Pioneers as young as eleven practicing loading and firing surface-to-air missiles and driving tanks.

Ostensibly the mobilization is designed to deter the U.S. invasion that Castro regularly warns against in time of crisis. Its real motive is probably to instill enough patriotic feeling to draw the people closer to Castro. If so, it has worked. Says a Latin American diplomat in Havana: "As long as Fidel is around, support for the government will be strong. The people adore him. When they are unhappy with the government, they say, 'Many things happen that the *commandante en jefe* [commander in chief] doesn't know about.' "

Officials in Washington are quick to warn that Castro's potential for international troublemaking should not be discounted. They expect future Cuban ventures to be more cautious than the attempt to take over Grenada, which apparently went further and faster than Castro intended; American officials doubt Castro wanted Bishop killed. The Cubans, says a State Department official, "always try hard to keep below the threshold of our tolerance, and they were in Grenada until their threshold fell out from under them." But U.S. diplomats fully expect the Cubans to continue striving for regional influence. Says one: "They lost something of value on Grenada, but they're not about to turn into Boy Scouts as a result. They're still a powerful and dangerous adversary, and they're persistent as hell." —*By George J. Church. Reported by Timothy Loughran/Managua and Ross H. Munro/Havana*

What Is Aggression?

"No State or group of States has the right to intervene, directly or indirectly, for any reason whatever, in the internal or external affairs of any other State." That sweeping injunction, embodied in a 1970 United Nations General Assembly resolution, seemed to be what most members had on their minds last week as they voted, 108 to 9, to "deeply deplore" the Reagan Administration's invasion of Grenada. In the U.N. majority's eyes, the U.S. action seemed to provide a prima-facie case of the kind of direct intervention that has long been forbidden by international law. But to many international legal scholars, the issues raised by the fighting in the Caribbean are more complicated. Says British Lawyer N.A. Maryan Green: "Our present-day notions of aggression are antiquated. The invasion of Grenada has brought to the forefront the necessity to redefine some terms in international law."

U.S. guard at the Cuban embassy in Grenada

Green and other experts are afraid that current readings of international law fail to take account of the many acts of indirect aggression that increasingly shape world politics. Says Jacques Kosciusko-Morizet, a former French Ambassador to the U.S.: "It is easy to point to armies invading your territory and say that that is aggression. But there are many forms of indirect aggression, such as subversion or changing a government through a *coup d'état* with the threat of an external power." In the Reagan Administration's view, Grenada is a case in point: the U.S. may have intervened directly two weeks ago, but the Soviets and the Cubans have been engaging in indirect aggression in the Western Hemisphere for years. Nor is the problem confined to superpowers. The Sandinista government of Nicaragua provides tactical aid and support for the Marxist-Leninist rebels of nearby El Salvador, and the U.S., of course, is backing anti-Sandinista rebels. (Last week the U.S. Senate approved $19 million in continuing covert aid for the Nicaraguan insurgents.) Says Detlev Vagts, professor of law at Harvard: "I don't think international law has got a grip on the issue of covert activity, in which you arm and support rebels within a country."

A further complication is that violations of international law are often subject to interpretation by the General Assembly, which is now dominated by newly independent Third World nations. To many of these countries, there is nothing wrong with intervention that can be labeled anticolonialist. Notes International Law Professor Rosalyn Higgins of the London School of Economics: "The preoccupation with self-determination and ending colonialism has led to stresses and strains on the old limits on the use of force. In the newer trend, lending aid to gain self-determination is accepted." For Marxist-Leninist governments, a double standard is even easier to achieve, since Communist ideology rejects non-Marxist forms of government. Says Alfred P. Rubin, professor at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy: "The Soviets can get away with major, minor or theoretical violations of international law because their power and standing in the world do not rest on a respect for legal niceties." The U.S., on the other hand, is usually held to a higher moral and legal standard.

Many legal experts feel that the problem of indirect aggression is already handled adequately in the canons of international law. Among other things, they point to the 1970 U.N. resolution, whose text further states that not only armed intervention but also "all other forms of interference, or attempted threats against the personality of the State, or its political, economic and cultural elements, are in violation of international law." Sums up Derek Bowett, Whewell professor of international law at Cambridge University: "All law can do is provide basic rules, the application of which requires a good deal of judgment. No legal system relies just on force. All depends on world opinion."

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This game helps kids 3 to 7 become familiar with maze-tracing and the concepts of left, right, up and down.

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This game helps kids 3 to 7 practice letter-recognition and letter-matching skills in a cooperative setting.

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This game gives kids 3 to 7 practice with the concepts of left and right, and following directional arrows.

A Rallying Round for Reagan

His handling of Lebanon and Grenada boosts his standing

During the singing of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, the voice of a small boy could be heard among the rows of mourners. "Where's my daddy?" he asked. His mother hugged him and cried. President Ronald Reagan, who later told aides "this is not the happiest of my days as President, but it's one of my proudest," had come to Camp Lejeune, N.C., home base of the 24th Marine Amphibious Unit, for a memorial service honoring the 230 U.S. servicemen killed in Beirut and the 18 killed in Grenada. There he was given a poem by Scott Scialabba, whose 14th birthday is this Thursday, about the father he lost in Beirut: "My life is full of sadness upon this gloomy day,/ My father is in heaven and all the birds have flown away." Afterward, standing in the chilly rain at a nearby airbase, Reagan tried to explain the sacrifice. "We commit our resources and risk the lives of those in our armed forces to rescue others from bloodshed and turmoil and to prevent humankind from drowning in a sea of tyranny," he said. "The world looks to America for leadership, and America looks to the men in its armed forces."

The confused public mixture of exhilaration and anxiety brought on by the rapid-fire events in Lebanon and Grenada presented Reagan with one of the most critical challenges of his presidency. The Beirut tragedy had brutally underscored the risks of his ill-defined purposes in Lebanon. The armed assault in Grenada threatened to reify his image as a gunslinger. Yet—at least for the moment—he has been able to channel and perhaps even capitalize on the complex emotions aroused by both events. Despite the Administration's continued worry about the situation in Lebanon, it has been able to win surprising acceptance for the projection of American power abroad. Indeed, as Democratic Pollster Peter Hart noted, "Reagan has ended the week stronger than he began it."

Perhaps the most important factor was the instinctive tendency of Americans to rally behind the presidency in times of international turmoil. In addition, Reagan was aided by the successful outcome of the Grenadian operation. The U.S. medical students who were evacuated from the island loudly expressed their gratitude, and the White House plans to hold a ceremony with a number of them this week to hammer home the point. The evidence Reagan was able to reveal about a planned Cuban-Soviet buildup on that minuscule island provided, albeit after the fact, additional justification for the American action. Although the hazardous situation of U.S. forces in Lebanon caused widespread dismay, the anger and frustration over the Beirut bombing seemed to be counterbalanced by the relatively clean strike in the Caribbean. New Hampshire Democrat Robert Stephen, a state senator whose son took part in the Grenada invasion, describes the impression he got from talking to his constituents and customers at his Manchester restaurant: "The President might have been hurt by what happened in Beirut, but he made that up in Grenada."

Through careful tracking of public opinion polls, the White House was able to confirm that the President has been temporarily helped by the tumultuous events. Just before the Beirut disaster two weeks ago, private White House polls showed his approval rating had reached a high point for recent months of close to 60%. That showed immediate slippage when news of the carnage shocked the public. The first bulletins on Grenada seemed to have even more negative impact. But after the news from the island began to come out, and after Reagan went on television with one of the most polished performances of his presidency, his standing was restored. Said one top adviser to the President: "We really believe that everything turned out well."

Reagan's own confidence that the events had crested in his favor was reflected in a feisty appearance he made last Thursday night before a reunion of workers from his 1980 campaign. "Under this Administration our nation is through wringing its hands and apologizing," he said to enthusiastic cheers. "We all grieve over the lives of those splendid young men lost in Beirut and Grenada. But I just have to believe we can honor their memory best not by withdrawing from our role in the world, but by remaining the force for freedom and peace that makes America the brightest star of hope in the world today." His best applause line was a purely political one. He told the faithful followers that their work made possible the 1980 victory, "and will make it so again in '84!" Besides being the closest he has come verbally to a formal announcement, the line laid to rest speculation that the strain of the past two weeks might prompt Reagan to reconsider his plans to run for re-election.

Reagan was also combative at a brief press conference last Thursday called to announce the appointment of former Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld as special Middle East envoy. A newsman asked about comparisons of the Grenada action with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979. "Well, for heaven's sakes, anyone who would link Afghanistan to this operation . . ." sputtered the President testily. "Against all the opposition of the Afghanistan people [the Soviets] have used every vicious form of warfare including chemical warfare." Reagan also took issue with calling the operation in Grenada an invasion, even though he initially used the term himself. "This was a rescue mission," he avowed.

The public seemed to agree. "The reaction has been gung-ho support for the President," says Michael Jackson, Los Angeles radio host whose call-in program is heard around the country. Nebraska Governor Bob Kerrey, a Democrat and Viet Nam War veteran, notes, "The support for Grenada is there and it's strong." When the Cable News Network solicited

With Nancy in the rain, listening to prayers at memorial service in Camp Lejeune, N.C.

"This is not the happiest of my days as President, but it's one of my proudest."

The V6 diesel

4 million miles of testing made it right.

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Additional savings with Olds Diesel Traveling Package. Now you can save $300 compared to the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price of the same options purchased separately, on V6 Diesel Traveling Package equipped Olds Cutlass models ordered through January 31, 1984 or purchased from stock while supply lasts. See your dealer for details.

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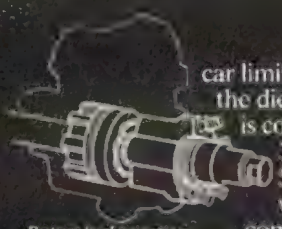

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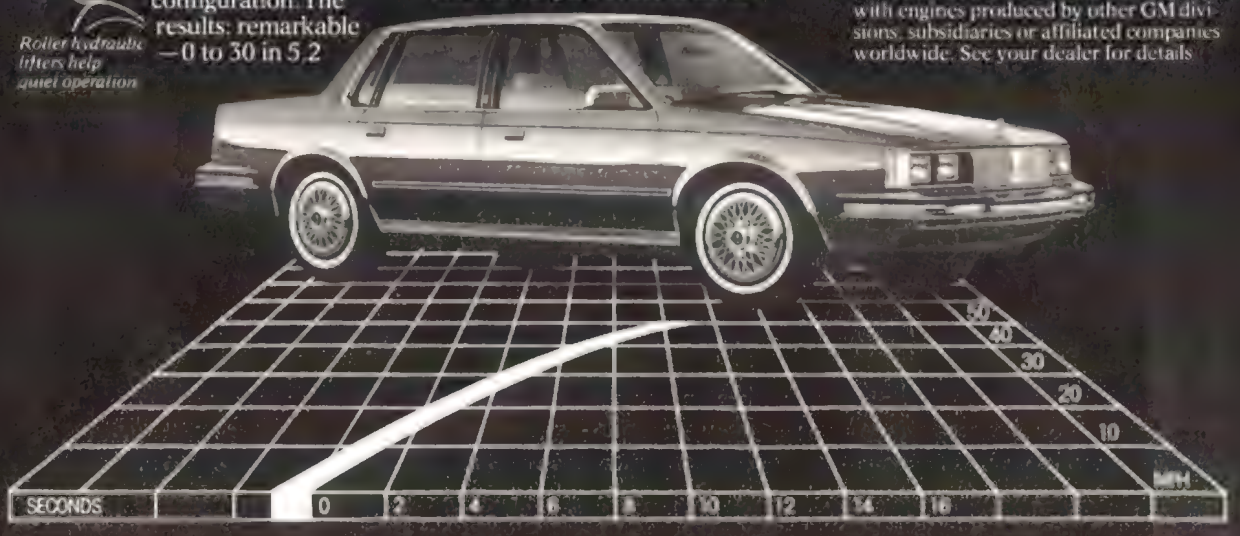
There is a special feel in a diesel Oldsmobile

Use the estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Estimates lower in California. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.



phone calls on Grenada, "the response was overwhelmingly in favor of the President's action," says Anchorwoman Beverly Williams. "Coming on the heels of Beirut and the frustration over the deaths there, it was something to cheer about. People seemed to be saying they want a more forceful country, one that is not afraid to keep the Communists in check."

The public was less sure about keeping the Marines in Lebanon. Chuck Green, editorial page editor of the Denver *Post*, says that readers are evenly split on that issue. "There is a sense of futility about the Marines being sitting ducks. Most people seem to look at the Grenada invasion as being justified." Some Democrats predicted that the tragedy in Lebanon, along with the invasion of Grenada, might eventually add to public worries that Reagan is reckless with the use of military force. "The combination of Beirut and Grenada has hurt the President in Wisconsin," said Matthew Flynn, chairman of the state's Democratic Party. "He's had this nice-guy image. But there's a new feeling that the brakes are no longer on."

The prevailingly positive public mood was reflected in Congress, where the critical outbursts that erupted two weeks ago were more muted last week. With the help of Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill and the Democratic leadership, the Administration beat back, by a 274-to-153 vote, an attempt in the House to cut off funds for the Marines in Beirut. Lee Hamilton, an Indiana Democrat, expressed the feeling of most members when he argued that withdrawing the Marines would damage the fragile peace talks under way in Geneva, hurt the government of Lebanon and help Syria have its way in the Middle East. The most intense discussions over Lebanon occurred in committee investigations into who was responsible for defining the military role of the Marines in Lebanon and who should be blamed for the obvious lapse in security there.

The House did take some action on Grenada, passing by an overwhelming 403-to-23 vote a resolution that would apply the War Powers Act to the troops on the island and require that they be withdrawn in 60 days unless an extension is granted. Since Reagan announced last week that the withdrawal was already beginning, the vote was motivated mainly by a desire to assert Congress's disputed authority under the War Powers Act rather than actually to direct Administration policy. Far more indicative of Congress's attitude was the favorable action taken on the fiscal 1984 defense budget. The House followed the Senate and by a close vote (217 to 208) approved funds for the MX missile and by a wider margin (247 to 175) funds for the B-1 bomber.

Not that Congress has suppressed all of its doubts about U.S. policy. Speaker O'Neill designated a delegation of 14 House members to investigate the situation in Grenada; the group departed for the island on Friday. And those involved in the hearings on Lebanon remained dedicated to changing what they regard as the Marines' impossible status there. Says Democratic Congressman Bill Alexander of Arkansas: "We're seeing the beginning of the debate on Reagan's foreign policy."

The debate is likely to be sharp. Although Congress held off on taking any substantive action in opposition to Reagan's policies, some members voiced their deep reservations. Democratic Congressman Clarence Long of Maryland, one of the sponsors of the failed attempt to force the withdrawal of the Marines from Lebanon, spoke for many when he said that U.S. policy in Beirut "is based on the phony theory that if you put American uniformed men there, the enemy won't shoot at them. The theory has been blown up along with the Marine barracks." O'Neill, who supports keeping the troops in Lebanon, assailed the President on Grenada: "You cannot justify any government, whether it's Russia or the U.S., trampling on another nation." He also broadly criticized Reagan's handling of world affairs, saying, "He has no knowledge or no talent of the things that are happening there."

The most hostile response on Grenada last week came in the U.N. General Assembly. The 108-to-9 vote deploring U.S. "armed intervention" (compared with the January 1980 vote against the Soviet Union on Afghanistan of 104 to 18) reflected the mindless anti-Americanism of that body. Only Israel, El Salvador and the six other nations involved in the invasion joined the U.S. in opposing the resolution.

Final judgment, both at home and abroad, on the tough U.S. stands in Lebanon and Grenada will of course depend on what eventually happens in those areas. Reagan is dispatching his two special envoys to follow force with diplomacy. Richard Stone is going to Central America to see if the military display in Grenada has produced a greater willingness to negotiate on the part of the rebels fighting in El Salvador; Rumsfeld will try to promote progress toward peace in the Middle East.

The envoys' missions dramatize the issue now paramount in most people's minds: Where do we go from here? While conceding that Reagan has won some temporary political support, Democratic Pollster Hart argues, "The more important thing is where attitudes will be three or six months from now. One of the questions the President will have to deal with is whether the world is a safer place than it was four years earlier." The way Reagan gets the Marines out of Grenada and Lebanon, rather than the way he got them in, will be crucial in determining whether he is considered laudably tough or dangerously bellicose. ***—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Sam Allis and Laurence I. Barrett/Washington, with other bureaus.***

Into the Breach

Donald Rumsfeld, with typical self-deprecating humor, likes to tell the story of coming home one evening after Richard Nixon appointed him director of the Office of Economic Opportunity. When he reached into the refrigerator for a beer, there was a note in doggerel from his wife saying, "He tackled a job that couldn't be done . . ." At the bottom was the kicker: ". . . and couldn't do it." If ever there was a job that seemed to defy success, it was the one Rumsfeld accepted last week from President Reagan: that of special envoy to the Middle East.

Rumsfeld's résumé reads like a litany of challenging tasks. Before 1977, when he began a successful career as president of the pharmaceutical firm G.D. Searle & Co. (1982 profits: $140 million on $1.04 billion in sales), Rumsfeld handled the war on poverty and then wage and price controls for Nixon, and served as Chief of Staff and Defense Secretary for Gerald Ford. But although highly ambitious, the former Illinois Congressman and Princeton wrestling captain does not go in for suicide missions. When Watergate loomed over the Nixon Administration, Rumsfeld engineered an appointment as Ambassador to NATO, as far away as possible from the gathering storm. "He was a cool and careful planner," noted Speechwriter Robert Hartmann, who tussled with him for influence at the Ford White House. "As a politician, he recognized and respected fate; as a wrestler, he was ever alert for an opening to take fate by the forelock."

Envoy Rumsfeld

Rumsfeld, 51, was generally a hard-liner as Defense Secretary, arguing that the U.S. must struggle to overcome what he saw as the Soviets' military superiority. Yet as a pragmatic politician and the latest in a line of Ford alumni advising Reagan, he may provoke some criticism from the far right. Dealing with the Gordian knot of Middle East politics and coping with the inflammable situation in Lebanon, however, are tasks far more suited to a wrestler than an ideologue. Rumsfeld's first move will have to be an attempt to get a hammer lock on the shifting complexities of the situation in Lebanese "reconciliation talks" in Geneva.

Keeping the Issues Separate

Europeans say no to the invasion, but still yes to missiles

Sweeping down from low, dark clouds, the giant U.S. Air Force Galaxy transport rumbled to a landing at Greenham Common airbase in Britain. It was bearing a historic and controversial cargo: the first cruise missile launchers (minus as yet their nuclear warheads and missiles) to arrive in Western Europe under NATO's 1979 "two track" decision. That policy asserted that NATO would begin modernizing the alliance's nuclear armory by the end of this year if the U.S. and the Soviet Union do not reach an agreement to curb intermediate-range nuclear weapons. For a moment after the plane cut its jet engines, there was a stunned silence among about 100 female peace demonstrators from the camp set up outside the base for 26 months to protest the new U.S. weapons. Then came screams as the women pounded the base's perimeter fence with their fists in outraged frustration. Several groups linked arms and wept. Cried one anguished demonstrator: "It's here, it's bloody well here."

It was a long way from the Caribbean, but the impact of the invasion of Grenada was still reverberating among U.S. allies. With various shades of reprobation, every major West European capital continued to express disapproval of Washington's resort to military might. But in an unspoken consensus, there appeared to be a determination to prevent differences over U.S. policy in the Caribbean from spilling into the Atlantic Alliance's crucial and most immediate challenge: persuading a dubious public, particularly in West Germany, to accept the new U.S.-controlled nuclear weapons on their soil. The invasion did not make that task any easier. It came, said a West German Foreign Ministry official, "at exactly the time when we have to convince the public that the U.S. is serious in its attempts to pursue nonmilitary solutions to international problems."

The arrival of the first cruise launchers was symbolic of the West European effort to keep the two issues separate. Although the West German government of Chancellor Helmut Kohl maintained its formal opposition to the invasion, Kohl last week expressed "understanding" for the U.S. move. West German Government Spokesman Jürgen Sudhoff explained that "additional elements," such as the discovery of armed Cuban construction workers and the Grenadian Governor-General Sir Paul Scoon's plea for help, had cast new light on the events.

Similarly, French President François Mitterrand had quickly and dryly criticized the U.S. action, but in private French officials were taking a more detached view. Said one: "If the Americans withdraw quickly and set up some truly democratic institutions, Grenada could fade mercifully into the political background within a month." Italian Prime Minister Bettino Craxi made it clear that the invasion of Grenada would not affect Italy's commitment to the NATO decision.

Belgian demonstrators burn American flag at U.S. embassy in Brussels

Far from the Caribbean, the impact of the invasion was reverberating.

No nation, though, was in a greater quandary than Britain. From Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher on down, the country was seething. "I am totally and utterly against Communism and terrorism," Thatcher told listeners on a popular radio phone-in program. "But if you are going to pronounce a new law that wherever Communism reigns against the will of the people, the U.S. shall enter, then we are going to have really terrible wars in the world." Thatcher made the same point six times during the broadcast.

For once, it seemed, the government, the Labor opposition and the public were united in bitter resentment against the U.S. A London *Sunday Times* poll showed that 73% believed the U.S. President would violate the terms of cruise missile deployment by firing them even if the British government objected.

Behind the scenes, many of Thatcher's ministers were showing deep alarm over what they considered Reagan's anti-Communist obsessions. Said a senior Cabinet official: "One is beginning to agonize about what the President is likely to do next." A top-level diplomat added that "the U.S. must stop believing its own propaganda about Reds under every bed."

In West Germany only the leftist opposition could afford to indulge in that kind of indignation, and the Social Democrats proceeded to revel in it. Said SPD Foreign Policy Spokesman Karsten Voigt: "Now those who argue that we have to trust the Reagan Administration are told, 'Just look at Grenada.' " He added that the invasion would strengthen the demand for some kind of veto power over the American finger on the trigger controlling nuclear weapons in West Germany. Said Peace Movement Leader Jo Leinen: "Instead of associating ourselves with the aggressive militaristic tendencies in Washington, we have to try to go our own way."

That point was made more dramatically at a huge peace demonstration in The Hague, where protesters held up a banner that said simply TODAY GRENADA, TOMORROW WOENSDRECHT! In The Netherlands, Woensdrecht has become a household name as the site of the NATO airbase where cruise missiles are scheduled to be installed. In Brussels, within hours of the Grenada invasion, a crowd of about 200 leftist demonstrators swarmed around the U.S. embassy in angry protest.

Amid the chorus of condemnation, there were also voices of support. In France, the opposition rightists and centrists generally approved of Reagan's decision. Former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing said that he was impressed with evidence that the Cubans were building an airfield far in excess of Grenada's own needs. Declared former Premier Raymond Barre: "I don't approve of military intervention in any country, but the U.S. cannot accept a destabilization process in the Caribbean." More biting was the comment from the conservative *Berliner Morgenpost*. Reflecting well-founded concern over the erosion of popular support for NATO, it observed that "in Europe some people urgently wait for a criticizable decision by President Reagan as an alibi for their own creeping withdrawal from the Atlantic Alliance." —***By Frederick Painton. Reported by Jordan Bonfante/Paris and Gary Lee/Bonn, with other bureaus***

U.S. Gov't Report

Carlton Box 100's
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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

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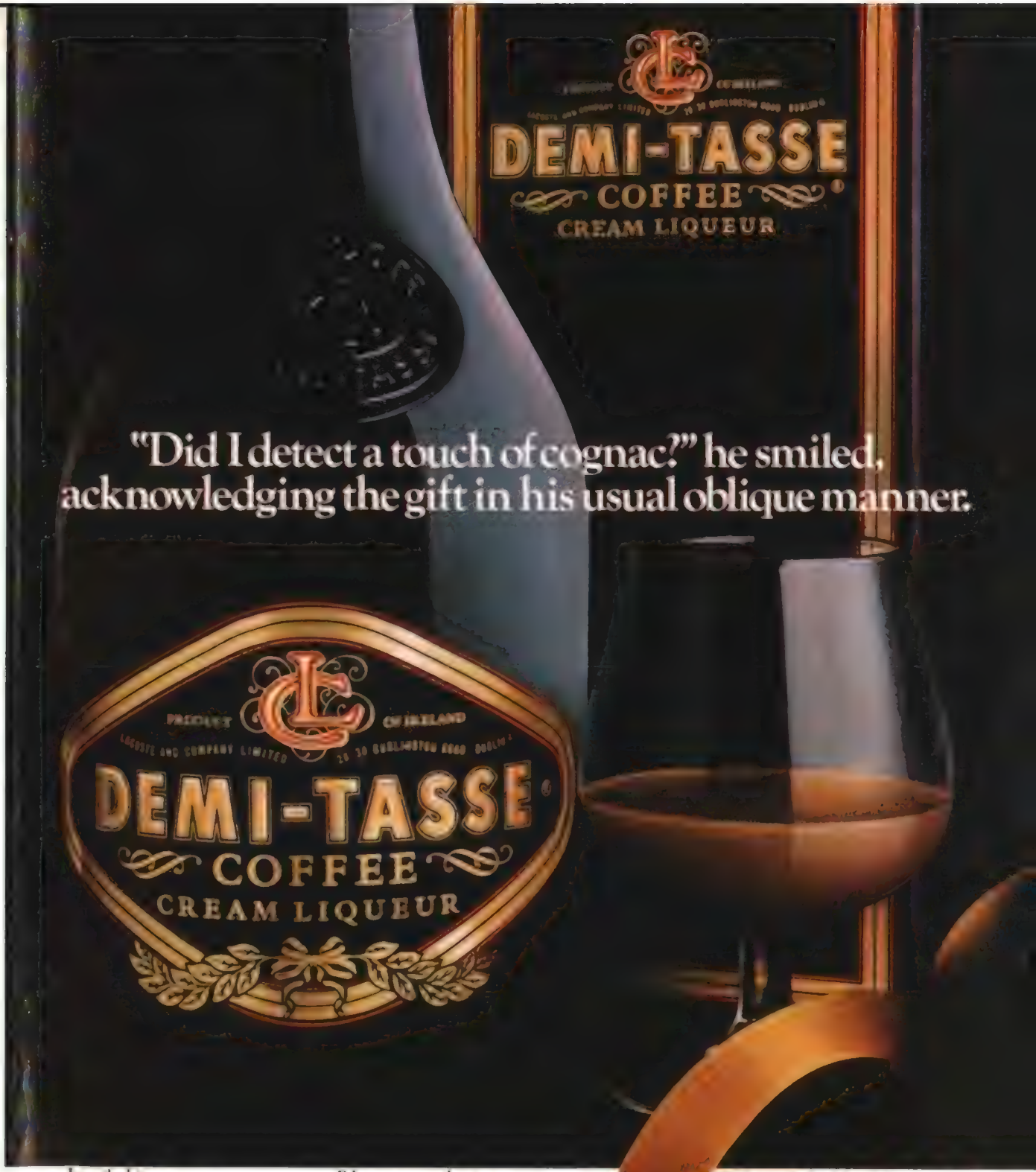

I smiled in return.

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Demi-Tasse™ had brought him as close to handsprings as I'd ever seen the man.

What other label could boast the luscious extravagance of natural cream, rich coffee flavor, grain neutral spirits raised to perfection by the elegant touch of cognac?

The result had brought a smile to even these blasé lips.

"Demi-Tasse," he murmured, registering the name forever in his mind.

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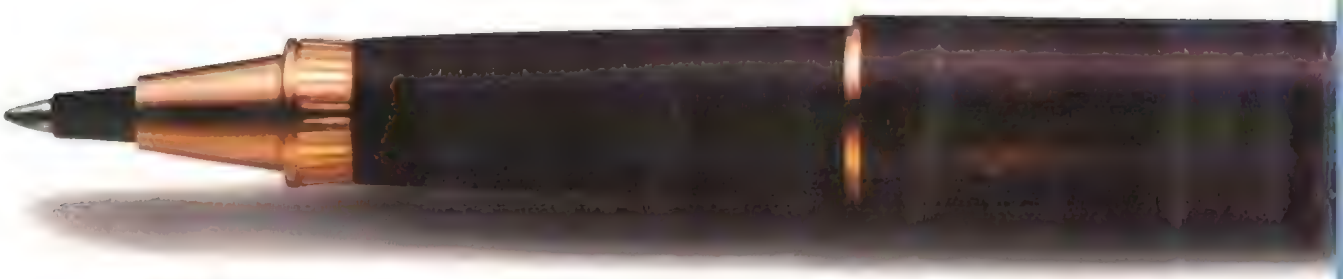

This pen took 2000 years to perfect. Its ink took twice as long.

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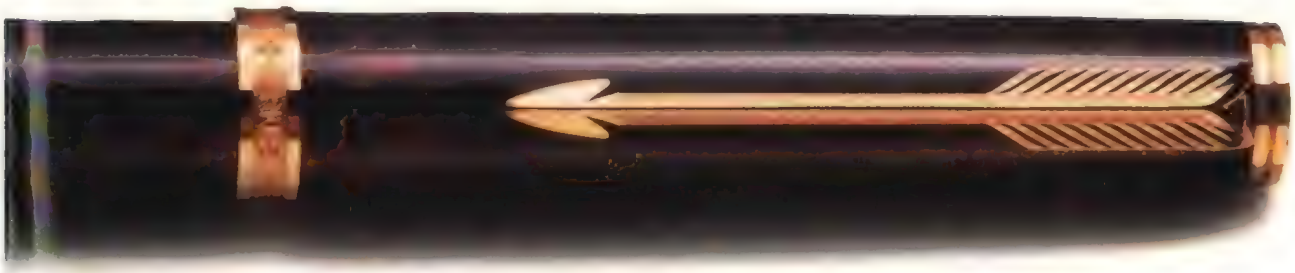
Its similarity to the inks the Chinese and Egyptians began experimenting with over 4,000 years ago is quite re-



Writing inks have been made since 3,500 B.C. from all sorts of unlikely materials. Today no ink in the world is made like the one used in our Premier Laque Roller Ball.

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It is an ink so special, only twelve people in the world know its formula.

How much does a pen like this cost?

Because of the authentic Chinese laque, the price of the Premier Laque Roller Ball is $160.

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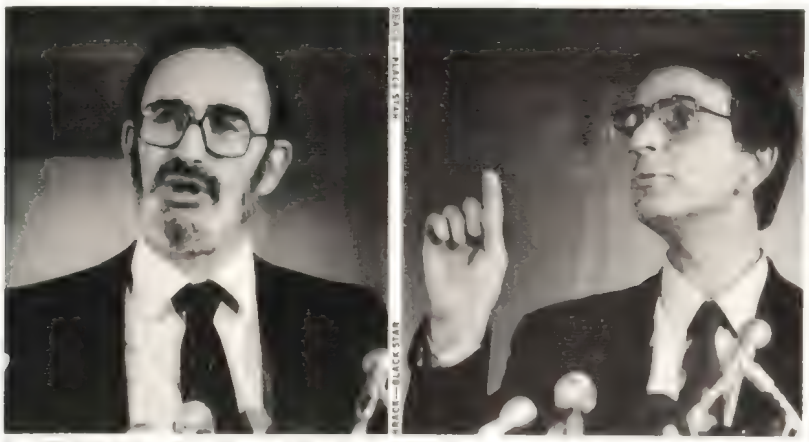

Paul Ehrlich, left, and Carl Sagan in Washington detailing a scenario of global catastrophe

A Cold, Dark Apocalypse

Two new portraits of doomsday add fuel to the arms debate

Nuclear-war scenarios have been so numerous, and portrayed so vividly in movies and on TV for so many years, that it might seem they had lost all power to shock. Not so, at least in the case of a new script formally presented last week at a scientific conference in Washington. To the applause of disarmament enthusiasts, who promptly predicted that many new adherents will now be won over to their cause, the blue-chip conference posited catastrophe for a reason few had imagined: a pitch-dark, bone-chilling "nuclear winter" brought on by the detonation of even less than half the megatonnage in U.S and Soviet arsenals. The new study, says Randall Kehler, national coordinator of the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign, "cannot be written off as the rhetoric of antinuke activists."

The study is actually two efforts, by cooperating groups of scientists, one headed by Cornell Astronomer and TV Personality Carl Sagan and the other by Stanford Biologist Paul Ehrlich. They presented their findings at the two-day Conference on the Long-term, Worldwide Biological Consequences of Nuclear War. It was attended by some 600 American and foreign scientists and environmentalists and addressed by satellite by four Soviet counterparts in Moscow. Among them: Evgeni Velikhov, vice president of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences. The Soviets said they had independently come to roughly the same conclusions as the Sagan-Ehrlich teams.

Sagan and Ehrlich picked as their "base-line case" a 5,000 megaton war. (One megaton equals 1 million tons of TNT; the explosive power of all strategic nuclear warheads possessed by the U.S. and Soviet Union is thought to total 12,000 megatons.) The results of such a war: a cloud of dust and smoke weighing 1.2 billion tons rapidly envelops the Northern Hemisphere and swiftly swirls into the Southern Hemisphere as well, blocking out 90% or more of the sun's light. Surface temperatures plunge to an average of −13° F and remain below freezing for three months, even if the war is fought in the Northern Hemisphere summer. Nothing can grow; those humans who survive the blast and radiation of the explosions freeze or starve to death.

At best, Ehrlich figures, small bands of hunters and gatherers would be left in the Southern Hemisphere. And life would have difficulty renewing itself even after the dark and cold lifted, because most of the protective layer of ozone in the upper atmosphere would have been burned off. Killer ultraviolet radiation would stream in from the sun, paralyzing even phytoplankton, the one-celled ocean plants that form the base of the ocean's food chain. The effects would be less ghastly—but still catastrophic—if fewer megatons were exploded.

Such projections, of course, can be neither proved nor disproved, since there is no way to conduct an experiment. Edward Teller, the so-called father of the hydrogen bomb, calls them "premature." His associates at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory in California think Sagan and Ehrlich may be stating a case two or three times as bad as what would actually happen. In any event, the public will hear more of the debate. Sagan, for one, will devote his considerable powers of persuasion to talking up his findings and drawing political lessons from them. Chief among them: the goal of arms-control talks should be neither a freeze nor a utopian total disarmament but a really radical build-down—one that would slash the total of nuclear warheads in U.S. and Soviet arsenals from the present 17,000 to fewer than the "threshold" 1,000, the maximum number he estimates that, if detonated, the world could conceivably survive. ■

Jesse Jumps In

And now there are eight

"We can do without the Democratic Party and the Republican Party. They cannot do without us." With that bold declaration, Jesse Jackson, 42, officially proclaimed himself a candidate for the presidency in Washington last week, making him the eighth Democrat in the 1984 sweepstakes. Practically shouting himself hoarse during a three-hour rally at the city's packed Convention Center, Jackson vowed that his candidacy would draw a tidal wave of black votes, and he warned that the Democratic Party would have to earn those votes, not take them for granted.

The founder of the Chicago-based Operation PUSH is realistic about his long-shot bid. Realizing that he can hardly expect to be elected in 1984, Jackson aims to run a campaign calculated to nettle the Democratic Party establishment and force it to address the concerns of blacks and other minority groups. If it fails to do so, he implies, the Democrats might just as well forget about the 2 million to 3 million new voters he hopes to register; in fact, he warns, he can act as a "voter suppressant" as well as catalyst. Said he: "We challenge the Democratic Party to respect its constituency."

By that, Jackson means the "rainbow coalition of the rejected." On his crowded podium last week were representatives of Hispanics, American Indians and women's organizations, all in attendance to symbolize those constituencies that, he says, the Democratic Party must not forget.

KARL SCHUMACHER

Jackson

Jackson's primary power base, however, is black America, and that worries former Vice President Walter Mondale. The Democratic front runner had been counting on significant black support. In March, Jackson could siphon enough black votes from Mondale in a brace of Southern primaries to throw key delegates to Ohio Senator John Glenn.

Such scenarios have kept many black leaders from supporting Jackson's bid. Many were planning to back Mondale, and some resent Jackson's large ego and ambition. But he seems unconcerned. His candidacy, he insists, will create a "full wagon" effect along the way: a massive minority turnout that will increase the numbers of black local and regional office seekers. Another effect, suggests Ohio State Political Science Professor William Nelson Jr., referring to Jackson's gifts as an orator: "He could push the other presidential candidates to become forthright and lucid. He could loosen up some of the debate and cause a wider discussion of the issues." ■

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You can reach these people in a matter of hours. Or overnight. What they get is a

prove the post office a new one.

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SCHWARTZ—NEW YORK POST

Convicted Killer Buono in police custody

Name-Dropping

Trials resurrect an old charge

Does Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan, who was a New Jersey construction executive before he took office, have ties to organized crime? None that would be possible to prove in court, a special federal prosecutor decided last year. But whether Donovan has had business and personal links with gangsters—he denies any such affiliation—there are gangsters who claim they know him well.

The latest allegations of this sort cropped up in New York courtrooms last week. Two men who had cooperated with the special federal prosecutor were killed in the summer of 1982 just as the prosecutor's investigations were winding up. Last Wednesday the Mafia gunman in one of those murders was convicted in New York City: according to Bronx Assistant District Attorney Martin Fisher, Phil Buono killed Informer Nat Masselli, the son of a mobster, in order "to help and protect the Schiavone Construction Co. and Raymond Donovan."

Buono, 68, could get a sentence of 25 years to life. According to testimony in the trial of his criminal partner, who was convicted last month of manslaughter for the same killing, Masselli had told the pair he would not pledge his silence in the Donovan inquiries. Moments after his refusal, the killers apparently discovered that Masselli, 31, was equipped with a hidden recording device. Buono shot him in the back of the head.

The victim's father, William Masselli, 56, owned an excavating company that over five years did $11 million worth of work for Donovan's firm. Now serving a seven-year sentence for cocaine trafficking and receiving stolen goods, Masselli is said to be considering a bargain with authorities: early release from prison, perhaps, in exchange for talking under oath about his extraordinarily lucrative dealings with Schiavone. If he told all he knew, the senior Masselli once bragged, he could "bury" Donovan.

Two days after Buono was convicted in The Bronx, another trial began in a Brooklyn federal court that could draw a different and even more troublesome connection to Secretary Donovan. Louis Sanzo, 45, and Amadio Petito, 47, both officials of the New York Blasters, Drillrunners and Miners Union local, are charged with perjury. The prosecution alleges that in their testimony last year to the federal grand jury that was investigating Donovan, Defendants Sanzo and Petito lied when they denied having received payoffs from the Schiavone company in the form of salary checks made out to nonexistent "no-show" workers. Whether or not Donovan sanctioned "making illegal payoffs to a union and hiding it on the payroll," said Prosecutor Laura Brevetti in her opening statement, "is the $64,000 question" in the Sanzo-Petito trial. Her key witness: a pseudonymous "Mr. J.H.," who has been a federal informer since 1973 and who, unlike most such federal witnesses, took and passed an FBI lie detector test administered two weeks ago.

Last spring Defendant Sanzo shared a prison tier in Lower Manhattan with Mr. J.H., who had been convicted of firearms violations. Sanzo, fat and owlish, was evidently talkative behind bars. He listened to his erstwhile buddy in court last week as Mr. J.H. quoted him vividly. "Donovan has everything; we got [nothing]," Sanzo is supposed to have complained in the prison recreation room one day. "The guy did the same thing that we did . . . He had no-shows . . . You can take the Mafia . . . They do nothing for you . . . Donovan is on the throne. Now they got us for perjury. They're going to hang us . . . Now, this [jerk] is not helping us at all." Mr. J.H. says that Sanzo also groused that he had got nothing in return for a large political contribution: "That Reagan. We gave $20,000 to his campaign. Donovan was to be Secretary of Labor . . . and everything was going to be all right." In 1979 Donovan was a Reagan fund raiser; while there is no record of Sanzo's donation, the Federal Election Commission did find $63,000 in "discrepancies" in Donovan's fund-raising ledgers.

The Sanzo-Petito lawyers want Donovan to testify at the trial; he presumably would deny having made any payoffs to the defendants. If Sanzo is convicted, however, he might be inclined to make a deal and provide new evidence against those he feels have left him out in the cold. It was Sanzo's alleged bribetaking at a 1977 lunch with Donovan and other Schiavone officials that triggered the special federal prosecutor's probe in the first place. ■

"It Isn't Fair"

A federal grand jury steps in

It seemed an unremarkable Saturday-night scene: a topless bar in working-class Detroit, shouted epithets, an ugly brawl. But this particular fight was one-sided and fatal, and turned out to be a bleak commentary on the emotions running high in Motor City in June 1982.

The victim, Draftsman Vincent Chin, 27, a Chinese American, was at his bachelor party; he was to be married in nine days. His attackers, a father who was a Chrysler foreman and his stepson, were angry and addled: Ronald Ebens and Michael Nitz blamed Japanese carmakers for Detroit's problems, and Chin—Chinese or Japanese, it made no difference to them—was a convenient target. "It's because of you we're out of work," screamed Ebens, who was in fact employed full time. The pair got a baseball bat and beat Chin to death. Said he as he lost consciousness: "It isn't fair."

When Ebens, 44, and Nitz, 23, were sentenced last March after confessing to the murder, Chin's dying complaint seemed all the more apt: Wayne County Circuit Judge Charles Kaufman gave the killers three years of probation and fines of $3,780 each. He said that the men, who had no prior criminal records, were "not the kind of people you send to prison."

DETROIT FREE PRESS

Vincent Chin

The light sentences enraged newspaper editorialists across the country and prompted Asians to mount a protest campaign. "I love America," said Chin's mother Lily, 63, a naturalized citizen. "I don't understand how this could happen in America."

The protests reached Washington where the Justice Department last summer launched an investigation into Chin's murder. Last week a U.S. grand jury in Detroit indicted Ebens and Nitz on new, federal charges: conspiring to deprive Chin of his civil rights and causing his death because of his race. Both crimes carry maximum sentences of life imprisonment.

Because the new indictments were brought under federal civil rights law, and not a state murder statute as before, they should not constitute double jeopardy for Ebens and Nitz. In Detroit, Judge Kaufman refused to take issue with the new criminal prosecution. "If the Federal Government thinks it should indict them," he said, "then that's what it should do." Lily Chin said the grand jury's action "makes me feel that there's still hope for justice in this land. I'm grateful and hopeful. But happy I'm not. My son is gone forever." ■

Catching a New Breed of Killer

Two drifters confess to committing hundreds of "serial murders"

They met on a rescue mission soup line in Jacksonville in 1976 and hit it off immediately. But Drifters Henry Lee Lucas, 47, and Ottis Elwood Toole, 36, were drawn together by more than mere loneliness or poverty. According to Lucas, they roamed from coast to coast on a seven-year spree of rape, mutilation and murder that is unequaled in American police records. The two convicts have allegedly confessed to committing, separately and together, hundreds of murders. Though their claims may ultimately prove to be exaggerated, law-enforcement officials say that one or both are prime suspects in 97 cases in 13 states. Their grisly story, says one Florida police official, "makes Charles Manson sound like Tom Sawyer."

If their confessions are even partially true, Lucas and Toole could be textbook examples of a new breed of killer: the serial murderer, whose victims are numerous and whose crimes are geographically far-flung and committed over a period of many years. The Federal Bureau of Investigation believes that serial murderers are behind some 35 death sprees currently under investigation. Alfred Regnery, administrator of the federal Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention, estimates that of the 21,000 murders committed in the U.S. last year, several thousand can be attributed to this kind of psychopath. "The serial murderer doesn't simply go back to pumping gas," he says. "A senseless murder is not just committed once." The Justice Department has plans to create a national center for analysis of such violent crime. The goal: to help local police departments identify the types of known criminals who might turn into serial murderers and compare evidence on missing-persons files and unsolved homicides.

Until he was arrested in Texas last June, Henry Lee Lucas looked harmless. "He just seemed like an ordinary person, real polite and real nice," recalls Faye Moore, wife of a Pentecostal preacher in Stoneburg, Texas. "I never knew him to take a drink, and he never used foul language." One humid May morning last year, Moore's husband Reuben, 52, gave Lucas and his companion Freida ("Becky") Powell, Toole's 15-year-old niece, a lift in Montague County, Texas. He offered the couple room and board in exchange for chores around his makeshift church. Thirteen months later, following Lucas' confessions, the remains of Powell and one of Moore's neighbors, Katherine Pearl Rich, 80, were found.

Lucas, who is scheduled to be tried in Texas this week for Freida Powell's murder, has already been sentenced to 75 years, after pleading guilty Sept. 30 to the slaying of Katherine Rich. He has been officially charged with twelve other murders during the past eight years. His lawyer plans to plead in the Powell case that his client is not guilty by reason of insanity.

Born poor in rural Virginia to a prostitute and a double amputee, Lucas was convicted in 1960 for stabbing his mother to death. He was sent to prison in Jackson, Mich., on a 20-to-40-year sentence. Paroled in 1970, he returned to prison within the year for an attempted abduction and served a five-year sentence. He was released in 1975.

According to his own creepily cool account, before he teamed up with Toole in 1976 Lucas traveled from state to state, living out of his car, surviving on odd jobs or thefts, and randomly picking up victims. Sometimes he killed alone, sometimes with casual companions. The victims were often hitchhikers of either sex and any age or race. Some were shot, others strangled, still others stabbed. Many were mutilated.

Toole, left, and his sometime partner and lover Henry Lee Lucas; inset, Angelo Buono Jr.

"They don't go back to pumping gas. A senseless murder is not just committed once."

"It was difficult to believe at first," recalls Texas Investigator Paul Smith, "but then we corroborated some of his statements." Lucas cooperated fully, drawing detailed pencil sketches of his victims and, in a few cases, leading investigators on walking tours of murder sites.

Lucas fingered Toole, currently serving a 20-year sentence in Raiford, Fla., for arson, as his most frequent accomplice. During subsequent interviews with police, Toole, Lucas' occasional lover, claimed more than 50 murders of his own, mostly of young men. Like Lucas, Toole was chillingly matter of fact in the telling. "It's as though he were discussing the weather," reported one detective.

Toole's composure collapsed only once, while explaining how he kidnaped and beheaded six-year-old Adam Walsh in Hollywood, Fla., in the summer of 1981. Adam Walsh's disappearance from a shopping mall became a national *cause célèbre* two years ago. It led to the passage last year of the federal Missing Children Act, giving the FBI more authority to investigate disappearances of children, as well as the filming this fall of a made-for-TV movie, *Adam*. By coincidence, the show aired a week before Toole's prison confession, which he later recanted. But police still consider him the case's prime suspect. "He knows things only the murderer could know," says one Florida policeman.

So many investigators sought information about the two men as possible suspects that last month a three-day conference was held in Monroe, La., to pool the facts. Eighty investigators from 21 states gathered to watch videotapes of the confessions, swap notes on missing-persons files and unsolved homicides, and compare crime lab evidence. And this week 150 detectives from all over Michigan will convene in Lansing to attempt to determine whether Lucas, and possibly Toole, is linked to as many as eleven unsolved murders in the state.

■ ■ ■

Unlike the serial murderer, the mass murderer, as criminologists define him, confines his spree to one general area and strikes over a relatively short period of time. A prime alleged example: Angelo Buono Jr., the so-called Hillside Strangler, who stands accused in the deaths of ten young women during the Los Angeles winter of 1977-78. Last week he was found innocent of one murder but guilty of two others. The second guilty verdict, returned on Saturday, could subject Buono to California's death penalty. —***By Alessandra Stanley. Reported by David S. Jackson/Houston, with other bureaus***

MIDDLE EAST

New Bloodshed, New Hope

Just as the chances of Lebanese reconciliation improve, violence hits again

A grotesquely familiar image: Israeli troops search for bodies in the ruins of a military post destroyed by a car bomb in Tyre

The similarities were eerie. As dawn was breaking over southern Lebanon last Friday morning, a suicidal terrorist driving a bomb-laden Chevrolet pickup crashed through the barricade at the Israeli military headquarters in the Lebanese port city of Tyre. Practically in the middle of the compound, nearly half a ton of explosives detonated, killing 28 Israeli soldiers and military personnel and 32 Lebanese and Palestinian prisoners who were being held in one of the buildings. Forty-one other people were wounded. For the Israelis, who had bolstered their security following the deaths of some 230 U.S. Marines and other servicemen and 58 French peace-keeping troops in virtually identical terrorist raids less than two weeks earlier, it was one of the worst losses in a single day since they invaded Lebanon in June 1982.

At the demolished military headquarters, Israeli officials lamented the fact that a recently installed barricade of barrels and concrete "tiger's teeth" had failed to block the terrorist's truck. His success demonstrated, as if further proof were needed, how difficult it is to make any installation secure from a suicide attack *(see box)*. The truck was said to have passed three unmanned Israeli roadblocks on the coastal highway that runs through Tyre, a Mediterranean port 50 miles south of Beirut. Sentries at two posts opened fire as the truck turned into the compound. David Illouz, one of the Israeli guards, said that he "fired without letup" at the pickup truck and was certain that he had hit the driver. But the truck ripped the gate from its hinges and rolled into the middle of the compound, where it exploded. Nonetheless, Israeli commanders said that Illouz had, by shooting the terrorist, probably prevented the truck from getting closer to the headquarters and causing even more casualties. "By the time I arrived a few minutes later," a brigadier general told TIME Correspondent David Halevy, "the region was covered with a huge cloud of smoke, and the buildings were on fire."

Israeli soldiers immediately began to tear away the debris with their bare hands. "A stretcher! A stretcher!" a soldier shouted. A moment later, a litter with a gray blanket covering a body was carried from the bombed-out area. "We discover a body every five minutes," said a colonel, and so it seemed. Five minutes later, another stretcher carried another body to the parking lot of the compound. Soldiers followed two German shepherds who led them to still another body buried in the ruins. "These dogs have already found seven," explained their trainer. Helicopters whipped up dust as they landed, some bringing in rabbis of the Israeli Defense Forces to help with the painful process of identifying the dead, notifying families

and returning the bodies home for burial.

Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Arens visited the site a few hours later. "We will hit back, and we will hit back very hard," he vowed. The retaliation was not long in coming. Israeli air force jets, 16 in all, bombed a variety of Palestinian and Syrian military positions along the Beirut-Damascus highway, also hitting several Druze and Christian villages in the Chouf Mountains. The Israelis were angrily striking out at some of their enemies, though not necessarily the ones who had staged the terrorist raid. Islamic Jihad (Holy War), a virtually unknown organization that may be Shi'ite and may have links to the fanatical organization that staged the murderous strikes on U.S. and French positions in Beirut, claimed responsibility for the latest attack.

One Israeli target was the headquarters of pro-Syrian factions of the Palestine Liberation Organization that oppose the leadership of Chairman Yasser Arafat. Throughout the week, in fierce exchanges between Arafat supporters and Syrian-backed rebel groups led by Abu Mousa and Ahmed Jabril, 240 people were killed and 550 wounded in two Palestinian refugee camps outside the northern Lebanese port city of Tripoli. Arafat, who had been in the Tripoli area for several weeks with an estimated 8,000 troops loyal to him, accused Syria of massing 25,000 men and heavy armaments around the camps. He told a Beirut newspaper that the Syrians were trying to force him out of Tripoli, but insisted, "I'm staying with my people and my forces to face our common destiny." He appealed to Syrian President Hafez Assad to stop the fighting and to other countries to help avert a possible "massacre" of his followers. For weeks there had been rumors that Assad was determined to bring down Arafat before the next Arab summit conference, which is due to convene Nov. 25 in Riyadh.

The attack against the Israeli headquarters in Tyre brought to 551 the number of Israelis killed in Lebanon since the beginning of the invasion on June 6, 1982. For many Israelis, it raised once again the question of whether the country's troops should continue to stay in Lebanon. Lamented a reserve lieutenant colonel standing on a mound of debris in Tyre: "Lebanon has become our graveyard."

The Israeli calamity in Tyre came at a time when the Reagan Administration was re-examining its relationship with Israel in Lebanon. For much of the past year, the U.S. has pressed Israel to withdraw its forces from Lebanon, but only at such time as Syria and the P.L.O. would also be prepared to withdraw. Two months ago, the Israelis pulled their forces out of the Chouf Mountains and the Beirut area and established a new line along the Awali River. The U.S. understood the need of the Israelis to reduce their continuing casualties, but resented the fact that the Israelis did not remain in the mountains long enough to give the Lebanese Army a chance to fill the vacuum. As a result, members of the independent Lebanese forces moved in immediately, setting off the fighting between Christian militiamen and the Druze, a breakaway Islamic sect.

Arafat peers toward a Syrian position from inside a Palestinian fortification in Tripoli

Now, however, the Administration is concerned about the Syrian military buildup in Lebanon and is considering pressing Israel to help counter Syrian influence there by taking a more active military role. Within the Administration, Secretary of State George Shultz is believed to favor such a policy, while Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger is said to oppose it because of the effect it might have on U.S. relations with the Arab world. Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs Lawrence Eagleburger spent five days in Israel last week, not to press the Jerusalem government on any particular point but to reopen a dialogue that has, more often than not, been strained in the almost 18 months since the Israeli invasion of Lebanon.

Unfortunately, the latest setbacks to peace occurred just as the leaders of Lebanon's feuding factions, meeting in Geneva, took a few halting steps toward the "national reconciliation" that they had promised to seek as part of the latest cease-fire agreement. The first signs had not been encouraging. When the country's feudal warlords gathered in the 18th-floor conference room of the Geneva Intercontinental Hotel, they did so in icy silence. As their young President, Amin Gemayel, told the gathering, "Lebanon is dying," the conferees avoided eye contact. But they listened attentively when Gemayel, 41, declared, "If our country continues to burn, the fire will spread beyond its borders, and nothing will be left of our beloved Lebanon either to unite or to divide."

President Gemayel at the Geneva conference

"Lebanon is dying," he declared.

The seating arrangement was a masterpiece of Levantine diplomacy, designed to give every leader his due and to keep the most conspicuous enemies apart. At a separate table to Gemayel's left were leaders of the Syrian-backed Lebanese National Salvation Front, which has called for the President's resignation: former President Suleiman Franjieh, 73; former Prime Minister Rashid Karami, 62; and Walid Jumblatt, 36, leader of the Druze. Seated with them was Nabih Berri, 45, head of the Amal, a Shi'ite Muslim militia. At another table were two of Lebanon's elder statesmen, Adel Osseiran, 78, a Shi'ite and one-time speaker of Parliament, and former Prime Minister Saeb Salam, 78, a Sunni Muslim. At still another were Pierre Gemayel, 78, father of the President and founder of the rightist Phalange Party, and his longtime rival, former President Camille Chamoun, 83. Seated separately were two important guests: Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam and Saudi Arabian Minister of State Mohammed Ibrahim Masoud. Not in the room but active behind the scenes was U.S. Envoy Richard Fairbanks, who met repeatedly with the participants in an attempt to promote a compromise.

Essentially, the conference's agenda included two main topics: a revision of the internal Lebanese political order, and the status of the Israeli-Lebanese withdrawal agreement signed last May. On the basis of a 1932 census and an unwritten 1943 agreement, the country traditionally has had a Maronite Christian President, a Sunni Muslim Prime Minister and a Shi'ite Muslim speaker of Parliament. The Maronites, however, are now outnumbered by the Muslims and particularly the Shi'ites. They, and some of the other groups, want a larger share of political power, although most seem prepared to allow the Maronites to retain the presidency. Despite their accumulated grievances, the conferees quickly reached agreement on a statement defining Lebanon's national identity. It described Lebanon as "a free, sovereign and independent state," as the Christians wanted it to do, but it also satisfied Muslim demands by defining Leba-

non as "Arab in affiliation and identity."

Under pressure from Syria, the Muslims and the Druze reiterated their demand that the Israeli-Lebanese agreement be scrapped. The document's importance is more symbolic than practical, since Israel's promise to withdraw its troops from Lebanon was dependent on a simultaneous pullout by Syrian and P.L.O. forces. When the Syrians refused to budge, the Israelis did likewise, though they did establish the new and more secure line 17 miles to the south along the Awali River. Now, fearful of losing the only diplomatic advantage gained from their costly invasion of Lebanon, the Israelis say that they will keep their 30,000 troops in southern Lebanon indefinitely if the accord is abrogated.

The first break on the question of the Israeli-Lebanese treaty came on the third day of the conference when former President Franjieh, after a private meeting with Gemayel and Salam, proposed that the agreement with Israel be "frozen" until the Lebanese leaders had had a chance to work out their other problems. This unexpectedly moderate position astonished and infuriated Syria's Khaddam, whose government wants nothing less than outright rejection of the accord with Israel. Most of the conferees, however, were ready to accept the freeze.

Late in the week, the group voted unanimously that Gemayel should continue his efforts "to end the Israeli occupation" and to ensure "the total and absolute sovereignty of Lebanon over all its territory." The group also agreed to suspend its meetings for ten days, during which time Gemayel was to fly to Washington and several Arab capitals to discuss his country's problems and particularly the treaty with Israel. The vote was taken following a private meeting between Gemayel and opposition leaders, after which the President persuaded his father and Chamoun, the most ardent advocates of the accord with Israel, to fall in line "for the sake of national unity."

President Gemayel's visit to Washington will create a dilemma for the Reagan Administration. Having sponsored the Israeli-Lebanese withdrawal agreement, the U.S. is committed to it. At a time when it is hoping that Israel will agree to take a more active role in the region, the U.S. will find it difficult to weaken its support for an agreement the Israelis consider important. Yet the U.S. also believes that national reconciliation is the only road to stability for Lebanon, and may have to make a gesture of support for the only result so far of the Geneva conference. As Walid Jumblatt, no friend of the young Lebanese President's, put it last week, "If the Americans send Gemayel back empty-handed, it will be the end of him." Whatever the solution may be, the U.S. at this stage cannot afford to let Gemayel fail. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Robert Kroon/Geneva and William Stewart/Beirut*

The Post-Mortem Goes On

Marine sentries who had not been allowed to insert ammunition in their weapons three weeks ago now stand guard with fully loaded guns. Some of those who had been based in Beirut were being billeted on American ships and ferried ashore by helicopters. Others were hard at work building new fortifications. Most guard posts were being reinforced and rearmed. Six-foot-high mounds of dirt, rows of tar-filled steel drums, sandbags and concertina wire blocked off the entrance to the Marine compound. Ironically, the little-used route through the parking lot that had been followed by a suicide bomber on Oct. 23, killing more than 230 U.S. servicemen, became the only approach to the headquarters. Heaps of dirt were spread around the lot to force approaching traffic to slow down.

All these measures simply underscored the continuing questions about whether the headquarters security had been adequate in the first place. Why hadn't Marine commanders taken precautions earlier, particularly after the car bombing of the U.S. embassy in Beirut last April? Why were the Marines on guard duty not carrying loaded weapons? And why were so many Marines quartered in a single building, concentrating them as a target in an area prone to terrorist attacks? These were some of the questions that were raised on Capitol Hill last week as both the Senate and House Armed Services committees opened investigations. Their main witness: Marine Commandant General Paul X. Kelley, who had just returned from a fact-finding trip to Lebanon.

TERRY ASHE

General Kelley testifying on Capitol Hill

Kelley insisted that "security was adequate for what any responsible and prudent commander should have expected." But committee members were not persuaded by Kelley's assertion that despite the embassy attack, "no one anticipated" that a terrorist using a five-ton truck would be able to crash through Marine defenses. As Maine's Senator William Cohen put it, "It's not a leap of logic to see if they bomb you with a car, they can bomb you with a truck." Asked Senator Gary Hart of Colorado: "Have we always attempted to defend against future threats based on precedents from the past? Are we still operating under the delusion that our enemies will not be imaginative and inventive?"

Kelley explained that Marines can load their rifles in "two seconds" and "in my professional judgment, it would have been impossible to stop the truck with small-arms fire." Retorted Kentucky's Representative Larry Hopkins: "Maybe the M-16 would not have stopped the truck. We'll never know. But one thing we do know is that an empty M-16 couldn't have stopped the truck." In fact, during last week's almost identical attack on an Israeli military headquarters in southern Lebanon, an Israeli guard did shoot the driver, causing the truck to explode sooner than it otherwise might have—thus probably causing fewer casualties.

Representative Dave McCurdy of Oklahoma asked Kelley why there were so many Marines in one building, considering that "in the Middle East, terrorism is just as much a function of their use of power as our use of the M-1 tank." Kelley defended the arrangement, saying that the four-story concrete structure had been chosen because it had withstood the Israeli siege last year. But Representative Sonny Montgomery of Mississippi, who led an eleven-member House contingent that traveled to Beirut a few days after the blast, said it had been immediately clear to his group that the setup was wrong. "There were too many Marines in too small an area. Why didn't they use the parking lot for security? Why didn't they have a tank ditch? Was that a political decision?" Kelley also dismissed a Central Intelligence Agency report that had been sent to him three days before the attack, warning of a possible attempt on the Marines, as one of "those broad, vague, general statements they hide behind."

Both the Senate and the House will continue their investigations into the tragedy. The Pentagon also announced last week that it will convene a board of inquiry to look into "all the circumstances" of the Beirut bombing.

ARGENTINA

Voting No! to the Past

In the first election in a decade, Raúl Alfonsín routs the Peronists

As the returns streamed in, neither candidate could quite believe what was happening. Raúl Alfonsín, refreshed by a barbecue lunch and a three-hour siesta, heard the results at the home of a wealthy supporter in a Buenos Aires suburb. "Let's wait, let's wait," he cautioned excited aides. At his party headquarters downtown, Italo Luder sat forlornly in his office, shaking his head in disbelief. Luder's supporters, expecting a night of partying, instead drifted quietly out of the building. Finally, at 5:45 a.m., the perplexed Luder emerged from his office, not to concede but to go home for sleep. Said he, wearily: "The counting is not complete."

A technical point, for by then the election had become a romp. When the votes were tallied, Alfonsín, 56, and his center-left Radical Civic Union party had outpolled Luder and the Peronists, 52% to 40%. Of the 15.2 million votes cast, the Radicals won 7.7 million, the Peronists 6 million. Though the new President faces a horizon of uncertainty, the results marked a fresh chapter in Argentine history. For the first time since it was founded by Juan Domingo Perón 37 years ago, the Peronist party has lost a free national election. Alfonsín succeeded in doing what no other politician or general has done: badly denting if not shattering the mystique of Perón, who died nine years ago but has remained the dominant figure in Argentine politics.

At the same time, Alfonsín's victory brings to an end the military regime that ruled the country for almost eight turbulent years. Argentina is burdened with nearly 1,000% inflation, an unemployment rate of 15% and a $40 billion foreign debt, the world's third largest (after Brazil's $94 billion and Mexico's $91 billion). Moreover, the new President must bolster a nation demoralized by its ignominious defeat in the Falklands war last year and traumatized by the "dirty war" against leftists in which more than 6,000 people disappeared in the 1970s. So pressing are the tasks facing Alfonsín that the military is expected to move up his inauguration from Jan. 30 to Dec. 12.

Those problems were temporarily forgotten in the euphoria of election night. As the early Radical lead held, supporters chanting "Alfonsín! Alfonsín!" filled plazas across the nation. In Buenos Aires, caravans of celebrators sped through the streets honking horns and waving the party's red-and-white flags. At 3:15 a.m., Alfonsín addressed his backers from the balcony of the Radical party headquarters downtown in the capital. Abandoning the rhetoric of the campaign, Alfonsín sounded the notes of national unity. "We have won, but we have defeated no one," he proclaimed. "This is the triumph of all Argentina."

Victory is his: President-Elect Alfonsín

The Reagan Administration cabled its congratulations, noting that the election marked "a successful step in the return to democratic and constitutional rule." Some officials at the State Department noted that Alfonsín is an unknown quantity who might prove prickly in foreign affairs. Still, the consensus in Washington was that the new leader will welcome closer ties with the U.S. International bankers took comfort from the fact that, despite its name, the Radicals are the party of the middle class, moderate in the style of Social Democrats in Western Europe. During the campaign, Alfonsín, like Luder, pledged to pay back his country's debt, though he promised to seek more favorable terms.

The election was a vote not so much for Alfonsín as against the past four decades of revolving civilian and military regimes. The pattern was set in 1946, when General Juan Perón came to power by offering an intoxicating blend of social welfare programs and nationalism to an Argentine working class denied its fair share of the country's wealth. Peronism promised more than any government could deliver, but the brilliantined charisma of the general and his wife Eva dazzled the country. Even after the middle class and the military joined forces to oust Perón in 1955 for his profligate spending, the general's sway over Argentina's *descamisados*—or "shirtless ones"—enabled him to influence events from his exile in Spain. In 1973, after almost two decades of half-finished presidencies and coups, el Líder, then 77, returned to Buenos Aires in triumph. One year later, he was dead (Eva had died 22 years earlier), and power was passed to his third wife, Isabel.

Growing political violence between left-wing and right-wing terrorist squads and 600% inflation led the military to take charge once again in 1976. Not only did the regime fail to repair the economy, but it introduced a campaign of brutal repression. Death squads, sanctioned and in some cases staffed by the military, abducted and murdered suspected leftists. President Leopoldo Galtieri's decision to seize the Falklands last year was more an attempt to retain the military's grip on power than to reclaim property, but the humiliating defeat at British hands just hastened the regime's end. To quell the public uproar, retired General Reynaldo Bignone, Galtieri's successor, announced elections for a civilian government.

The nation's two major parties differed little on the issues, so the outcome depended on strategy and style. Alfonsín, who lost a bid for his party's nomination when elections were last held in 1973, concentrated on wooing the nation's 5 million first-time voters and persuading the working class that the Peronists were violence-prone and manipulated by corrupt union leaders. He also profited from divisions within the Peronist camp. After a brawling convention last September, the union leaders won the nod for Luder, a constitutional lawyer and former Sen-

Cry for me: a stony-faced Luder, right, at rally with Running Mate Bittel

Badly denting if not shattering the mystique of Juan Perón.

ate president. Already perceived as a labor puppet, Luder and his running mate Deolindo Bittel often found themselves overshadowed by a fistful of union nabobs, including the party vice president, Lorenzo Miguel, leader of 140,000 metalworkers, who has been accused of sparking union violence. Says Francisco Manrique, leader of the small Federal Party: "It looked like Luder in government, Miguel in power."

Alfonsín crisscrossed the country, delivering as many as three rousing speeches a day and plunging into crowds with gusto. Luder, by contrast, seemed reserved and drab, an uninspiring speaker who rarely raised his voice or waved his arms. Toward the end of the campaign, nervous Peronists resorted to pairing Luder with the visage and recorded speeches of Juan Perón in television spots.

The defeat set off a fresh power struggle within the Peronist party. Several members urged that Isabel Perón, now 52 and self-exiled in Spain, return to take the party's helm. She dispatched a bizarre telegram to Alfonsín, misspelling his name and congratulating him in the name of the Peronist party, "over which I preside." Some demanded that Miguel and the other labor bosses be tossed out and the party cleansed of unsavory union influences.

Two days after the election, Alfonsín retreated to a ranch at an undisclosed location to plan his agenda. The most immediate problem is the country's growing debt. Alfonsín inherits an agreement with the International Monetary Fund for short-term loans to prevent a default, in exchange for the imposition of austerity measures. Bernardo Grinspun, the President-elect's chief economic adviser, estimates that Argentina will need at least $14 billion next year simply to meet its debt payments. During the campaign, Alfonsín promised to study the repayment agreements, but his advisers say they will not be discarded. "We are not going to conduct a Nuremberg trial," says Grinspun. "If the contracts are in conformity, we won't touch them."

Alfonsín will attempt to rekindle economic growth and to cool inflation at the same time. The new regime hopes that its victory will persuade edgy Argentines to return money that they have transferred outside the country. Alfonsín is willing to discuss the future of the Falkland Islands with the British, but Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who welcomed Argentina's "return to democracy" last week, reiterated that the islanders must be allowed to determine their future.

Like Luder, Alfonsín has pledged to repeal a law passed by the junta last September that, in effect, pardoned the military for crimes committed in the "dirty war." If, however, the new President tries to prosecute the guilty, as relatives of the victims have demanded, he risks alienating the generals. If he makes good on his pledge to reform trade union elections, he will infuriate the Peronists. Despite their setbacks, the military and the party of Perón would make potent allies and could sabotage Alfonsín's administration.

"Perón's only successor will be the Argentine people, who in the last analysis will be the ones who decide." El Líder uttered those words shortly before he died. In a sense, the Argentine people picked Perón's successor last week. Peronists, Radicals and generals alike, they will now decide whether Raúl Alfonsín becomes the first elected President since Juan Perón to serve a full six-year term. —*By James Kelly.*

Reported by Gavin Scott/Buenos Aires

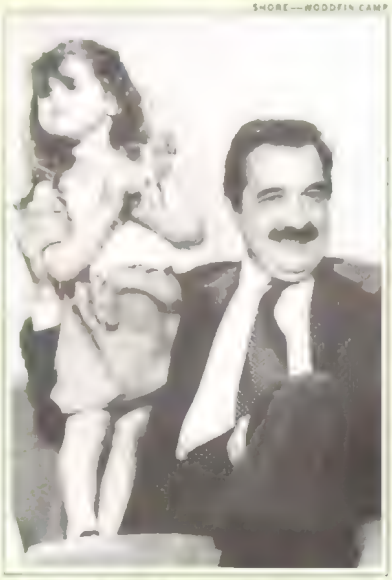
Lawyer from Chascomús

"What I admire most is humility. What I cannot stand is arrogance." As a statement of his philosophy of political leadership, it is vintage Raúl Alfonsín. It also sets him in sharp contrast with the military rulers Argentina has endured for the better part of a decade. Stocky, garrulous and indefatigable, Alfonsín, 56, has brought a shudder of excitement to a citizenry long inured to monochromatic military men and ineffectual demagogues steeped in the mythology of Juan Perón. Alfonsín has also projected an image of forcefulness and competence necessary to command his unruly nation.

With his ample girth, trademark black mustache and a twinkle in his eyes, Raúl Ricardo Alfonsín Foulkes seems the quintessential Argentine. Born in the provincial city of Chascomús (pop. 30,000), 78 miles southeast of Buenos Aires, Alfonsín was the oldest of five children. His parents made a comfortable living running a general store founded by his great-grandfather, who emigrated from the Spanish province of Galicia in 1870. His father, Serafín, was a fervent supporter of the Republican cause in the Spanish Civil War, and that sense of commitment seemed to rub off on his son. Says Alfonsín: "I came from a home atmosphere where liberty was not only learned from books."

At 13, young Raúl was packed off to the San Martín Military Academy in the province of Buenos Aires. Among his classmates was Leopoldo Galtieri, who as head of the military government in 1982 guided Argentina into invading the Falkland Islands. Alfonsín sometimes jokes that because his Jesuit-educated father and uncles had failed to become priests, his mother hoped that he would prove equally resistant to the lure of a military career. "She was right," he says.

Instead of the barracks, Alfonsín chose to enter law school in La Plata, where he first became active in the progressive Radical Civic Union Party. He was drawn to the party by its populist orientation and historic opposition to Argentina's landed oligarchy. After marrying his childhood sweetheart, Alfonsín began his career as a lawyer in Chascomús. He ran successfully for the provincial legislature in La Plata, then for the National Congress in 1963.



SHORE—WOODFIN CAMP

Raúl Alfonsín with Granddaughter Manuela

In 1972, just before one of the military's periodic withdrawals from power, Alfonsín challenged the aging party war horse, Ricardo Balbín, for the Radical presidential nomination. Alfonsín was intent on proving that voters could be lured away from their rote support of Peronismo. Said he: "It is intolerable that there should be any authoritarian component in a popular movement." He lost, but gained a name for himself in party ranks. When the Radicals held their nominating convention last July following the junta's vow to hold national elections, he was ready.

Alfonsín considers himself a frustrated writer and enjoys movies. (His favorite: *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, a 1959 antiwar film by French Director Alain Resnais.) Asked once to elaborate on qualities necessary for leadership, he listed "honesty, courage to confront situations . . . not to be ambiguous." He added, "Politics does not give satisfactions except for the sensation of duty accomplished. It is an unhealthy trade. But I believe it is what I should do."

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SOUTH AFRICA

Small Favors

More power to some people

"We have a vote in favor of evolutionary reform." So proclaimed a buoyant South African Prime Minister Pieter W. Botha last week, and for once he was not merely wishing aloud. By a two-to-one majority, some 2.1 million voters—a fraction of the white-dominated country's 30 million inhabitants—had endorsed a proposal sponsored by Botha's ruling National Party to rewrite the South African constitution and soften its policy of whites-only rule. Botha also hailed the outcome of the referendum as "overwhelming." There the Prime Minister was stretching matters a bit. Nonetheless, a milestone of sorts had been achieved in South Africa's long and sordid history of apartheid. As a result of the "yes" vote, the nation's 2.8 million coloreds (citizens of mixed race) and 900,000 Asians will for the first time be allowed a modicum of parliamentary power alongside the governing minority of 4.5 million whites. Botha has promised to implement the change by the latter part of next year.

The referendum was a personal triumph for Botha. After taking office in 1978, he claimed that South Africans must "adapt or die" in confronting the racial segregation policies that have made their country an international outcast. His ideas of adaptation, however, have never included any role in national decision making for South Africa's 21 million blacks. In the new constitutional order, the black majority will still be consigned to the government's long-term program of "separate development," meaning citizenship in artificial "independent homelands" without claims to South African political rights.

Even with that large proviso in his plans, Botha's referendum has created deep fissures among white South Africans. During the bitter three-month campaign, those divisions erupted in a bitter *broedertwis* (Afrikaans for fraternal feud), while the referendum became known as the Great Divide.

Botha's plan, announced more than a year ago, would have South Africa's single-chamber, whites-only parliament replaced by a tricameral parliament composed of three separate but very unequal chambers: one each for whites, coloreds and Asians. The white House of Assembly will have 178 members, the colored House of Representatives 85, and the Asian House of Delegates 45. Each chamber will have a Ministers' Council to control its "own" affairs. Each chamber will also contribute members to a white-dominated council, designated to coordinate government policy under the direction of an executive State President. Whites will control the electoral college that chooses the new President. In other words, while coloreds and Asians will now have a voice in government, the decisive role will still belong to the whites.

The biggest irony of the referendum campaign was that it brought together on the "no" side of the ballot the hardest-line segregationists in the country and the most resolute opponents of apartheid. Foremost among the pro-apartheid naysayers was Dr. Andries Treurnicht, who bolted the National Party to form his own Conservative Party last year over the power-sharing issue. "Dr. No," as he became known, urged rejection of the new constitution because it would "end the whites' reign as a sovereign nation in South Africa." Aligned with Treurnicht were such staunch anti-apartheid warriors as Helen Suzman, a member of parliament from the opposition Progressive Federal Party, who declared that the proposed constitution "safeguards apartheid and not the future."

The bleakest view of the new constitutional order, unsurprisingly, came from black leaders, black nationalist movements, and a United Democratic Front of mostly black organizations, including church groups and trade unions, which was formed several weeks before the vote. Acceptance of the new constitution, predicted Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, Chief Minister of South Africa's 5.5 million Zulu tribesmen, would have a "devastating impact" on black thought and political feeling. Above all, he said, acceptance would turn "ordinary people seriously to contemplate the value of killing for political purposes." After the votes were counted, a deeply disappointed Buthelezi said that he and his Zulu cultural-political movement, *Inkatha*, would have to reassess their previous stand toward nonviolence and cooperation with the "progressive elements" of white South African society. ■

BILL CAMPBELL

Botha acknowledges victory after the vote

A warning of "devastating impact."

SOVIET UNION

Vanishing Act

Andropov misses a big rally

"*Yevo nyet,*" astonished Soviet officials whispered to each other in the Kremlin's 6,000-seat Palace of Congresses last Saturday. "He's not here." The occasion was a traditional Communist Party rally inaugurating celebrations of the 66th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. The missing dignitary was none other than Communist Party Leader and Soviet President Yuri Andropov, 69. Attendance at the gala ceremony is almost a sacred obligation for Soviet officials; this year, a ripple of concern was evident as Andropov's place among the eight Politburo members on the dais was taken by a former rival for the leadership, Konstantin Chernenko, 72.

Andropov

Western diplomats present at the rally could not recall the last time there had been such an absence on a major occasion. Leonid Zamyatin, head of the Soviet Central Committee's international information department, insisted that the Soviet leader was merely suffering from a severe cold. Zamyatin indicated that Andropov was also unlikely to attend the country's biggest annual televised spectacular, the Nov. 7 military parade in Red Square. Said Zamyatin: "It is up to his doctors to decide whether he makes an appearance."

That excuse was hardly good enough to stem a renewed spate of speculation about the state of Andropov's health. According to the Soviets, he has now been suffering from a cold for nearly two weeks. The fact is, however, that Andropov has not been seen in public since Aug. 18, when he met with a group of U.S. Senators. Since then, a stream of Soviet presidential pronouncements on such issues as the scheduled NATO deployment of intermediate-range missiles in Western Europe have been made facelessly, often through the official Soviet news agency TASS.

During past Andropov appearances, diplomatic observers noted that the Soviet leader seemed weak and shaky. At a state dinner in Moscow in early June for President Mauno Koivisto of Finland, Andropov was helped in and out of his chair, and delivered a speech sitting down. Those signs have led to speculation that Andropov was suffering from everything from heart trouble to a chronic kidney ailment. The rumors were reminiscent of those that made the rounds in Moscow concerning the health of Andropov's predecessor, Leonid Brezhnev. He lived for nearly a decade after the first stories of ill health began to appear. ■

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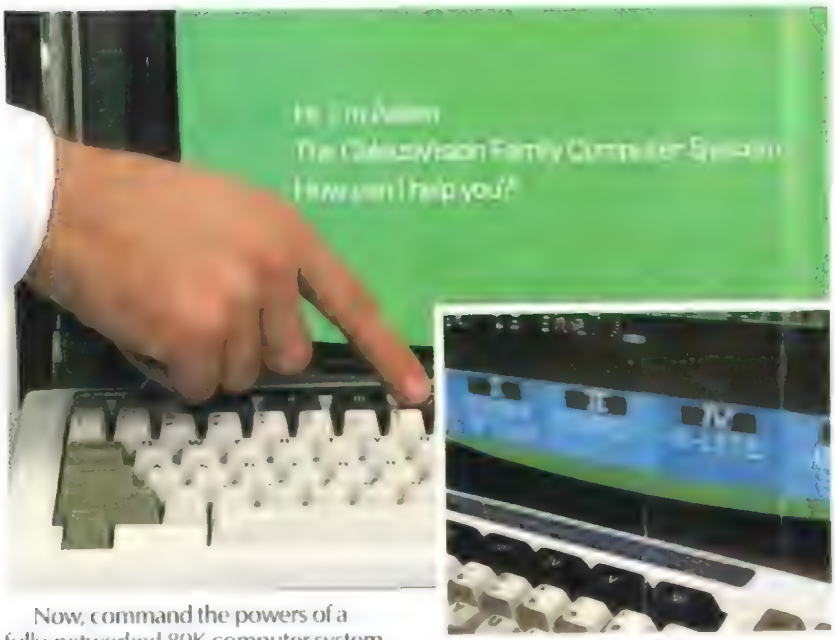

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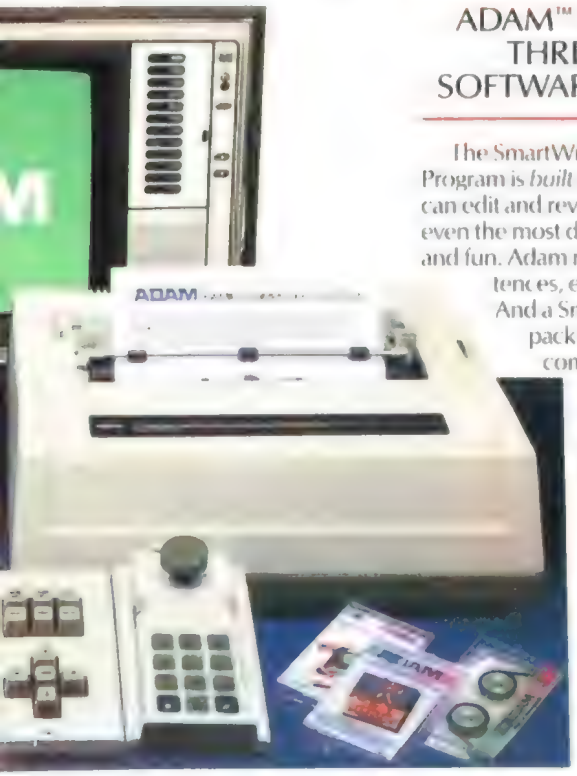

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Mourning the dead: a shattered villager weeps over the bodies of her five children

TURKEY

Furious Shudder

An earthquake kills 1,339

Shortly after dawn, Ismail Kamkaş was, as usual, feeding the cows in his barn. Suddenly he felt the earth beneath him shudder and heard a tremendous roar. Thrown clear of the crumbling walls, he looked up to see his house in ruins. Scrambling frantically through the stones and splintered timbers, Kamkaş managed to rescue his father and two of his children. But his wife and two other children could not be saved. As heavy sleet, then snow began to fall, Kamkaş sat through the night beside the rubble that had been his home. "All day long, we tried to find our families," he later recalled. "And all night long, we stayed with our dead." Throughout his desolate farming village of Muratbagi last week, the toll of dead, mostly women and children who were still indoors after the men left to work in the fields, continued to mount. The earthquake killed more than half of the village's 980 inhabitants, reducing the settlement to a heap of lonely rocks on the hillside.

Muratbagi was just one of 44 villages in mountainous eastern Turkey that suffered serious damage from the quake, which measured 7.1 on the Richter scale. By week's end the total number of dead had reached 1,339, nearly twice as many as in the celebrated San Francisco earthquake of 1906. The shock even succeeded in overshadowing the campaigning for Turkey's first national elections since the military seized power in 1980.

Last week's devastation was, however, tragically familiar to the villages that lie along the East Anatolian Fault. More than 20,000 people perished after one momentous jolt in 1939, and two quakes in the past decade each left more than 2,000 dead. One reason for the terrible toll: the walls of peasant homes are typically made of rough stones held together with a mixture of mud and straw, while their roofs consist of layers of soil as much as four feet thick. When the earth rumbles, the rocks come loose and the roof collapses. Anyone inside is buried alive.

Although army helicopters arrived within two hours of the quake to begin evacuating the wounded, many who endured the initial shock may have suffocated to death. Further aggravating rescue efforts, the narrow dirt road that links Muratbagi to the outside world was blocked for hours by landslides. By the time rescue workers from the Swiss Disaster Relief brought in 15 specially trained dogs to sniff out more victims, most of those unearthed had stopped breathing.

The Turks worked valiantly to cut their losses. Army troops stationed near the Soviet border within 100 miles of the afflicted area rushed 7,000 pup tents, 26,000 blankets and ten tons of tea to the stricken villagers. After the daily newspaper *Hürriyet* printed a front-page photo of two young girls forlornly searching for their parents, it was flooded with calls from readers offering to adopt orphaned survivors. The government also received promises of several donations from abroad, including $10 million from Saudi Arabia and more than $2 million worth of supplies from the U.S.

But with winter approaching and 33,000 villagers left homeless, prospects for those who remain are chilling. Already there have been reports from isolated villages of families having to fend off packs of wolves descending on their dead animals. With 30,000 of the area's livestock killed, even the farmers who weather the crisis may find themselves stripped of their livelihood. Survivors in Muratbagi last week spent every day laying the bodies of loved ones to rest and every night shivering in the cold. ■

JAPAN

Nakasone's Fix

How to handle Tanaka

When troubled by pressing problems, Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone often seeks the solitude of Tokyo's Zensho-an Buddhist temple. Last week was no exception. During almost a year in office, Nakasone has projected an image of strong leadership abroad and developed close personal ties with President Reagan, who will make a three-day visit to Japan this week. But at home, the Liberal Democratic statesman has seemed uncertain about how to handle the scandal surrounding his longtime political ally, former Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka. As pressure mounted on Nakasone to distance himself from the man who has come to be known as the Shadow Shogun, the troubled Japanese leader slipped away to the temple to contemplate one of the most difficult problems of his political career.

Ever since Tanaka was convicted last month of accepting $2 million in bribes from the Lockheed Corp. a decade ago, more than 200 members of the opposition, dominated by the Socialists, have boycotted parliament, demanding his expulsion. Tanaka is no longer officially a member of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party (L.D.P.), but he still controls the largest bloc of the party's deputies in the 511-seat House of Representatives. Indeed Tanaka's influence is so strong in L.D.P. circles that without his support Nakasone would not have been chosen as Prime Minister. Thus Nakasone runs the risk of alienating many Tanaka supporters and jeopardizing his position as the party's official leader if he pushes too hard to break the present parliamentary deadlock.

Nakasone

In an effort to find a solution acceptable to all sides, Nakasone arranged a private meeting with his political mentor in a Tokyo hotel suite. As the tearful Prime Minister later told party leaders, he did not ask Tanaka outright to give up his seat in parliament, but "I believe what I meant to say was understood." If so, Tanaka ignored the hint. He has resolutely refused to resign and has vowed to take his case to the supreme court.

At week's end many members of the Diet were already heading for their home districts, convinced that Nakasone now had no other choice but to dissolve parliament and call for new elections. For the moment, Nakasone has good reason to put off announcing his decision. With Reagan coming to town, the Japanese leader clearly hopes that his success as an international statesman will overshadow his continuing troubles with the Shadow Shogun. ■

J.F.K.

After 20 years, the question: How good a President?

In an essay on Napoleon, Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote, "He was no saint—to use his word, 'no capuchin,' and he is no hero, in the high sense." Napoleon had fulfilled an earthly career, at any rate His life went the full trajectory. One could study the line of it and know, for better and worse, what the man was, and did, and could do. He inhabited his life. He completed it. He passed through it to the end of its possibilities

John Kennedy's bright trajectory ended in midpassage, severed in that glaring Friday noontime in Dallas. The moment 20 years ago when one learned the news became precisely fixed in the memory, the mind stopping like a clock just then. It is Kennedy's deathday, not his birthday, that we observe. History abruptly left off, and after the shock had begun to pass, the mythmaking began—the mind haunted by the hypothetical, by what might have been

And the myth overwhelmed conventional judgment, as if some wonderful song prevented the hall from hearing the recording secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, or the minutes of a thousand days. Today, Kennedy still occupies an unusual place in the national psyche. His presence there in the memory, in the interior temple, remains powerful, disproportionate to his substantive accomplishments. He probably was not President long enough to be judged by the customary standards

Kennedy had his obvious accomplishments. Merely by arriving at the White House, he had destroyed forever one religious issue in American politics. When Edmund Muskie ran for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1972, his Catholicism was only a minor biographical detail. Kennedy presided over a change of political generations in America, and did it with brilliant style. He brought youth and idealism and accomplishment and élan and a sometimes boorish and clannish elitism to Washington. He refreshed the town with a conviction that the world could be changed, that the improvisational intelligence could do wonderful things. Such almost ruthless optimism had its sinister side, a moral complacency and dismissive arrogance that expressed itself when the American élan went venturing into Viet Nam. But Kennedy, when he died, was also veering away from the cold war. He made an eloquently conciliatory speech at American University in June 1963, and he accomplished the limited test-ban treaty. He had many plans, for Medicare, for civil rights, for other projects

But after Nov. 22, the record simply went blank. An anguished and fascinating process of canonization ensued. The television networks focused their gaze on the story almost continuously from Parkland Memorial Hospital to Arlington National Cemetery, as if in professional tribute to the first President who understood the medium and performed perfectly in it. In sanctifying his memory, videotape became Kennedy's Parson Weems. The reality of what the nation had lost was preserved with unprecedented, unthinkable vividness: his holographic ghost moving and talking inside every television set, that American dreamboat campaigning through the primaries among leaping and squealing adolescent girls, the snow-dazzled Inaugural ceremony, the wonderfully witty press conferences replayed endlessly, the children, the family, the one brief shining moment shown shining again and again in counterpoint with the Book Depository and the shots, and riderless Black Jack fighting the bridle, and the widow, the little boy saluting, and the long mahogany box in the Rotunda—the protagonist and the irretrievable mystery of the piece. The death of John F. Kennedy became a participatory American tragedy, a drama both global and intensely intimate.

The event eerily fused, for a moment, the normally dissociat-

Photograph © by Jacques Lowe, © 1983—Woodfin Camp & Associates, from his book *Kennedy: A Time Remembered*

President John F. Kennedy, still new to the job, strikes a characteristic pose during one of the first Cabinet meetings of his Administration

"Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage . . ."

"Total war makes no sense . . . in an age when the deadly poisons produced by a nuclear exchange would be carried by wind and water and soil and seed to the far corners of the globe and to generations yet unborn."

Just before the Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961, with Dean Rusk and the CIA's Richard Bissell

ed dimensions of public life and private life. And so Americans felt Kennedy's death in a deeply personal way: they, and he, were swept into a third dimension, the mythic. The ancient Greeks thought that gods and goddesses came down and walked among them and befriended them or betrayed them. The drama 20 years ago—bright young life and light and grace and death all compounded by the bardic camera—turned Kennedy into a kind of American god.

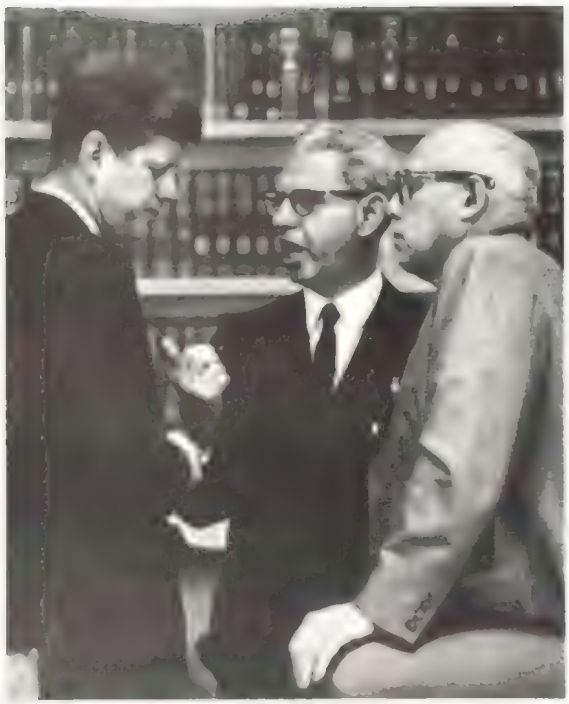
In any case, for a long time, some thought forever, it seemed almost impossible to look objectively at the man and his presidency, to see what he had done and left undone. Not long after the assassination, Journalist Gerald W. Johnson wrote, "Already it has happened to two of the 35 men who have held the presidency, rendering them incapable of analysis by the instruments of scholarship; and now Washington, the godlike, and Lincoln, the saintly, have been joined by Kennedy, the young chevalier."

Ronald Reagan has been in the office almost as long as Kennedy. It is fascinating, though complicated, that the youngest elected President, who occupied the White House for the shortest (elected) term since Warren Harding—and who had a problematic tenure, very much a learning process and a mixed bag of one fiasco and many missteps and some accomplishments—should be thus elevated, by the force of his presence, his vivid charm, to the company of the greatest Presidents, as if the inspirational power of personality were enough for greatness. Perhaps it is. Many Americans make the association. Yet what sways them is in some sense the strange coercive power of the martyr. Kennedy's great vitality turned inside out. He came to have a higher reputation in death than he enjoyed in life. And in a bizarre way he even accomplished more in death than in life. In the atmosphere of grief and remorse after the assassination, Lyndon Johnson pushed through Congress much of Kennedy's program, and more: Medicare, civil rights and the other bills that came to form Johnson's Great Society

Three million visitors still come to his grave at Arlington every year. Although fewer photographs of Kennedy are enshrined in bars and barbershops and living rooms around the U.S. than there once were, they can still be found in huts all over the Third World: an image of an American President, dead for 20 years, a symbol—but of what exactly? Mostly of a kind of hope, the possibility of change, and the usually unthinkable idea that government leadership might intercede to do people some good.

Is it possible now, at a remove of 20 years, to detach Kennedy's presidency from the magic and to judge it with the cold rationality that Kennedy tried to bring to bear upon his world? Or is the myth, the sense of hope and the lift he gave thereby, a central accomplishment of his presidency? W.B. Yeats wrote, "How can we know the dancer from the dance?"

Kennedy would have found the solemnity and mythmaking amusing, and hopelessly overdone. His intellectual style was sardonic and self-aware: wonderful lights of satire played across it. If he sometimes labored hard at being a hero, or *seeming* a hero (before his election in 1960, he listened intently to recordings of Winston Churchill's speeches, picking up the grand rhythms of the language), he knew the limitations of everything.



The steel crisis, 1962: with Arthur Goldberg and George Meany

"There is no experience you can get that can possibly prepare you adequately for the presidency."

including himself. His instruments were sensitive to the bogus. He might even have had some mordant crack to make about that Eternal Flame.

As the years have passed, Kennedy has been inevitably caught up in the pattern of idolatry and revisionism. All presidential reputations ride up or down upon wind currents of intellectual fashion and subsequent history, the perspective of the present constantly altering interpretations of the past.

First the murdered President became saint and martyr. But then the '60s arrived in earnest. In a study of tragedy, Critic George Steiner wrote, "The fall of great personages from high places *(casus virorum illustrium)* gave to medieval politics their festive and brutal character." The real '60s began on the afternoon of Nov. 22, 1963, and they turned festive and brutal too. It came to seem that Kennedy's murder opened some malign trap door in American culture, and the wild bats flapped out. His assassination became the prototype in a series of public murders: Malcolm X, Martin Luther King Jr., Robert Kennedy. His death prefigured all the deaths of the young in Viet Nam.

The '60s eventually turned on Kennedy. The protests and violent changes of the time jarred loose and shattered fundamental premises of American life and power. From the perspective of Viet Nam in the late '60s, some of Kennedy's rhetoric sounded incautious, jingoistic and dangerous. The Arthurian knight talked about building bomb shelters. The extravagance of all that the hagiologists claimed for him now seemed to make him a fraud. His performance on civil rights came to seem tepid and reluctant and excessively political. Stories about his vigorous sex life, including an alleged affair with the girlfriend of a Mafia don, brought into question not only his private morals but his common sense. At last, the revisionists wondered whether his presidency belonged more to the history of publicity and hype than to the history of political leadership.

Presidential reputations are always fluid. Dwight Eisenhower, for example, was regarded during the '60s as a somewhat vague golfer with a tendency to blunder into sand traps when attempting a complicated English sentence. Now he is enjoying a rehabilitation. His watch was essentially peaceful and prudent, his revisionists say.

At the end of his terms, though, Ike seemed archaic and gray. The virile young man in top hat who rode with him down Pennsylvania Avenue in 1961 had promised to "get the country moving again." That bright Inauguration Day, Kennedy brought Robert Frost to read a special poem for the occasion. The glare of sun on new-fallen snow blinded the aged poet, and so he recited another poem from memory. The poem he did not read that day contained these lines for the Kennedy era:

> *It makes the prophet in us all presage*
> *The glory of a next Augustan age*
> *Of a power leading from its strength and pride,*
> *Of young ambition eager to be tried,*
> *Firm in our free beliefs without dismay,*
> *In any game the nations want to play.*
> *A golden age of poetry and power*
> *Of which this noonday's the beginning hour.*

Frost had caught just the spirit of the venture, with a confidence about the uses of power and ambition that now seems amazing. Kennedy took office with extraordinary energy and the highest hopes. He seemed in some ways the perfect American. As Historian Doris Kearns Goodwin points out, he exemplified two usually contradictory strains in American tradition. One is the immigrant experience, the old American story of the luckless or disfavored or dispossessed who came from Europe and struggled in the New World. Rooted in that experience is the glorification of the common man and the desire for a common-man presidency, a celebration of the ordinary. The other strain is the American longing for an aristocracy, the buried dynastic, monarchical urge. "Jack is the first Irish Brahmin," said Paul Dever, a former Massachusetts Governor. He had both Harvard and Honey Fitz in him. He was an intellectual who could devastate any woman in the room and devour *Melbourne* in a speed reader's blitz and curse like the sailor that he also was.

Kennedy's critics sometimes wondered whether he was animated by a larger, substantive vision of what he would like America to become, or simply by a substantive vision of what he wanted Jack Kennedy to become. His rhetoric was full of verbs of motion and change, but his idea of what America ought to be—other than wanting it to be an excellent place in all ways, not a bad vision to entertain—was often murky, crisscrossed by his own ambivalent impulses. When Kennedy came to the White House, his main previous administrative experience was running a PT boat. He had a great deal to learn.

One New Frontiersman who became a minor patron saint of the Kennedy revisionists was Chester Bowles, the career diplomat. He thought that he had located a central problem with the Kennedy Administration. He feared that it deliberately, almost scornfully, detached pragmatic considerations from a larger moral context. To discuss the morality of actions was evidence of softness, and intellectuals with power in their hands cannot bear to be thought soft. Everyone carried the Munich model around in his head. One talked in laconic codes, a masculine shorthand; one did not, like Adlai Stevenson, deliver fluty soliloquies about the morality of an act. After the Bay of Pigs, Bowles wrote: "The Cuban fiasco demonstrates how far astray a man as brilliant and well-intentioned as President Kennedy can go who lacks a basic moral reference point."

Kennedy's Inaugural Address bristled with a certain amount of cold war rhetoric, tricked up in reversible-raincoat prose ("Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate").

"Civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate."

With President Charles de Gaulle at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Paris during a trip in 1961

To a nation reading it from the far side of the Viet Nam War, the most alarming passage was the one in which Kennedy promised to "pay any price . . . to assure the survival . . . of liberty." The revisionists have always seen that line as a précis of the mentality that brought on the war. But both Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. and Theodore Sorensen reject the notion that the Inaugural speech was a prelude to cowboy interventionism. "It was," says Schlesinger, "in part an overreaction to a speech two weeks earlier by Khrushchev that was read in Washington as being very truculent." Sorensen, who drafted the text, insists, "The speech isn't as bellicose as the revisionists have made it. It was really a call to negotiation. But he knew you didn't get there with just appeals to the other side's good will."

One of the central dramas of the brief Kennedy Administration was his passage from a sometimes indiscriminate anti-Communist hard line to a deepening awareness of the real dangers of nuclear war. It did not help Kennedy in this passage that he assembled a staff of war-hawk anti-Communist intellectuals (McGeorge Bundy, Walt Rostow and Robert McNamara, for example) who were brilliantly nimble and self-confident and often disastrously wrong about what counted most. They could be overbearing men, and curiously disconnected from the realities of American life. Once, after Vice President Johnson talked wonderingly of all the brilliant characters Kennedy had brought into the White House, House Speaker Sam Rayburn remarked to him, "Well, Lyndon, they may be just as intelligent as you say. But I'd feel a helluva lot better if just one of them had ever run for sheriff."

Kennedy's team of White House men, according to Historian Joan Hoff-Wilson, began the pattern in which Congress and the federal bureaucracies became adversaries of the White House rather than partners. "That kind of privatization and centralization of power in and around the White House clearly begins with Kennedy," says Hoff-Wilson. For men who put such a premium on brains and information, the elite around Kennedy sometimes seemed either exceptionally naive (about the Bay of Pigs, for example) or ignorant (about Vietnamese history and culture). Some of the same men stayed on with Johnson, and presided over the escalation of what became in some ways the nation's hardest war.

The Bay of Pigs fiasco, however, came early. Kennedy had inherited the plan from the Eisenhower Administration, which, according to Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright, had already sunk $40 million into the training of a band of Cuban exiles who were supposed to sweep ashore in Cuba, join forces with the grateful, disenchanted islanders and dislodge Fidel Castro. Kennedy was skeptical of the idea, but allowed himself to be talked into it by men who seemed so sure of what they were doing. The mission, of course, was an utter disaster, and it taught Kennedy several important lessons. One was that truculently self-confident experts, such as generals and CIA men, can be ludicrously wrong. After the Bay of Pigs, according to his special counsel, Theodore Sorensen, Kennedy came to mistrust military solutions.

The botched invasion also revealed an attractive trait in Kennedy: an openness and candor, and a freedom from that

On the White House lawn with Britain's Harold Macmillan, 1961

"If more politicians knew poetry, and more poets knew politics, I am convinced the world would be a little better place in which to live . . ."

neurotic, squirming evasiveness, the deflected gaze or outright mendacity, that one came to expect from one or two subsequent occupants of the White House. Kennedy made no effort to escape blame for the folly, to cover it up or excuse it. We made a terrible mistake, he said. Let's go on from here.

As an administrator, Kennedy was intense, but also casual about the forms—improvisational, never rigid. Eisenhower favored a formal chain of command, with orderly, predictable structures. Kennedy's mind was extremely orderly, but his techniques in office were sometimes heterodox and unexpected. They might have struck an outsider as being somewhat chaotic. He constantly bypassed the chain of command. He telephoned Assistant Secretaries or lesser military officers in order to seek information he needed. His press secretary, Pierre Salinger, once remarked that the back door of the White House always seemed more open than the front door. He understood the dynamics of meetings, and sometimes mistrusted them as a way of doing business. He thought that his presence might intimidate people. He liked to get information orally, in small groups or one-to-one, or else in memos from those people he trusted and admired—his brother Bobby and Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., for example, or John Kenneth Galbraith, whose elegantly intelligent reports he always enjoyed reading. Kennedy detested long, tiresome memos from the bureaucracy. He complained that the functionaries at the State Department were incapable of getting to the point, to the essence, in their reports.

He did not keep rigid office hours. If he wanted to take a little more time in the morning to play with Caroline in the family quarters of the White House, he did so. He had a sort of seigneurial ease about the day's routines. When he went for a swim, when he had people to dinner, when he went away for weekends at Hyannis Port, the world he thought about and tried to control was always there with him. It also kept him up late on many nights.

Kennedy's tenure was littered with messy crises—in Laos, Cuba, the Congo, Latin America, Algeria, Viet Nam and Berlin—and his record in dealing with them is decidedly uneven. Revisionists like to say that Kennedy was a cold warrior who sought confrontation, but in the early '60s, the Soviets busied themselves around the world in ways that no American President could ignore.

Too quickly after the Bay of Pigs, Kennedy went to Vienna for a summit with Nikita Khrushchev, who, judging Kennedy to be callow and inexperienced, ranted and bullied. Khrushchev followed the meeting by building the Berlin Wall and then, within a month, interrupting the informal moratorium on nuclear testing in the atmosphere.

Kennedy's strategy in world affairs was a mixture of gestures. The founder of the Alliance for Progress and the Peace Corps, those aggressively idealistic enterprises, could be by turns imperial, bold and assertive, and restrained. He learned eventually to define American interests and hold firmly to the line he had drawn, as he did in the Berlin crisis and, most notably, in the Cuban missile crisis. The Bay of Pigs had taught him caution and the exploration of options.

The missile crisis, more than any other single event of his presidency, demonstrated the way in which Kennedy matured in the office, the way in which he could master complexities of process, could orchestrate alternatives. He had learned to wait and to question. The Bay of Pigs had instructed him to rely more on his own internal deliberations and less on the hormonal instincts of his military and intelligence advisers. During those 13 days in October 1962, the world held its breath; it waited in a real sweat of nuclear panic. Never, before or since, has global annihilation seemed a more immediate possibility. Kennedy rejected the idea of direct strikes against the offensive missile sites that the Soviets were installing in Cuba. Working in the extraordinary partnership that he had developed with his brother Bobby, the President imposed a naval quarantine on Cuba and allowed Khrushchev time to consider. When the Soviets sent two somewhat contradictory replies to his ultimatum, one hard and one more accommodating, Kennedy simply ignored the hard message and replied to the softer one. It worked. Khrushchev blinked, and in the memorable denouement, the Soviet ships turned and steamed away from Cuba. Says Harvard Political Scientist Richard Neustadt: "The Administration set a new standard of prudence in dealing with the Soviet Union. The standard of prudence, the hard thought given about the crisis as the Soviets would see it, thus giving our opponent as much room as possible—these were a model of presidential conduct."

But there were deep contradictions in Kennedy's foreign policy, conflicts in which an old view of the world and an emerging view competed with each other. Part of him retained the mentality of the cold war, a kind of Dulles-like brinkmanship. At the same time, a succession of crises convinced him that a new course was necessary. At American University he declared, "What kind of peace do we seek? Not a *Pax Americana* enforced on the world by American weapons of war. Not the peace of the grave or the security of the slave . . . not merely peace for Americans but peace for all men and women—not merely peace in our time, but peace for all time . . . Let us re-examine our attitude toward the cold war, remembering that we are not engaged in a debate . . . We must deal with the world as it is." It was the American University speech that began the long process of détente between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Ironically, the man who brought Kennedy's policy to its fullest bloom was Richard Nixon.

And yet Kennedy would ask for nearly 1,000 new ICBMs for the American nuclear arsenal, which eventually triggered what has become the greatest arms race in history. He acquiesced in the overthrow of the Diem government in South Viet Nam in 1963. And he ordered 16,000 American troops into that country.

Would Kennedy have become involved in Viet Nam to the extent that Johnson eventually did? The answer is unknowable. Many Kennedy loyalists think not, though their opinion is not disinterested. They point out that Kennedy was eminently a pragmatist; he would have seen the morass that lay in wait. Kennedy was a superbly self-assured man. He had already proved himself in war and had no need to do so again. With his keen sense of public relations, his loyalists believe, with his knowledge of the uses of the media, he would simply have decided that Viet Nam was not worth the dreadful publicity, which is not a very principled notion to put hypothetically into Kennedy's mind, but still a plausible one.

At home, as abroad, Kennedy's performance was mixed. He was a fiscal conservative. The economy was robust during his thousand days. Economic growth averaged 5.6% annually. Unemployment came down by almost two percentage points from the nearly 8% level when he took office. Inflation held at a prelapsarian 1.2%.

The central problem was confrontation between blacks and whites. Kennedy's approach to civil rights at the beginning of his term was slow and inattentive. Writes Schlesinger in the current *New Republic:* "If anyone had asked Kennedy in 1960 how he really felt about civil rights, he might have answered something like this: 'Yes, of course, we must achieve racial justice in this country, and we will; but it is an explosive question, so let us go about it prudently.' Like most other white politicians, he underestimated the moral passion behind the movement. The protests of the Freedom Riders on the eve of his departure for the 1961 meeting with Khrushchev irritated him."

He appointed some Southern judges who proved to be outright racists. But the civil rights movement was becoming an urgent presence in the nation; it demanded Kennedy's attention. He was not a leader on this subject, not for a long time, but was led by events and historical pressures and by figures like Martin Luther King Jr.

The South was filled with agitation and change. There were riots at the all-white University of Mississippi when a black man named James Meredith tried to enroll. Two people were killed. Kennedy was forced to call out federal troops to install Meredith in the university. In Birmingham, Public Safety Commissioner Theophilus Eugene ("Bull") Connor turned loose police dogs upon a march led by King. The news photographs of that spectacle—the fire hoses and the snapping dogs and the beefy Southern lawmen—outraged Americans and turned the public mood. In the spring of 1963 there were 2,000 civil rights demonstrations in more than 300 cities. Kennedy now faced the civil rights cause directly. "We are confronted primarily with a moral issue," he said. "It is as old as the Scriptures and is as clear as the American Constitution." Eight days later he sent Congress a civil rights bill that would assure equal access to public accommodations and fight discrimination in schools and jobs and at the polls.

But as in foreign policy, Kennedy's performance was somehow deflected, inconsistent. While pronouncing civil rights to be a moral issue, he acquiesced in an FBI investigation of King. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, for decades the lord of his own almost independent principality within the American Government, said that King was associating with Communists. Kennedy and his brother Bobby, then Attorney General, allowed the wiretaps of King 1) to clear King's name and thus disarm Hoover, 2) to see for themselves whether Hoover's suspicions were correct, or 3) both. They did not, however, authorize the bugging that amounted to a much broader invasion of King's privacy.

Kennedy died before his civil rights bill could become law. His relations with Congress were not good, one of his failures as a leader. His program also suffered because he lacked a working majority on the Hill. Eventually President Johnson, that consummate creature of the Congress, obtained a comfortably functional Democratic majority in 1964. Johnson pushed through the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the 1965 Voting Rights Act. His Great Society went well beyond what Kennedy envisioned. "He's done," wrote Walter Lippmann in April 1964, "what President Kennedy could not have done had he lived."

On White House portico with John Jr., Caroline and Macaroni

"I have a nice home, the office is close by and the pay is good."

Kennedy all along had calculated that his first term would be a period for developing programs, for sowing seeds that a second term would allow him to bring to fruition. He might have run a modified version of the Great Society much more successfully than Johnson did, without the middle-class entitlements and the immense and inflationary burden upon the economy.

It is sometimes difficult to know whether Kennedy was a visionary or simply a rhetorician. He did have a high sense of adventure, which he combined with patriotism in the launching of his plan to put a man on the moon and thereby repay the Soviets for the technological humiliations of Sputnik. He did imagine a better America, a fairer place, a more excellent place. He even believed that it was part of his task as President to lift American culture. He and his wife Jacqueline brought Pablo Casals and Igor Stravinsky and Bach and Mozart to the White House. His own taste may have run more toward Sinatra or Broadway musicals, but Kennedy believed that it was his duty to endorse the excellent in all things, to be a leader in matters of civilization. That was a novel notion in American politics, novel at least since the days of Thomas Jefferson.

A judgment on Kennedy's presidential performance inevitably ends in a perplexity of conditional clauses. If he had lived and been elected to a second term, Kennedy would have become, at age 50 or so, a world leader, with unprecedented moral authority. Perhaps. One of Kennedy's strongest qualities was his capacity to learn from experience, to grow. His first six months in office were nearly a disaster. But by 1963 he was far maturer, riper, smarter, still passionate, but sea-

In the Oval Office, dictating letters late one evening in the early months of his Administration

"The hopes of all mankind rest upon us—not simply upon those of us in this chamber, but upon the peasant in Laos, the fisherman in Nigeria, the exile from Cuba, the spirit that moves every man and nation who share our hopes for freedom and the future."

soned. It is interesting to wonder what his second Inaugural Address would have sounded like. It would almost surely not have reverberated with the grandiloquent bluster that one heard in the first.

It is possible, in any case, that the manner of Kennedy's leaving the office, his assassination, much more profoundly affected the course of America than anything he did while he was in the White House. There was a kind of dual effect: his death enacted his legislative program and at the same time seemed to let loose monsters, to unhinge the nation in some deep way that sent it reeling down a road toward riots and war and assassinations and Watergate.

One Kennedy revisionist, Garry Wills, argues that the extraordinary glamour and heightened expectations that Kennedy brought to the office have crippled all of his successors. They cannot compete with such a powerful myth. It is equally possible, of course, that Kennedy's successors simply do not measure up. Kennedy's was a mind with all of its windows open and a clear light passing through it. That has not been true of anyone who has sat in the place since.

Robert K. Murray of Pennsylvania State University has surveyed 1,000 Ph.D. historians as part of a study on how such authorities assess American Presidents. The 1,000 rated Kennedy 13th, in the middle of the "above average" category. Those considered great: Abraham Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson. Near great: Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Andrew Jackson, Harry Truman. Above average: John Adams, Lyndon Johnson, James K. Polk, John Kennedy, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Grover Cleveland.

The fact is that Kennedy was in the White House so short a time that he almost cannot be judged against other Presidents. The first twelve or 18 months of any presidency are a learning period during which the man in the Oval Office must get his bearings and put his Administration in place for the work he hopes to accomplish. That would not have given Kennedy—elected in a squeaker, with no clear mandate and no working majority in Congress—much time to prove himself.

American political moods run in cycles. Periods of activity and reform, of idealism and change, alternate with more quiescent, complacent, even cynical times. Schlesinger believes that the activist cycle comes around every 30 years or so. Thus the era of Teddy Roosevelt at the turn of the century, then the New Deal beginning in 1933, then Kennedy in 1961. By Schlesinger's hopeful calculation, the U.S. will be ripe for another time of idealism and political innovation toward the end of this decade.

The wave of negative revisionism about Kennedy may now be receding. But the myth of John Kennedy will undoubtedly outlive the substance of what he achieved. History will remember not so much what he did as what he was, a memory kept in some vault of the national imagination. In the end, the American appreciation of Kennedy may come to be not political but aesthetic, and vaguely religious. —*By Lance Morrow.*

Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington and John F. Stacks/New York, with other bureaus

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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

"He Asked Me to Listen to the Debate"

He was the greatest actor of our time, dimming those mere celluloid performers like Ronald Reagan. He was on a stage as wide as the world and in a drama of the centuries. He commanded with Marlborough and debated with Churchill; he dined with Jefferson and rode with Sherman to the sea. He was a practical romantic who sought the company of the great, both in his fantasies and in real life. He urged America to follow this youthful adventure of mind and body. That is why John Kennedy lives among us yet today. In death he found a place in the caravan of history's great whose thoughts and words he used, whose actions he revered.

When he flew north from Palm Beach in January 1961 to take over the presidency, Kennedy scratched away on a yellow pad, fashioning phrases for his Inaugural Address. He wanted them to equal those of Franklin Roosevelt, Wilson and maybe even Lincoln. What did I think, he asked, tossing the pad in my lap, fixing his bemused gaze on me to measure enthusiasm or lack of it. I couldn't read his handwriting and said so. He took the pad back, a little disgusted, and intoned a couple of his lines. Nice, I said, not at all convinced, since the cabin of the family plane, the *Caroline*, was hardly the environment for greatness. He wanted to tell the nation, he went on (abandoning any hope that I would rise out of my seat in ecstasy), that the American revolution continued, our greatest days lay ahead.

How well he succeeded with that message I realized three days later, clinging in the winter air to one of the columns on the Capitol front and watching Kennedy's shoulders below me sway and surge to the cadences of his address. He was listening to distant bugle calls; he was talking to John Adams and George Washington.

Kennedy decided to go to the moon late on an April afternoon, a short while after the Soviets had humiliated us with their first man in space and just 48 hours before the disastrous Bay of Pigs began. He had asked me to listen to the debate among his science and budget advisers. It was not a happy discussion. His space men wanted to go, but his budget man, David Elliott Bell, cautioned about spending $40 billion. Science Adviser Jerome Wiesner was not certain we could beat the Soviets to the moon even in ten years. I can still see Kennedy's profile as he put his feet on the edge of the Cabinet table and tilted back, brow deeply furrowed, fingers nervously tapping his bared teeth. His face was clouded through most of the discussion. But something stirred him toward the end. He concluded the meeting, re-entered the Oval Office and 15 minutes later sent word out: "We are going to the moon." Kennedy had heard the poets. He was beyond politics and dollars.

In the dismal summer of 1961, when Nikita Khrushchev was threatening Berlin, Kennedy often worried himself into a black mood. One night in his office he wondered out loud if the world would blow itself up and decided that it probably would, since all weapons ultimately had been used by man against man. Yet almost instantly he challenged himself. Maybe mankind with its new knowledge could find a way out. A short while later Kennedy invited me into the Oval Office; then he took me to the White House swimming pool. Almost before I knew what was happening he had shed his clothes and walked naked into the pool. I followed, somewhat shaken at how fragile he looked. His body was graceful and well proportioned: broad shoulders, narrow hips and well-muscled legs. Yet it was scarred and sore from his war injuries and back trouble. He backstroked powerfully down the pool, rolled and executed a strong crawl. As he splashed and stretched in the warm water, he talked between gurgles about Berlin. He was going to order a partial call-up of the National Guard, increase the draft, seek money for home fallout shelters. He seemed to gain personal strength as he talked of power and how to exercise it. Before he hobbled off to his bedroom on crutches, which he used when he removed his back brace, he was resolutely beckoning his nation from some far horizon to fall in behind him and hold the frontier of freedom.

As we now consider the effect of Senator John Glenn's space heroics on his presidential candidacy, the record should show that during those exact minutes when Glenn was drifting down out of orbit in his parachute and being fished out of the Atlantic Ocean, Kennedy was in a rage at the White House, questioning my ancestry, threatening my very journalistic life over a tiny item about his clothing that appeared in this magazine. Only when Captain Tazewell Shepard, naval aide, dashed in to announce, "Mr. President, Colonel Glenn is on the phone," did Kennedy climb back up on his pedestal with this admonition to me: "Stand there and see if you can get this right." I stood and saw Kennedy's shoulders go back and his eyes shine and I knew that he had grown weightless and was up there in orbit with the gods watching.

How Kennedy delighted in meeting Charles de Gaulle, whom he found pompous but awesome, and Khrushchev, who he concluded was a man of physical dexterity, bad tailoring and a stone heart. Twice Kennedy talked about Asia with General Douglas MacArthur, and each time he came away hushed and thoughtful from what he considered an audience with greatness. MacArthur told Kennedy both times to stay out of a land war on mainland Asia. That is one of the reasons I believe Kennedy would have done differently in Viet Nam and that our history would have been far happier if he had lived.

"Anybody Want to Go to Grenada?"

Angry reporters finally get to a story after it is all but over

"Suppose I told you," the Pentagon briefing expert boasted to a roomful of officers, "that on this raggedy clump of hills and beaches, we are going to humiliate one of the most arrogant powers in the world today . . ."

"You don't mean . . .?"

"Yes, gentlemen, I do mean—the American press."

That was New York *Times* Columnist Russell Baker's fantasy version of the state of conflict between U.S. military authorities and the press last week. But for many of the 400-odd American reporters and photographers trying to get a first-hand look at the invasion of Grenada, it was hardly a fantasy at all.

To evade the U.S. military's ban on all reporters during the first days of fighting, ABC-TV Correspondent Steve Shepard and Producer Tim Ross spent $5,000 to hire a fishing boat that would carry them the 160 miles from Barbados to Grenada. "It was awful," said Ross. "We spent 30 hours on a 35-ft. boat in 15-ft. seas." As they neared Carriacou, a small island just north of Grenada, the Navy forced them back.

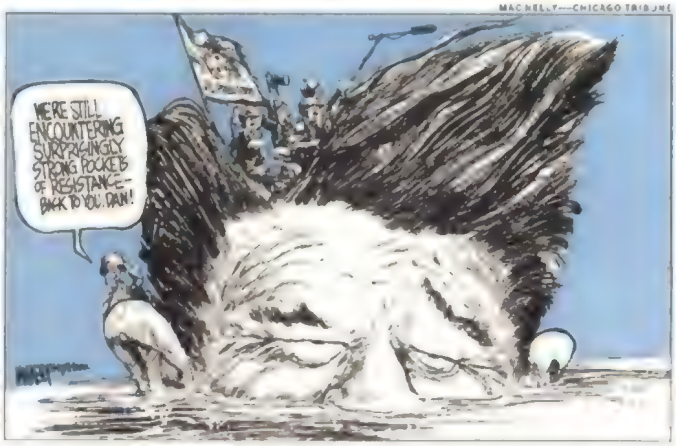
"This Navy jet came over and made a couple of runs at us," said Ross. "First it just waggled its wings. Then it made a lateral pass. Finally it opened the bomb doors, and the pilot dropped a buoy about 30 ft. ahead of us just to show what else he could drop and how close he could drop it."

Another fishing boat chartered by ABC Correspondent Josh Mankiewicz halted when a U.S. destroyer cut across its bow. "I got a good look at that gun on the foredeck and decided that we were simply outclassed," said Mankiewicz. "I know *force majeure* when I see it."

The commander of that *force majeure*, and of the Second Fleet, was Vice Admiral Joseph Metcalf III, Annapolis-trained ('51) and a recipient of the Legion of Merit. He made no secret of the fact that he was responsible for the censorship—and made no apologies either. Said Metcalf to protesting reporters: "I'm down here to take an island. I don't need you running around and getting in the way." And to anyone who tried it, he added a personal shot across the bows: "We'll stop you. We've got the means to do that."

NBC Correspondent Richard Valeriani ruefully recalled waiting in Barbados: "We couldn't cover the story. You can't cover a story unless you're there. All we could cover was what we were being told about the story."

Since only a small handful of journalists, including TIME Correspondent Bernard Diederich, had managed to get onto Grenada as the Marines landed, the vacuum caused by the censorship was quickly filled by amateurs telling their stories over ham radios to eager ears in the U.S. Notable among these was Mark Barettella, 22, of Ridgefield, N.J., a student at St. George's University medical school. While U.S. military communiqués were reporting relatively light resistance, Barettella throughout the first two days of the operation broadcast vivid accounts of combat around his room at the school; he included descriptions of heavy firing by U.S. planes and Cuban antiaircraft and even the caliber and types of weapons used.



Doubts have been raised about the accuracy of Barettella's reports. "I'm afraid there was a tendency by ham operators to embellish a little bit during the heat of the moment," says George Naftzinger, who runs an international amateur-radio network based in Miami. Barettella now acknowledges that he never actually saw any troops in action but "relayed what I heard from firsthand witnesses on the roof."

If information was sketchy during the military blackout, pictures were hardly better. TV tapes provided by the Pentagon were "lifeless and nondescript," according to NBC Executive Jeremy Lamprecht. "No fighting at all." The TV networks ran the military film anyway. When the Sygma photo agency offered film of the U.S. landing, taken by a French photographer who had arrived earlier in Grenada, it demanded $400,000—and got $100,000 from NBC—for pictures of what the network's Sunday evening show *First Camera* billed as "the first exclusive uncensored" footage.

Despite the sharp words between press and military, the invasion succeeded so quickly that the blockade against reporters was soon phased out; the story was virtually over by the time the press reached the scene. The ban, in fact, lasted only two days. Then came one day of limited pool coverage by 15 reporters. After the press clamored for more, there were two days of two-hour guided tours for press groups, ranging in size from 27 to 47.

These controlled visits, complained Los Angeles *Times* Foreign Editor Alvin Shuster, were "insufficient, much too short and too limited in scope." Freelance Photographer J. Ross Baughman, working for *Newsweek*, broke away from a military-conducted press tour on Friday for an unchaperoned personal sortie. As a result, the magazine's photographers were barred from inclusion in further press-pool trips for 24 hours. In New York, *Newsweek* Editor Maynard Parker later condemned Baughman's behavior, calling it "unacceptable and absolutely not condoned by the magazine."

Early this week the military lowered all barricades. The brass in Grenada evidently did not know it at the time, but President Reagan had telephoned Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, ordering him to loosen up press restrictions. By 7 a.m. on Sunday, some 200 correspondents milled around in the sweltering trash-littered terminal of Barbados' Grantley Adams International Airport, jostling for places on the first plane. All those who finally got aboard the C-130 Hercules signed a standard release that waived any claim on the U.S. in case they were killed or injured.

There was little danger of that. When the swarm finally landed in Grenada's capital of St. George's, the cadres of Cuban guerrilla fighters, rumored to be in the hills, were nowhere to be found. Grenadians, who cheerfully underwent interview after interview, all seemed to think the invasion had been a splendid show, or that liberation from Marxist rule was a good thing. Each of the networks had a dozen or more staffers on the scene, and more than 150 news organizations had at least one, but there were no scoops to be had. Even if there had been, it would have been no easy trick to get them swiftly back home. The U.S. bombing around St. George's knocked out a transmission cen-

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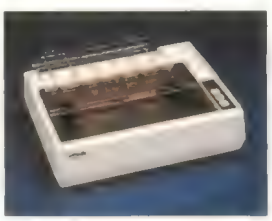

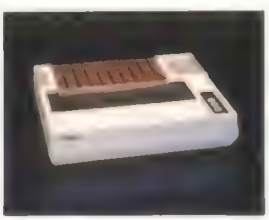

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ter, severing cable and telephone facilities. In order to send their stories, reporters had to hop a military plane back to Barbados.

The end of the fighting by no means ended the conflict between the Federal Government and the U.S. press over the military's refusal to let reporters cover the invasion. Complained the American Society of Newspaper Editors, in a telegram to Defense Secretary Weinberger: "We object to the Defense Department's failure to honor the long tradition of on-the-scene coverage of American military operations." Prominent newspapers agreed. The liberal Washington *Post* denounced the restrictions as "inexcusable." The conservative Chicago *Tribune* was hardly less angry: "Freedom was badly served by banning journalists from Grenada during those crucial days."

U.S. Navy cuts off boat chartered by ABC and CNN to reach Grenada

Such protests won support in Congress. Michigan's Democratic Senator Donald Riegle formally proposed, and the full Senate agreed by a vote of 53 to 18, that "restrictions imposed upon the press in Grenada shall cease." At a House committee hearing, NBC Commentator John Chancellor said that the censorship was not based on military need but "got into the area of politics."

Chancellor disclosed to committee members one unsettling fact, though: letters sent to NBC on the Government-press conflict had been running 10 to 1 in favor of the Administration. Reaction at other networks and newspapers was much the same. "The media need to listen to the public on some of these issues," observed Republican Congressman Carlos J. Moorhead of California.

Indeed, the press was by no means of one like mind on the blackout. "Rather than mounting a constitutional soapbox," said the Atlanta *Journal-Constitution*, "the press might better spend its time contemplating why it was not informed and invited." The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* volunteered a blunt explanation: ". . . the television networks' antidefense bias." Declared conservative Columnist Patrick J. Buchanan: "If senior U.S. commanders running this operation harbor a deep distrust of the American press, theirs is not an unmerited contempt."

Some of the Caribbean correspondents who resented the restrictions that kept them out of Grenada also disapproved of the scene they helped create. Said Liz Trotta of CBS: "Viet Nam was a real war for real correspondents. This is ridiculous, to see the press becoming part of the main story. Why should anyone expect the U.S. military to take 400 reporters with them on an invasion?" Commented Jim Minter, executive editor of the Atlanta *Journal-Constitution*: "A military operation like this is not the World Series."

The guardians: Metcalf; below, Captain Graham and reporters

At least one White House official shared the concerns of the press. He was Les Janka, 43, a six-year veteran of the National Security Council staff who last summer became President Reagan's deputy press secretary for foreign affairs. Like his boss, Press Secretary Larry Speakes, Janka had not been told in advance about the Grenada operation; thus when White House correspondents asked them about rumors of an impending invasion, they both denied the story. Janka drafted a candid letter of resignation, but before he could send it, White House officials accused him of telling the Washington *Post* that Speakes was also thinking of quitting. After the press secretary demanded Janka's resignation, Janka released his letter of protest: "This week's events in the Caribbean have damaged, perhaps irreparably, [my] credibility."

Janka was a relatively junior official and his departure a minor matter, of course. But to TIME White House Correspondent Laurence I. Barrett, assessing the state of relations between press and presidency, the incident pointed up "the tension and friction generated by the Administration's very poor handling of the press-coverage issue. Since the early days of the Administration, the White House has suffered episodic difficulties in establishing and maintaining its credibility, and it has a consistent history of attempting to impede coverage of national security affairs. Friction between the White House staff and the press corps is usually fleeting, but this time the damage may be lasting."

Back at the airport in Barbados, one sweltering day last week, Air Force Captain Keith Graham leaned across the counter before him. He was wearing camouflage fatigues that looked as though he had slept in them. In his best parade-ground voice, Graham bellowed, "Anybody want to go to Grenada?" An old Barbadian woman who was trying to sweep up the debris of pizza crusts and paper cups gave Graham a toothless smile, but she offered no answer. Neither did anyone else. For the first time in a week, the press room had no more reporters in it. "Well," said Graham, "I guess everyone who wants to go to Grenada is there." —*By Otto Friedrich. Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Peter Stoler/Barbados*

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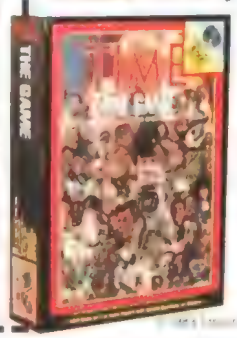

Cash Deal

Sun-Times *goes to Murdoch*

His holdings include such staid institutions as the *Australian* of Sydney and the *Times* of London. But the eight big-city tabloids of Press Baron Rupert Murdoch, 52, which cover their turf from Boston to Fleet Street, rarely stray from lurid roots: NUDE PRINCIPAL DEAD IN MOTEL (San Antonio *Express*); HEADLESS BODY IN TOPLESS BAR (New York *Post*). Last week Murdoch took his headline high jinks to the U.S. heartland. He bought the troubled Chicago *Sun-Times*, the nation's eighth largest urban daily, for $90 million in cash.

Taken as a whole, Murdoch's American properties, from the checkout-counter tabloid *Star* to trendy *New York* magazine, are thriving. They earned $14 million last year for his $1.5 billion international empire,* despite New York *Post* losses estimated at $20 million. The Chicago deal also gives Murdoch's News Corp. the Field Newspaper Syndicate, which distributes such columnists as Evans & Novak and Ann Landers.

Press lord

The *Sun-Times* belonged to Chicago's wealthy Field family for four decades. When current Directors Marshall Field 5th, 42, and his half brother Frederick, 31, began liquidating their extensive holdings last spring, the community-minded Marshall wanted a local group led by *Sun-Times* Publisher James Hoge, 47, to buy the paper. He promised staffers he would never sell it to Murdoch. But Hoge's final offer was only $63 million and did not include the syndicate. In addition, Frederick, a film investor with a penchant for racing cars, was arguing in favor of Murdoch, who offered a quick cash deal.

Although the *Sun-Times* (circ. 639,000) was in the black ($3.3 million) last year, the rival *Tribune* (circ. 751,000) has 64.5% of the advertising market. Murdoch assured the *Sun-Times's* 2,000 employees last week that no major changes were planned. Few were convinced. Some fear that Murdoch's political conservatism will still the paper's liberal voice. While the *Sun-Times* condemned the Grenada invasion, Murdoch's *Post* endorsed it. Another warning: at a press conference, the new owner noted that recent acquisitions now receiving the Murdoch treatment "are making great progress and giving their competitors great trouble. We intend to be very competitive in Chicago as well." ■

*Among his worldwide holdings: 47 newspapers, five magazines; assorted TV stations, video, film and record production ventures, a satellite network, three oil and gas exploration companies, printing and paper concerns, a diversified transportation company, and a sheep ranch in Deniliquin, Australia.

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Haunted by History

One of the sadder aspects of the Grenada invasion was the hostility of this country's highest brass toward the press. This differs from the workaday friction between the press and any Administration, or from the special problems the press has in dealing with a White House skilled in staging the news to Ronald Reagan's advantage. These are tolerable tensions, probably good for everybody. But the first American war "produced, filmed and reported by the Pentagon," as Columnist Haynes Johnson called it, was an abuse of power that deserves to be examined for what it says about both the military and the press.

Henry E. Catto, Assistant Defense Secretary until he resigned in September, wrote after Grenada: "Unhappily, the average Joint Chiefs of Staff member has all the public relations sense of Attila the Hun. And deep in his psyche is a feeling that the press cost lives, reputations and indeed victory by its access and reporting in Viet Nam." That unhappy war will continue to haunt history as long as the wrong lessons are drawn from it. There are better precedents.

Drew Middleton, military analyst of the New York *Times*, remembers being one of about 30 correspondents briefed by General Eisenhower a full ten days before the Allied invasion of Sicily. Ike outlined in detail which divisions would land where so that the press could follow the campaign intelligently. Correspondents could not even hint of the invasion through censorship, but nobody expected them to: trust was mutual. Korea was fought without censorship. Yet James A. Bell, who covered No Name Ridge and other battles for TIME, was among correspondents told days in advance of the landing at Inchon, which proved to be one of the great tactical surprises of the war.

Middleton with Ike, 1945: trusting allies

Much of this mutual trust died in Viet Nam. The press corps swelled to 900, including some from European allies, others from neutralist countries. Frank McCulloch, executive editor of the Sacramento *Bee*, was an ex-Marine who covered Viet Nam for TIME. He is convinced that "censorship in Viet Nam just wasn't doable." Without restraints, television cameras moved alongside troops in the jungle, bringing home nightly in everyone's living room theater the dangers, the deaths, the injuries, the inevitable cruelties of battle. North Vietnamese troops had no such eyewitnesses to their actions.

The U.S. high command in Saigon was also dismayed by critical press reporting. A group of correspondents, including David Halberstam of the New York *Times* (who won a Pulitzer Prize), sided with junior combat officers who were convinced that Saigon headquarters was too optimistic in its reports to Washington. In Halberstam's phrase, these correspondents became "the other enemy" to Saigon's brass. This animosity lingers. It will surface again when General William Westmoreland's $120 million libel suit against CBS comes to trial.

In Margaret Thatcher's tight control of press coverage during the Falklands campaign, the U.S. military discovered a congenial model to follow. Unfortunately, the Pentagon took it a step too far. Despite continuing protests from the British press, Thatcher's government was able to delay news coverage and hold back pictures, but at least reporters were there in the Falklands action, and their later book-length accounts have become bestsellers in Britain. The U.S. public has no such independent record of the Grenada invasion. The Pentagon should have assembled a press pool of about 20 people—chosen from the networks, top newspapers, wire services, newsmagazines—to accompany and witness its impressive armada. They would have been briefed and told of necessary constraints, which would have been honored.

Press complaints may seem carping to a public grateful that "we finally won one." But Grenada will ultimately be judged by how real the threat was, how the U.S. behaved and what consequences follow. That judgment, based on the facts, may even come to reassure Europeans who fear a military impulsiveness in their nuclear partner. The U.S. got off to a wrong start by trying to shut off the facts. If we are lucky, perhaps this is one post–Viet Nam lesson we have now learned.

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A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur digs of Will and Carol Surman

Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Bartlett with smiles all around and rum on the rocks.

After a lively doubles match Tricia Alliotti, Theresa Briant, Maureen Duffy and Vance Killen pause for rum screwdrivers. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Briant

Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1923 Rolls-Royce! Antique car collector Win Estes.

A party at Carmel's Atelier Galerie. Owner Sam Ehrenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course.

Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps.

Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year — by law

Airline executive Norm Edwards and his wife Jackie take a rum and tonic along on a Saturday afternoon stroll

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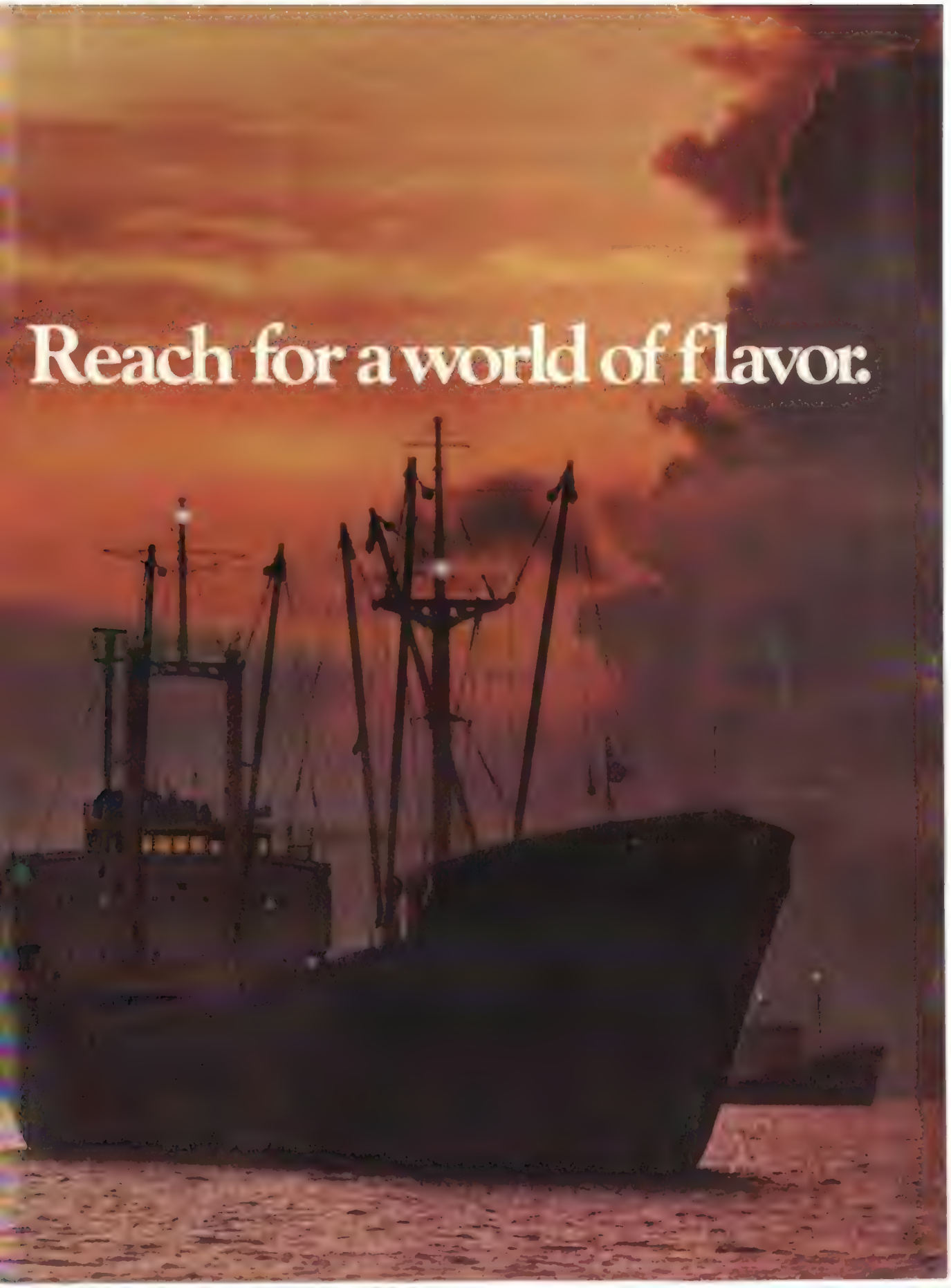
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People

The 300 civil rights leaders who gathered on the South Lawn of the White House last week greeted one another boisterously. But the mood was much more restrained and solemn when **President Reagan** appeared to sign a bill making the third Monday in January a national holiday honoring the Rev. **Martin Luther King Jr.** Among those present were King's widow **Coretta,** 56, and their four children: **Yolanda,** 27, a New York City actress; **Martin III,** 25, a lobbyist in Washington who worked for passage of the King holiday; **Dexter,** 22, a corrections officer in Atlanta, and **Bernice,** 20, a junior at Atlanta's Spelman College. Said their mother, after a brief, private meeting with the President: "All right-thinking people, all right-thinking Americans are joined in spirit with us today. It feels great."

Day of decision: Coretta Scott King standing on the steps of the Capitol with Martin III, Bernice and Dexter

■

"I just have had enough of this label that sticks to me," **Marcello Mastroianni,** 59, told a French newspaper unhappily. But it is hard to look so damnably dashing and avoid being considered a lady-killer. In truth, the Italian actor has lately been playing against type, most notably as an aged and mellowed Casanova in *La Nuit de Varennes.* And in *The General of the Dead Army,* a burlesque, Grand Guignol black comedy, which opened recently in Paris, Mastroianni plays the flamboyant General Ariosto, who does not so much get the woman as argue with her over possession of the remains of her late husband. "In most of my roles," he protests, "I am more often the victim than the conqueror."

Mastroianni: general appeal

■

"Michael didn't outdance Paul, and Paul didn't outsing Michael," says ever so diplomatic Director **Bob Giraldi,** 44, of the newly released **Paul McCartney–Michael Jackson** rock video *Say Say Say.* The mini-epic stars Jackson, 25, McCartney, 41, and his wife **Linda,** 41, as a team of vaudeville con artists on the run in the Wild West. McCartney and Jackson collaborated last year in the writing and singing of *The Girl Is Mine,* one of the half-dozen hit songs on Jackson's phenomenally successful *Thriller* LP. Next came their current hit, *Say Say Say,* a track on McCartney's new album, *Pipes of Peace.* With so much talent on hand, keeping harmony on the set was, well, no day at the beach. "It was hard work," says Giraldi. "The egos could fill a room."

McCartney and Jackson before and after a close shave in *Say Say Say*

■

The heavily armed U.S. marshals waiting last week outside the gates of Porn Peddler **Larry Flynt's** Bel-Air, Calif., mansion were taking no chances. Flynt, 41, who had been paralyzed by a would-be assassin's bullet, had been quoted as saying he would shoot anyone who came to get him "right between the eyes." But this time, at least, he was not true to his word. "If any of you want to know if this is a publicity gimmick, yes, it is," he told reporters, "and thank God you all fell for it." Then, wearing a LARRY FLYNT FOR PRESIDENT shirt, the raunchy, paunchy publisher of *Hustler* magazine was taken before Judge Robert Takasugi. The judge had ordered Flynt to surrender an audio tape that Flynt said was a recording of former Auto Magnate John Z. De Lorean being coerced by federal agents into participating in the $24 million cocaine deal that ended with his arrest. In court, Flynt stuck to his story that he no longer had the tape because it had been stolen. Later he went before a grand jury, where he ran on at the mouth until disgusted federal prosecutors gave up. Afterward, Flynt tried to explain his grand design: "If a man bites a dog, that's news. I try to bite a dog every day."

Flynt mouthing off during arrest

—By Guy D. Garcia

	ECONOMIC GROWTH % change in real G.N.P.		UNEMPLOYMENT % of workers		INFLATION % increase	
	1983	Forecast 1984	Year-end 1983	Forecast year-end 1984	Year-end 1983	Forecast year-end 1984
U.S.	6.1%	4.4%	8.7%	7.9%	5.3%	5.1%
European Community*	.9	2.3	10.4	10.7	9	5.7
Japan	3.4	4-5	2.5	2-2.4	3.3	2-3
Korea	8.5	8	3.4	3.2	2.5	2.5
Singapore	6.2	7.4	2.3	2	1.8	2.2

Forecasts for Asia by TIME's Board of Economists
*Britain, France, W. Germany Italy only

U.S. and European figures from Data Resources, Inc.

Economy & Business

Roaring Out of the Doldrums

TIME's *Pacific Board of Economists sees a growth surge for the region*

After spending 1982 in the doldrums, the economies of the nations bordering the Pacific are again becoming dynamos. In South Korea, Taiwan and Singapore, where factories are churning out exports at a pell-mell pace, economic growth has reached annual rates in the 6% to 9% range, up from 4% to 7% a year ago. Japan is gliding along at a more modest 3.4% rate, but its government has a plan to spur domestic demand. Australia is bouncing back from its worst recession in three decades.

That was the rosy report from the members of TIME's Pacific Board of Economists during a meeting in Singapore. The economists predicted that virtually all the major Pacific countries will enjoy 1984 growth rates in the 4% to 8% range. Unemployment should edge downward in many nations, and no new outbreak of inflation is in sight.

Yet TIME's economists remain cautious about their countries' long-term outlook. The Pacific region has been plagued by political instability: social unrest in the Philippines, uncertainty about the post-colonial status of Hong Kong and the assassination of key members of the South Korean government. "I am sure that none of the Asian economies will collapse because of political factors," said Edward Chen, of the University of Hong Kong, "but it may be difficult to keep up with past growth. It's never too early to worry."

The main spark for the Pacific surge is the strong recovery of the U.S. economy, which has been expanding at an 8.8% rate over the past six months and generating many new jobs. The Government announced last week that U.S. unemployment dropped from 9.3% to 8.8% in October. With Americans spending freely again, South Korea's exports to the U.S. are up 34% this year, while Taiwan's have increased 20%. But demand in Western Europe and Japan remains weak. Warned Lawrence Krause, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C.: "The world needs growth in Europe and Japan. The U.S. can begin a recovery, but it cannot pull everybody along to prosperity."

The outlook for key Pacific nations:

Japan. Unlike its Asian neighbors, which are still in the launch phase of industrial development, Japan has already reached cruising altitude. Said Bunroku Yoshino, director of the Institute for International Economic Studies in Tokyo: "Japan is very comfortable, like the U.S. was in the 1950s under President Eisenhower." He predicted that unemployment, now only about 2.5%, may go to 2% in 1984. Exports were up about 10% in the third quarter of the year and will stay strong. Japan's car manufacturers have unveiled new models that will undoubtedly dazzle foreign customers *(see box)*.

Despite the export surge, Japan's overall growth rate of 3.4% is sluggish by Asian standards. Reason: consumer demand inside Japan is lagging. Cameras, cars, television sets and other appliances have become so ubiquitous in Japan, said Yoshino, that many families have "no more big items to buy for the moment." The government announced a proposal last month to spur the economy with a $5 billion tax cut and $8.1 billion in new public works spending. Yoshino forecast that these measures might help lift Japan's growth rate to 5% by the end of 1984

South Korea. Political flux seems to have become the norm in South Korea. Last year President Chun Doo Hwan ousted half of his 22-member Cabinet after a scandal arose involving illegal loans and fraud by moneylenders with connections to his government. On a visit to Burma last month, 14 leading South Korean officials, including four Cabinet ministers, were killed in a terrorist bombing

Even with the upheavals, South Korea's economic prospects continue to be remarkably bright. After a sharp recession in 1980, the government launched a major public construction program that included housing projects, commercial buildings and a subway for the capital city of Seoul. The spending helped boost South Korea's growth rate to 8.5%

The stimulus was so successful that President Chun has decided to cool the economy to prevent inflation, now coasting at an annual rate of 2.3%, from speeding up. The government will hold 1984 spending to 1983 levels. Board Member Suh Sang Mok, a senior researcher at the Korea Development Institute, predicted that, even with the new austerity program, his country would have 8% growth

Tokyo's Wonder Cars

They have names like FX-1, NX-21, MX-02 and TAC3, and features that make them sound like K.I.T.T., the computerized car that is a star of the TV show *Knight Rider*. They warn a driver when he is too close to the car in front of him or on the verge of falling asleep at the wheel. They understand a command to go faster, and computers under their dashboards plot the car's exact location. They can move sideways, crablike, to park and have memories to recall seating and mirror positions.

The wonder cars were on display last week at the biennial Tokyo Motor Show, which has become an international showplace for the auto of the future. Said James Murphy, American Motors' manager of advance planning and electronics, who traveled from Detroit to see what Japan had to offer: "This is the best auto show in the world."

In addition to incorporating the latest in high-tech gadgetry, the products shown by eleven Japanese auto companies placed great emphasis on fuel economy and efficient design. Engines remain small, and reinforced plastic is replacing metal. Minicar Maker Daihatsu displayed a runabout with a 60-cu.-in. diesel that boasts 87 m.p.g. at 37 m.p.h. An Isuzu engine had ceramic parts, a first step toward the full ceramic engine, which promises up to 50% more fuel economy, 30% more power, and requires no radiator.

Nissan introduced an NX-21 model, which it calls the car for the "1990s and the beginning of the 21st century." The sleek sedan has a ceramic gas-turbine engine that is controlled by optical fibers rather than wiring. Nissan's Research Vehicle II, whose wheels, windshield and windows are all made of plastic, runs on methanol fuel that is stored in a plastic tank. The car's automatic cruise control measures the distance to the vehicle in front by radar and microwave, warns the driver if the car gets too close and decelerates if the person fails to slow down. The drowsiness monitor checks the person's driving pattern. If he appears inattentive or reaction time is slow, a female voice gently says, "You are getting drowsy, please rest!"

With Nissan's voice system, the driver can tell the car to go faster, slower, turn on the lights or radio or adjust the seat and mirrors. The car will respond to as many as 26 commands preregistered, in any language, on its voice recognizer.

Toyota showed several new models, including the SV-3, its first sports car since the 2000 GT in 1967. The company's FX-1 car has glassed-in roof pillars and windshield wipers hidden under a sliding shutter. The doors tilt and glide out. It also has a voice-command system similar to Nissan's. At low speeds, half the engine shuts down to conserve fuel. Toyota was also showing off the TAC3, a sporty, four-wheel-drive car in which the driver sits in the middle, with passengers behind him.

Perhaps the most intriguing car at the show was the MX-02, Mazda's prototype family car of the 1990s. When the driver punches in the right combination, the door opens, and the seat, mirrors and steering wheel automatically adjust to his preprogrammed requirements. The car also has a four-wheel steering system that will move the computer-controlled rear wheels sideways for easy parking and allow for more comfort in cornering.

Some of the other technological wizardry shown last week:

- Runflat tires that enable someone to drive for up to two hours on a flat tire.
- A transmission that changes from automatic to manual at the flip of a switch.
- Stereo speakers built into molded head restraints.
- Wipers that sense rain on the windshield and also adjust their speed automatically to heavier or lighter rain.

Detroit has been skeptical of the kind of Japanese gadgetry shown last week. Charles L. Knighton, Ford vice president of small-car engineering and planning, calls many of the devices "dust catchers." Ford has received mixed reaction to its on-board computer, which provides information like projected gas mileage and estimated time of arrival for a trip. Chrysler offered the talking feature on its 1983 models, but consumer response has been so poor that the company may abandon it. Said AMC's Murphy: "The pure gimmickry won't sell if people think it cheapens the car." Nonetheless, all four U.S. automakers made the pilgrimage to the Tokyo show to see what the competition would be offering.

■ ■ ■

While the Tokyo auto show was going on, the Japanese government announced that it had agreed to a fourth year of restraint on the number of cars exported to the U.S. The new ceiling: 1.85 million, up from 1.68 million. Ford, Chrysler and American Motors protested that the increase was unjustified in view of the trade imbalance between the two countries, the undervalued yen, and tax advantages they claim the Japanese enjoy. General Motors' reaction was more muted, since it has its own Japanese strategy. GM next year plans to begin importing small Japanese cars, and last week it unveiled a model of a subcompact to compete with Japanese imports in the late 1980s. *—By Charles L. Martin.*

Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/Tokyo

Future models on display at Japan's auto show: high-tech engineering that makes driving safer and easier or just "pure gimmickry"?

in 1984. He was optimistic about the government's ability to recover from the Burma bombing. "The policymakers who replaced the old Cabinet share the same philosophy," he said, "so our present economic directions will be maintained."

ASEAN. The TIME board forecast that growth rates in all five countries of the Association of South East Asian Nations will increase next year by about ½ to 1½ percentage points. High-flying Singapore, with its fast-growing electronics and financial-services industries, will lead the way. Said Board Member Pang Eng Fong of the National University of Singapore: "We feel like a water skier being pulled by a speedboat. We dare not let go."

Thailand is also enjoying a spurt because its currency is strong, its financial markets are awash with funds, and loans are therefore easy to get. Said Narongchai Akrasanee, an economic adviser to Thailand's Industrial Finance Corp.: "For the first time in history, banks have gone to customers, begging them to borrow."

Malaysia has benefited from higher prices for rubber, palm oil and tropical hardwoods. But rather than trying to expand its economy too rapidly, the government is aiming to reduce Malaysia's $10 billion foreign debt by curbing public spending and imports.

Indonesia, a big oil exporter that was hurt this year by the dip in petroleum prices, is trying to keep its $24 billion foreign debt from ballooning. The country has devalued its currency by 28% to reduce imports and postponed several industrial projects, including petro-chemical plants.

The economic recovery in the Philippines is threatened by the country's continuing political unrest in the wake of the assassination last August of Opposition Leader Benigno Aquino Jr. Speculation is rising that if President Ferdinand Marcos does not step down voluntarily, he will be forced out. Marcos' troubles have made it difficult for him to deal firmly with the Philippines' runaway government deficit, which now totals close to 4% of the country's gross national product.

Taiwan. The engines of economic expansion are humming again in Taiwan. Growth is running at a 6% rate this year, up from 3.9% in 1982. Board Member Chen forecast that Taiwan could maintain the 6% pace through 1984 and hold unemployment to a low level of 2%.

Taiwan has rapidly diversified its economy, moving into the manufacture of products as varied as computers and catchers' mitts. The Taiwanese have been adept at dispersing industry throughout the island to provide job opportunities for rural people as well as city dwellers. Taiwan's chief weakness may be its dependence on U.S. markets; American purchases account for 40% of exports. Said Chen: "Without the U.S. recovery, Taiwan would have been in very bad shape."

Hong Kong. The specter of a possible takeover by China when Britain's lease on most of Hong Kong expires in 1997 has shaken the colony. Hong Kong real estate prices have plunged by as much as two-thirds during the past 18 months. The Carrian group, one of Hong Kong's largest property developers, has collapsed, and the government has assumed control of the Hang Lung Bank, which was faltering partly because of bad real estate loans.

These tremors notwithstanding, Hong Kong's export industries are so strong that the colony has been able to reach a 6% growth rate. Chen forecast that expansion will slow to perhaps 4.5% next year. The weakness of Hong Kong's currency in the international exchange markets has fanned the inflation rate, which is now 12.5% and will remain at least 10%, Chen said, through 1984.

"Singapore is like a water skier being pulled by a speedboat."

—Pang Eng Fong

"Australia is getting under full sail."

—Peter Drysdale

"Japan is very comfortable, like the U.S. was in the 1950s."

—Bunroku Yoshino

China. The current growth rate of 8% to 9% in the People's Republic of China may be more than this still backward but ambitious country can handle. China's runaway drive to build factories and housing projects has produced cement shortages and other crippling bottlenecks. Chen predicted that the country's expansion may slow a bit next year, to 7%.

China's momentum has come in part from limited experiments with capitalist-style incentives. Instead of delivering all profits to the government, many businesses are now allowed to pay taxes on their income and keep what is left over. But the country has had trouble melding its teeming urban populations into the industrial workplace. Though official unemployment is only 2.5% to 3%, hordes of people are given make-work jobs. Some enterprises could lay off 30% of their workers, Chen said, without suffering any reduction in output.

Australia. While *Australia II* was winning the America's Cup this fall, the Australian economy was also "getting under full sail," in the words of Board Member Peter Drysdale. A professorial fellow at the Australian National University in Canberra, Drysdale predicted that Australia will pull out of a slump that has raised unemployment above 10%. Said he: "There is a strong mood of confidence in the Australian economy—a sharp contrast with the confusion and retreat of twelve months ago."

After three years of devastating drought, Australia has had enough rainfall in 1983 to ensure a dramatic revival of farm incomes, which plunged more than 50% during the dry spell. Moreover, the new Labor government of Prime Minister Robert Hawke is energizing the economy with a 7% increase in public spending. Drysdale predicted that Australian growth will accelerate from its current 1% level to 5.5% in 1984.

The long-term outlook for the Pacific economies depends to a large extent on the length and strength of the American recovery, since the U.S. is the single largest Western customer for Asian products. Board Member Krause optimistically forecast that the U.S. economy would grow by an average of 4% to 4.5% annually over the next three to five years.

The Asian nations realize that they must reduce their dependence on the West by developing stronger economic ties with one another. Several of TIME's economists criticized the Japanese for not importing more from their neighbors. Narongchai contended that the problem was the country's cultural provincialism. Said he: "The majority of the Japanese people just want to buy Japanese goods."

Of all Asian markets, the most enticing is China, with its immense population. So far, political tensions have interfered with Chinese trade. The Taiwan government refuses to sanction shipments to the mainland. China is unwilling to deal with South Korea for fear of offending North Korea. Even so, resourceful Taiwanese and South Korean businessmen manage to export a great deal of merchandise to China by sending goods to Hong Kong, where they are often repackaged and shipped to the mainland.

TIME's economists agreed that even after two decades of spectacular growth, Asia has only begun to realize its potential. If the dynamic countries on the Pacific rim can forge effective economic alliances, they will undoubtedly continue their headlong rush into the ranks of the world's rich nations. —*By Charles P. Alexander*

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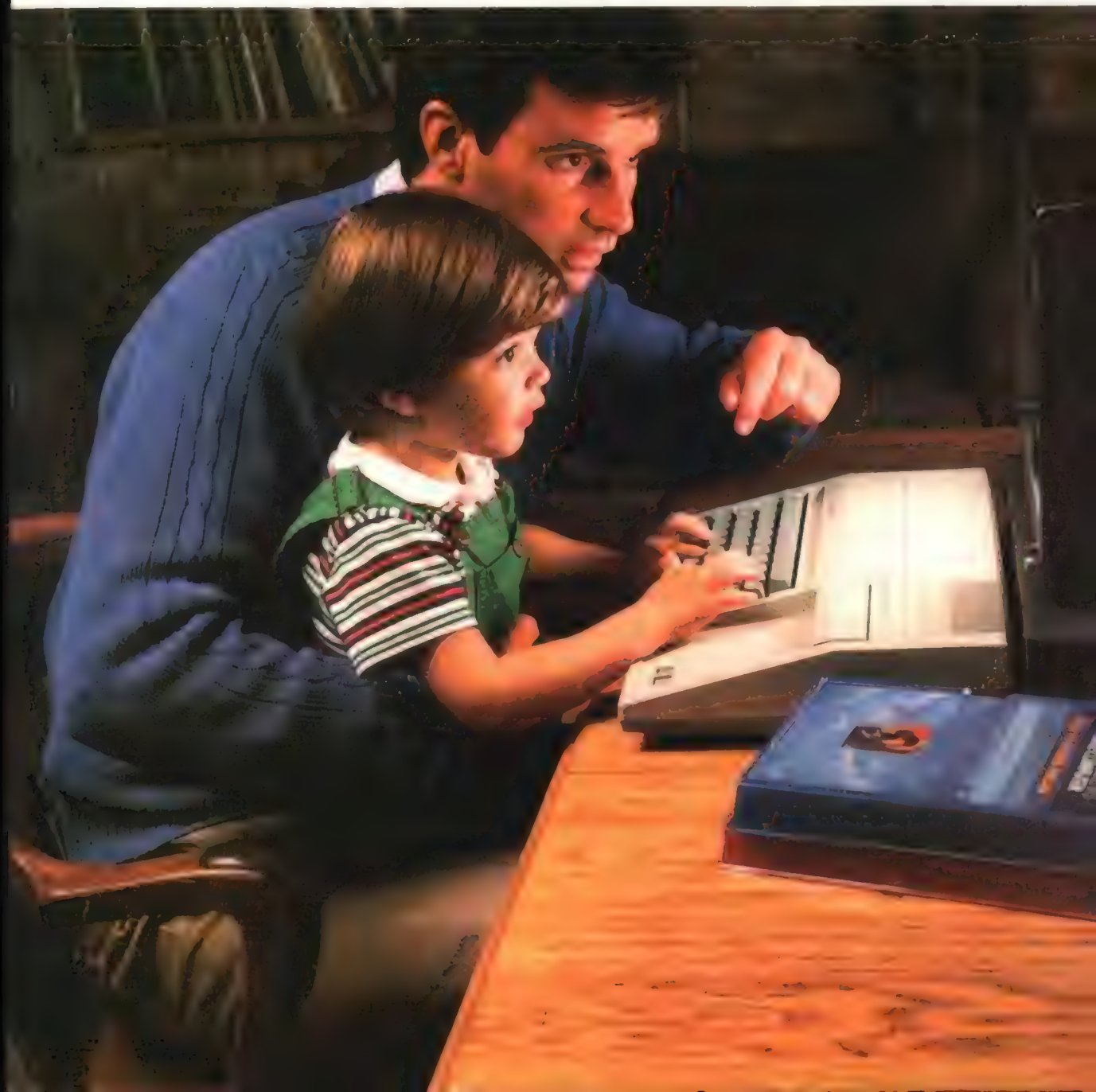

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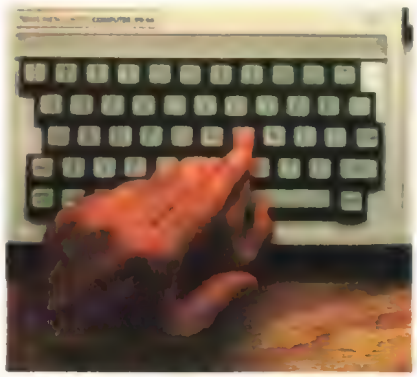

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The long Grey line after the walkout began: upstart airlines are faster and often cheaper

Bus Stop

A strike halts Greyhound

Bus travel used to be the refuge of the poor, the young and the thrifty. In 1947 a cost-conscious traveler could take a six-day trip from Chicago to Washington on a Greyhound bus, spend five nights in a hotel, make sightseeing trips to attractions like Mount Vernon, and spend only $42.50.

Today going by bus is far less economical. Even without the hotels and sideshows, it costs $70 to make that 18-hour bus trip from Chicago to Washington (lowest plane fare: $89 on Northwest Airlines). As a result, the popularity of intercity buses has been falling. From a peak in 1974, when gasoline shortages led 168.7 million passengers to leave the driving to them, the number of bus travelers dropped to 125.6 million in 1981.

No bus line has been hit harder than Greyhound, the nation's largest, which operates 3,800 buses and carried 57 million passengers last year. In an effort to cut costs, Greyhound last month asked the Amalgamated Transit Union to roll back wages and benefits to levels of two years ago, a cut that Greyhound said averaged about 17%. The union, which represents 12,500 workers, including 7,000 drivers, contended that the pay reductions really totaled between 20% and 25%, and turned down the proposal on the very same day. When the old contract expired last week, the union went on strike, and Greyhound service to 14,000 points around the U.S. came to a halt.

Like many other old-line transportation companies, Greyhound is caught in the middle of federal deregulation of its industry. Since November 1982, intercity bus lines have found it far easier to go where they want and charge what they can, within a "zone of rate freedom" established by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Small regional carriers with lower overhead are now doing battle with Greyhound over local routes. Almost anyone with $50,000 to buy a used bus can go into business and cut fares to subsistence levels.

Greyhound has also been hurt by deregulation of the airlines. Upstart short-haul carriers are now offering flights that are even cheaper than bus travel. While Greyhound charges $56.15 for a journey between Newark and Norfolk, for instance, a People Express ticket is just $23. Says Greyhound Spokeswoman Beth Meyer: "There was a time when that was one of our most heavily traveled routes. Now we've just about abandoned it."

Greyhound, of course, has also benefited from deregulation. It is easier for the company to trim its route list because it is no longer required to serve out-of-the-way hamlets and small towns. Greyhound has given notice that it would like to cut trips to 98 communities in California alone. But the route changes have not come quickly enough to compensate for the company's falling ridership. Last year Greyhound Lines ran up an operating loss of $16.3 million.

Greyhound Chairman John Teets has been urgently trying to cut overhead. In a well-publicized statement last month, he warned, "We have the highest-paid employees in the bus transportation business. We need—no, we must have—parity with other carriers." Greyhound claims its drivers make an average of $27,437 plus $8,037 in benefits, compared with $22,985 and $5,600 in benefits for drivers at the company's major competitors.

If a new contract is not reached within two weeks, Greyhound will try to resume operations with nonunion workers. It plans to hire new drivers to replace the strikers, and has developed a training course that lasts two weeks, four weeks less than the normal one. Union officials claim that the new drivers will not be as competent and that Greyhound is trying to bust the union. With Teets insisting that workers must "give Greyhound some badly needed competitive relief," a tough strike could be coming down the road. ■

Farewell Flight

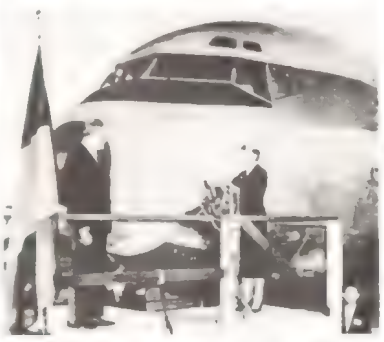
The 707 jets into history

An era in U.S. aviation ended at 3:25 p.m. on Oct. 30, when TWA Flight 4, the last Boeing 707 to fly for a scheduled airline in the continental U.S., touched down at New York City's Kennedy International Airport. During its 2-hr. 40-min. flight from Miami, the jet's 79 passengers ceremoniously sipped champagne. Before disembarking, the travelers stripped the aircraft of most detachable memorabilia, including seat-number plaques and safety instruction cards. Flight attendants used their lipsticks to write "Goodbye, we love you" on walls and seats. On the plane's silver fuselage a Miami gate agent had scribbled, "I was the last agent to close the door on a 707." But at J.F.K. another agent crossed out that message and wrote, "Sorry, you lose." Said Pilot Shaun Shattuck, 44: "I will miss the 707 terribly. I grew up with it. It's been a reliable and troubleless friend."

The sleek, roomy 707 inaugurated the jet age for U.S. commercial aviation on Oct. 26, 1958, when No. N711PA carried 111 Pan American passengers from New York to Paris. The plane's maneuverability, speed and seating capacity (125) quickly made it the industry standard. Boeing has built 957 of the 707s, which have transported 684 million passengers 19 billion miles on 100 airlines.

Old age, new technology and noise-abatement rules are bringing down the aircraft in the U.S. Built in an age when jet fuel cost 9¢ per gal. and environmental restrictions were minimal, the bird is out of date in a period of expensive fuel ($1 per gal.) and tough noise rules.

Outside the U.S., some 600 of the 707s will go on plying foreign air lanes, hauling cargo and carrying jet-about sheiks from the oil capitals of the world. But big U.S. airlines like TWA are flying more fuel-efficient and quieter planes like the Boeing 747 and the new Boeing 757. Meanwhile, the prototype for the 707 waits patiently outside Tucson, Ariz., for the day when it will be moved into the Smithsonian's Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. ■



Mamie Eisenhower christens N711PA (1958)
"It's been a reliable, troubleless friend."

Armchair Banking and Investing

Financial institutions rush to provide home services

The ad was a grabber: "Futuristic way of living arrives in South Florida ... Bank at midnight from your living room." When Physician Alfred Damus of Coral Gables, Fla., ran across the announcement one day last week in the morning paper, his imagination went to work. With a system called Viewtron, the doctor and his wife Leatrice could monitor their bank accounts, pay bills, keep track of their stock portfolio and perform other financial tasks simply by tapping the buttons on a notebook-size keyboard. Later that morning his wife spent $600 for the Viewtron machine being advertised at a nearby Burdines department store.

Seven years and $26 million in the making, Viewtron made its debut in southeastern Florida last week as the first two-way home information system available in the U.S. The Knight-Ridder newspaper chain, operator of Viewtron, plans to introduce the system within about two years in 17 cities, including Boston, Detroit and Seattle. One of Viewtron's starring attractions, banking at home, presages a revolution in consumer finance. A sci-fi concept only five years ago, home banking is now being introduced by institutions ranging from New York City's Chemical Bank (deposits: $29.8 billion) to Washington, D.C.'s Madison National ($178 million). The biggest firms in U.S. banking, New York's Citibank and San Francisco's Bank of America, are also testing such programs.

A survey of major banks by the Direct Marketing Association showed that one-third plan to offer the service by 1990. William Wyman, who directed a study of home information systems for the consulting firm Booz Allen & Hamilton, estimates that in 1995, the home banking industry will have revenues of as much as $2.6 billion. Bankers plan to market the home tellers as a way for average depositors to liberate themselves from such hassles as long lobby lines and 3 p.m. closing times.

Chemical Bank last month began advertising its new Pronto system. With a TV set, an Atari 400 home computer (cost: about $60) and a modem ($75) to connect the terminal via a telephone line to the bank's computers, Pronto will do nearly every banking chore except dispense cash. Patrons can check their balances 24 hours a day, transfer money from one account to another, keep records on five separate budgets for such expenses as travel or household bills, and pay bills to about 350 companies ranging from Bloomingdale's to American Express. If the customers have any questions, they can send messages to Chemical staffers, who will answer the question within a day. The monthly service charge: $12.

Bankers believe that financial services will eventually be part of futuristic home information packages like Viewtron that supply everything from recipes to movie reviews. Therefore they are scrambling to organize joint ventures with communications firms. Four aggressive regional banks, Florida's Southeast, Ohio's Banc One, North Carolina's Wachovia and California's Security Pacific, have banded together to develop the financial services for Viewtron. Next spring some 20 institutions, including Milwaukee's First Wisconsin National Bank and Seattle's PeoplesBank, will team up with Automatic Data Processing and the Times Mirror communications firm to test-market Home Banking Interchange, a similar service, in 2,000 households across the U.S. and Canada.

Stock market trading, perhaps the ultimate video game for grownups, is now also available at home. In July clients of

A Pronto customer in New York looks into her accounts with the help of an Atari computer

The table-top teller could become the hottest household appliance since the Cuisinart.

C.D. Anderson & Co., a small San Francisco discount brokerage firm, began using home computers to place stock trade orders. Tapping a few keystrokes on an Apple II or IBM Personal Computer, the customer is asked, "Buy or sell? Number of shares? Cash or margin account?" The broker charges an initial $195 for the software, a 10¢- to 40¢-per-minute connection fee and a brokerage commission. Anderson has 300 customers across the U.S. and hopes for 1,000 by year's end.

Such full-service securities companies as Merrill Lynch and E.F. Hutton currently do not offer home trading services, fearing the technological short cut would eliminate their brokers' contact with customers. But banks, which are moving rapidly into discount brokerage, are eager to get the business. Washington's Madison National plans to offer stock trades on its Home Teller machines beginning in January.

Despite the convenience, home banking is still running into some serious customer resistance. Many consumers seem reluctant to buy the machines to hook up to the central computer systems unless they can find other uses for them. Viewtron's Sceptre terminal, for example, is available during the Florida introduction for $600 but later will cost $900. For the same money, customers can buy a home computer that can do more complex tasks like word processing. Moreover, after the initial expense, Viewtron customers pay a basic fee of $12 a month plus a $1-an-hour charge to the phone company. Some users may also find it necessary to spend $15 a month or more for a second telephone line so that they can receive calls while using the machines. A monthly bank-at-home bill can easily run up to $30.

Nonetheless, many experts believe the new technology will be successful because it will be such a boon for middle-class consumers who have neither the time for banking errands nor the luxury of a personal accountant. Said George Kagan, a Miami lawyer, after seeing a Viewtron demonstration last week: "This intrigues me. I can see in five years looking back and saying, 'How did we do without this?' " If enough consumers agree with Kagan, the table-top teller could become the hottest home appliance since the Cuisinart. —***By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Marilyn Alva/Miami and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York***

Bursting Out of the Shadows

Pollock's widow, Lee Krasner, stuns with controlled anger

At 75, Lee Krasner is finally getting her due, and the power of received ideas in American taste is so strong that not too many people sense what the due is. Everyone, of course, has heard of her late husband, Jackson Pollock, the mythic hero (one still reads such inflationary phrases) of abstract expressionism. But Krasner's painting is less well known, the proof being that she is only now getting her first full retrospective. Curated by Art Historian Barbara Rose, it opened late last month at the Houston Museum of Fine Arts: 152 paintings and drawings, the distillation of a 50-year working life. The show will travel to San Francisco and New York City and will also be seen at the Pompidou Center in Paris. It deserves the audience. Anyone who thinks that all the major American artists have been locked into their historical profile should see it, and repent. Krasner has never been a trivial painter, and sometimes her work, as Rose convincingly argues, has been touched with real grandeur

So what hid her? The vicissitudes of life with Pollock, whom she married in 1945, do not explain that. It was a match easily caricatured: the growing fame of the male painter overwhelms the more vulnerable mate, his penumbra dims her light, his demands blot out her needs. This scenario is a fiction. Pollock's talent did not use up all the oxygen in the room. If he had married someone with a less acerbic and combative temper than Krasner's, his demands, his egotism and his fondness for the bottle might have done her in. Yet they did not, and their marriage turned into a remarkable working partnership that was truncated only by the car wreck in 1956 on Long Island that killed him. Pollock respected Krasner's work, and episodically tried to promote it. But the art world was not listening

Women artists through the '40s and into the '50s in New York City were the victims of a sort of cultural apartheid, and the ruling assumptions about the inherent weakness, derivativeness and silly femininity of women painters were almost unbelievably phallocentric. Thus Peggy Guggenheim, the first major collector of Pollock's work, seems to have been so jealous of Krasner's place in his life that she refused to acknowledge her as an artist. And a poll in the Cedar Bar or any other watering place of the New York avant-garde would simply have echoed Picasso's dictum that women were always "goddesses or door mats," never painters. Add to this Krasner's prickly contempt for diplomacy with critics, and one can see why for most of her life her work was scanted as "minor," an appendage to Pollock's. Yet though she had to contend with bigotry, her dislike of groups always stopped her from presenting herself as a "feminist" artist. Hence by the '70s there was no lack of denigrators on both sides of the sex war tacitly writing her off as an art widow first, a painter second. Certainly, Krasner has earned the irony with which she now looks back on the past 40 years of American art.

Living with Pollock slowed her development, which had been precocious before they met. Krasner had a very full art education: in fact, no American could have had a better one in the '30s. First, rigorous academic grounding under the *atelier* system at the Art Students League in New York; then large-scale practical experience on the WPA murals in the '30s; finally, three years (1937-40) under the great émigré teacher Hans Hofmann, who knew the fabled phoenixes of Europe (Matisse, Kandinsky, Mondrian) and could transmit their ideas to his students. As a disciplined draftsman, she was nearly the equal of De Kooning and better than Rothko or Still. Her perspective on the culture of modernism was more intellectual than Pollock's. So their matching was not that of a passive muse to a moody genius, but of one demanding eye to another that was more voracious and (at first) less sophisticated. Krasner had to carry two loads of self-doubt: his and hers. Most of the time, Pollock had only his. No wonder that Krasner's full powers as an artist did not start to show until the late '50s.

But when they came, their blossoming

***Blue Level*, 1955: raggy shapes and burlap**

A romantic spectacular without impromptu drip: *Cobalt Night*, 1962; above, the artist

was remarkable. In fact "blossoming" is hardly the word, for it suggests a soft, floral, ethereal event, adjectives one would not pick for the tough paintings, often full of barely controlled anger, that she was to produce after 1960. Krasner's cubist background had given her a strong sense of how to manage her pictorial field as a whole, rather than preserve, in abstraction, the choice of "figure" and "background." In the best of her '50s work, like *Blue Level*, 1955, the play of raggy shapes and roughly sliced strips of burlap has an impacted pictorial density. She wanted to combine Picassoan drawing, gestural and probing, with Matissean color. There are direct homages to Matisse in the show, like the lacy cut-paper silhouettes of *Blue and Black*, 1951-53; and the Picassoan body surfaces too, a fleshy phantom, as in *Visitation*, 1957-73, an allusion, it seems, to Picasso's *Girl Before a Mirror*.

Krasner always wanted to paint big pictures, ones that stretched arm and eye, surfaces that rose to the challenge of scale that was embedded in abstract expressionism. But she was able to find a way of rapid gestural drawing that did not depend on the skeining and overlay of thrown paint from edge to edge that Pollock had perfected. It was the brush that counted for her, and when she did fling or dribble liquid pigment on the surface, it only looked like a mannerism. But her sense of drawing was so ingrained that she could cover a huge surface with notations that never palled: shifting tempo, direction, fatness of marks; she could (literally) paint up a storm. Works like *Cobalt Night*, 1962, or *Charred Landscape*, 1960, raise echoes of romantic "spectaculars," from Tintoretto to Oskar Kokoschka. They take a field of subject matter that Pollock was generally thought to have sealed off as his own—atmospheric space, roiled with stress and strain—and return it from the impromptu drip (which no one after Pollock could manage anyway) to the more deliberate action of the brush. When she resorted to dream imagery, as in the commanding, ropily drawn vortex of eyes in *Night Watch*, 1960, Krasner did not let her private demons get the better of her formal instinct.

Is there a less "feminine" woman artist of her generation? Probably not. Even Krasner's favorite pink, a domineering fuchsia that raps hotly on the eyeball at 50 paces, is aggressive, confrontational; and when her line evokes eros, its grace is modified by a rough, improvisatory movement, a distrust of quick visual acceptance. Sometimes, as in *Green Fuse*, 1968, or *Rising Green*, 1972, she refers to the palm-court, winter-garden atmosphere of late Matisse; yet the shapes are too cutting to stand as undiluted emblems of luxury. Critical of the world, she is just as hard on herself, harder than most artists half her age. This is an intensely moving exhibition, and it will suggest to all but the most doctrinaire how many revisions of postwar American art history are still waiting to be made. —*By Robert Hughes*

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Neighbors with a use for extra money can count on our buying their hard maple. You see, it takes a bunch of wood to make enough charcoal to fill just one of the charcoal mellowing vats we seep our whiskey through. But the sippin' smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is well worth all we do to keep a good supply.

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Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government

Set for the ski jump last February

Sucic in front of Bjelasnica and facilities for press and officials

Local volunteers test the Zetra skating oval, above; bobsledders at the European championships

Sport

Getting Ready to Play the Palace

Sarajevo prepares for the winter and the world

The Los Angeles Olympics next summer will be the pride of capitalist gamesmen. For what the Yugoslavs whimsically call "the other Olympics," they have gathered $140 million from worldwide TV rights, $3 million from Coca-Cola, and various other millions from 22 corporations, including the Miller Brewing Co., Nikon and Kellogg, to put on something of their own commercial Games. Unlike the Los Angeles production, however, the 1984 Sarajevo Winter Games have required a great deal of construction. And far from refusing individual contributions as the Los Angeles committee has, the Sarajevo organizers have politely accepted $10 million from 1.4 million citizens, amazing support in an economy where the dinar is down to one-sixth of its 1979 value against the dollar.

Sarajevo, from the Turkish *saray* (palace), is a bustling mountain valley city (pop. 447,687) where world events have visited before. In 1914 Archduke Franz Ferdinand of the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary was assassinated there by a local student, precipitating World War I. The places where wars begin evidently have a limited appeal for tourists, since the airport felt no need for a modern landing strip until one was installed this year.

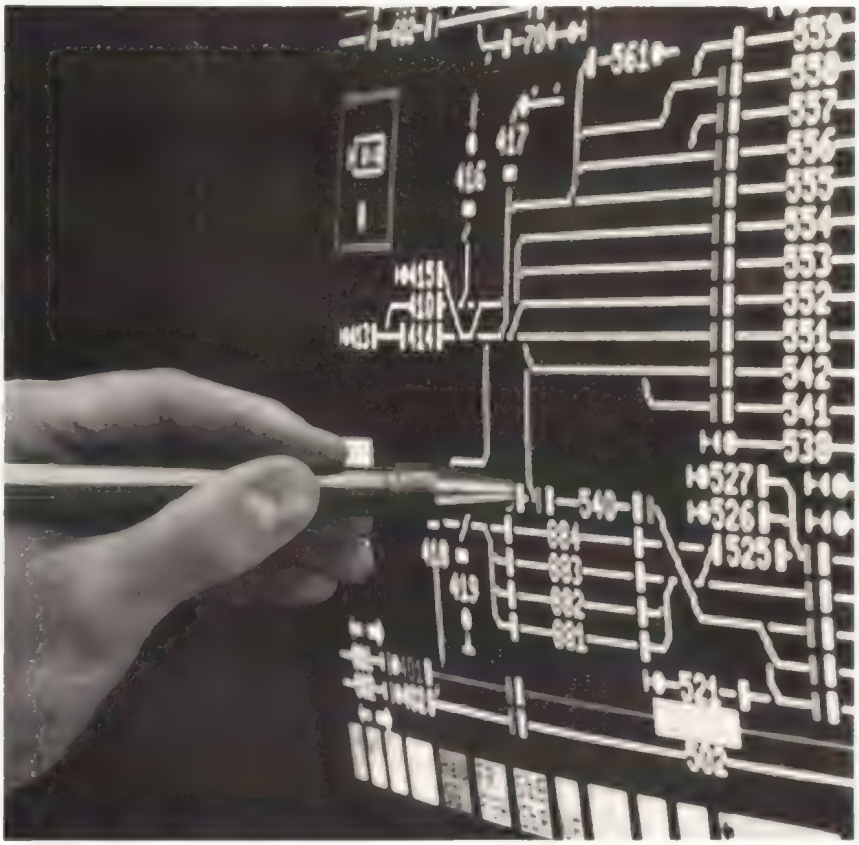
Nine fir-lined peaks ring the town. During World War II, Josip Broz Tito sheltered his partisans in the caves and crannies that honeycomb the hills, and in 1942 Tito's future Foreign Minister, Koca Popovic, led the First Proletarian Brigade across a plateau called Freezing Point. Temperatures fell to -40° F, and 200 troops lost either their limbs or lives. This is where the Nordic events, the ski jumping and the biathlon will be held in February.

So congested is the Olympic program, six ice hockey games will precede the Feb. 8 opening ceremonies, unusual scheduling but appropriate to an organizing committee furious to stay ahead of itself. Thanks to Yugoslav heart and volunteer labor, the matter is being accomplished. While much remains to be done, everything is essentially ready. For the past two years, thousands of workers have been blasting, digging and building heartily. The merriest have been 5,000 teen-agers, sweating ten hours a day just a few weeks ago, leveling the ski-jump ramp, laying carpet in the athletes' quarters, working literally for a song at the end of the shift.

When testing was needed for the speed-skating rink at the Zetra complex (a renovated 30-year-old stadium, a new indoor arena and an outdoor skating oval), 10,000 "volunteers" a day showed up with their skates. The Games have already been an occasion for joy.

New structures include a 7,000-bed dormitory for visiting journalists, a radio-TV complex, a press center, a dozen res-

How a pen can stop a train.



At a freight yard in Austria, the yard controller draws a red bar on a video screen and stops a rolling 70-ton train car on a siding.

The controller makes a green line on the screen and sends another car along a clear path.

And to make sure boxcars for Buchs don't end up in Buchenberg, the controller sets switch points with a pen point.

No ordinary pen, this light sensing stylus is the nub of a computer railyard switching system, developed by the people at ITT.

With it, the Austrian Federal Railways controls the Wolfurt yard by "writing" routing instructions on a video terminal.

Controlled by an ITT microprocessor, the video display system is connected to a fail-safe keyboard which can also direct the yard's switches.

So even if the light pen isn't working, the trains will be.

In time, railways will use this ITT technology in freight depots around the world.

And that will help make railroad operations easier and more productive.

All at the touch of a pen.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

© ITT Corporation

taurants, and some 15 inns for an expected 30,000 tourists, from whom the organizers hope to net $50 million. Besides the 2,000-capacity Mojmilo Olympic Village, which is a series of high-rise apartment buildings, a special hotel for competitors in the Nordic events was built cantilevered on the face of the mountain. Athletes with icicles in their beards will begin to report there in January, the better to muffle the shock of the Sarajevo winter.

From his command post in a chalet on Bjelasnica Mountain, Anto Sucic, 55, president of the executive committee and former mayor of Sarajevo, peers out at the men's Alpine courses. Sucic is enthralled with the financial picture. "The marketing was our biggest success," he says. "Marketing will cover about 75% of our costs, and we could have done more if we had started earlier. We looked for sponsors, sought them out. We tried very hard to create competition. Both Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola came to us with bids, but we wanted more competition than that, so we brought in some other companies as well. We didn't care who the sponsor was, or what country it came from. We are not opposed to any sponsor's ideology."

The president of the organizing committee is another pragmatist named Branko Mikulic, 55, who served as the liaison between the planners and the government. But Sucic is the day-to-day decision maker. Mindful that Yugoslavia is standing inspection for the world and that everything had better be right, the federal government and the Socialist Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina (of which Sarajevo is the capital) have not interfered.

If as a business proposition the Sarajevo Games have been inspired to a degree by Los Angeles, they have been modeled as a sports event after Innsbruck, Austria, the city that was such an attractive host to the Winter Games in 1964 and 1976. During Sucic's six-year tenure as mayor of Sarajevo, he made the felicitous acquaintance of Alois Lugger, the Innsbruck mayor. They hunted bear together near Sarajevo in the '70s and toasted their friendship with lethal slivovitz brandy. In a positively Olympian display of brotherhood, Lugger served as an unofficial consultant at the outset of the planning, with phone calls back and forth daily, sometimes hourly.

One thing was still missing last week: snow. But Spokesman Mehmed Husic insists, "I'm a lot more worried that we're going to have too much snow, and that we won't be able to see the mountains." Nonetheless, a snow trench, a gigantic man-made bin, is ready to store auxiliary snow carted in from other places. A persistent fog, which makes air travel haphazard, is another uncontrollable element. Says Husic, "We are Communists. We have finished our part of the work. The rest is in the hands of God." —*By Tom Callahan. Reported by John Moody/Sarajevo*

Environment

Uneasy Flows the Dniester

A major spill brings a harsh rebuke from Soviet authorities

Although the Soviets have tough environmental laws on the books, they are all too often ignored by bureaucrats eager to meet economic goals. Reports trickling out of Moscow indicate that there is still widespread poaching, uncontrolled mining, and contamination of air and water, including continued spillage of industrial wastes into Siberia's aquatic jewel, Lake Baikal, the deepest lake in the world.

Not surprisingly, the Soviets rarely launder this dirty linen in public. Now a change seems to be in the air. The officially controlled press has acknowledged, in almost painful detail, an environmental calamity that seriously polluted one of the U.S.S.R.'s major rivers: the Dniester, which is a vital source of fresh water for the rich agricultural lands of the southwestern Ukraine and the small Moldavian Soviet Republic.

According to an account given by Nikolai Vasilyev, minister of land reclamation and water resources, the mishap occurred in September, when a 45-ft. by 80-ft. breach opened in a large earthen dam at a fertilizer plant in Stebnik, four miles southeast of the city of Drogobych, near the Polish and Czechoslovak borders. The break allowed a 20-ft.-high torrent of concentrated salty wastes from the plant to cascade down hillsides, sweeping away railroad tracks, ripping up roads, ruining farmlands, and smashing homes and workshops until it reached the Dniester River 15 miles away.

There were no casualties, Vasilyev told an interviewer for *Izvestiya*, because workers spotted dangerous splitting in the dam and managed to evacuate the immediately threatened area in time. Nonetheless, he conceded that the accident had serious environmental consequences. Nearly 6 million cu. yds. of thick brine spilled into the Dniester, spreading pollution almost all the way to the Black Sea port of Odessa, 360 miles to the southeast.

Normally the purest river in the European part of the Soviet Union, the Dniester became "brinier than the saltiest sea water," in Vasilyev's words. Containing as much as 10 oz. of salt for every quart, the burning brew killed some 2,000 tons of fish, destroyed an unknown quantity of aquatic plant life on which fish thrive, and forced officials to cut off water temporarily to numerous communities that depend on the Dniester, including the major cities of Odessa and Kishinev. To make up for the lost water, officials scurried to drill wells and divert streams and lakes.

The spill has created an enormous cleanup problem. Millions of tons of salt settled to the bottom of a large reservoir behind the Novodnestrovsk Dam, 300 miles downriver from the accident. Vasilyev said, however, that the salt was gradually being flushed out by mixing it with fresh water, so that the river might be restored to its old purity in a few months. Still, even if the effort is completely successful, there may be long-term repercussions, political as well as environmental. Vasilyev bluntly accused officials, presumably those in charge of designing and managing the potash plant, of ignoring two warnings from inspectors who had demanded improvements in the dam. Criminal charges, he said, had been brought against eight culprits. Implicit in this public reprimand (which follows official reports of bureaucratic bungling in the recent trapping of 40 Soviet ships in the Arctic ice) is a clear warning: the Kremlin will not continue to tolerate the blatant disregard of laws involving the environment or public safety. ■

Latest HLDI Report on Highway Safety:

6th YEAR IN A ROW

GM WINS AGAIN

HIGHWAY LOSS DATA INSTITUTE PUTS SEVEN GM CARS IN TOP TEN.

1980-1982 passenger cars with "Substantially Better than Average" overall injury claim experience.

Make	Body	Relative Frequency
✓1. Oldsmobile Custom Cruiser	S.W.	56
✓2. Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight	4 Dr.	61
✓3. Oldsmobile Toronado	Spec.	62
✓4. Buick LeSabre	4 Dr.	63
✓5. Cadillac DeVille	4 Dr.	63
6. Ford LTD	S.W.	63
✓7. Oldsmobile Delta 88	4 Dr.	64
✓8. Oldsmobile Cutlass	S.W.	66
9. Volvo 245	S.W.	66
10. Mercury Marquis	4 Dr.	68

Source: Highway Loss Data Institute. **Body Styles:** S.W. - Station Wagon, Spec. - Specialty
All results are stated in relative frequency of injury claims. A relative injury claim frequency of 100 is average. Relative frequencies of less than 70 are defined by HLDI as "Substantially Better than Average."

The Highway Loss Data Institute (HLDI) is a non-profit public service organization associated with the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. As it has done for several years, HLDI has summarized and published its findings on the frequency of automotive insurance claims.

This report is based on insurance industry data equivalent to 5,022,149 cars being driven for one year.

This year, HLDI finds that of the ten models with overall injury claim experience defined as "Substantially Better than Average," seven are General Motors cars.

We are pleased that GM cars are rated best.

But we are not surprised. In fact, GM cars have dominated these lists ever since HLDI has been summarizing them. Six years in a row.

We believe this continued excellence reflects not only our cars—their quality, size, weight, and design—but also how and where they are driven.

The results show that our cars and our customers go well together. We trust it will continue that way. We're doing our part to see that it does.

We believe in taking the extra time, giving the extra effort, and paying attention to every detail. That's what it takes to provide the quality that leads more people to buy GM cars and trucks than any other kind. And that's why GM owners are the most loyal on the road.

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Let's get it together. Buckle up.

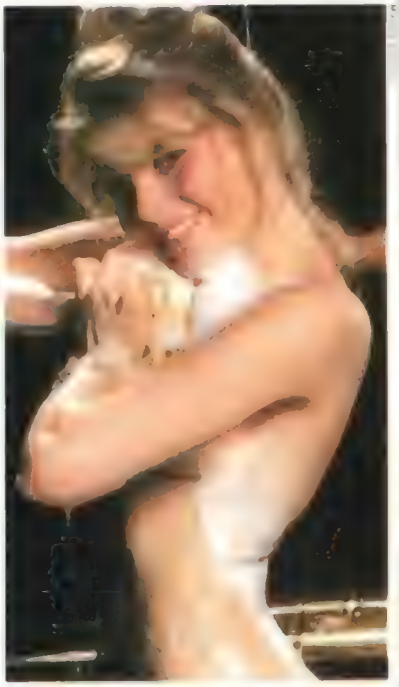
A Centerfold Tragedy of Manners

STAR 80 *Directed and Written by Bob Fosse*

Hugh Hefner is distressed. He does not like his centerfolds to be married: it undermines their girl-next-door image. Besides, it is disruptive to the "family" atmosphere that he likes to believe pervades the mansion in Los Angeles. Hef surely has his self-delusions, but in this case he also has a point. Any would-be father figure might have his doubts about Dorothy Stratten's choice of a mate. Granted, it was Paul Snider who discovered her behind the Dairy Queen counter in Vancouver, B.C., sent the first crude nudes to *Playboy's* talent scouts and faked her mother's name on his underage protégée's release form. But gratitude must have its limits, and as the publisher says, Paul "has the personality of a pimp." To which Dorothy replies, in her flat, little girl's voice, "Oh, Mr. Hefner, that's just the way he used to dress."

This exchange is almost thrown away in *Star 80*, the terse, harrowing movie Bob Fosse has made to explain what finally led Snider to murder the one he loved (and kill himself as well). But the words pierce to the heart of the matter as the writer-director sees it. Everyone Dorothy Stratten meets wants to exploit her in some way. Yet in this peculiar moral universe Fosse suggests, the differences between Hefner (played with slithery menace by Cliff Robertson), Snider and the upscale moviemaker (Roger Rees) who aspires to be her ultimate Pygmalion are more a matter of style than of principles. That is why Dorothy's response is so unconsciously acute. She instinctively understands that what is developing around her is a tragedy of manners; Snider has read the bottom line shrewdly, but he has a blind eye and a tin ear for the social pieties, even the dress code, by which naked need and manipulative greed must be clothed for the sake of the respectability he desperately desires.

Cliff Robertson

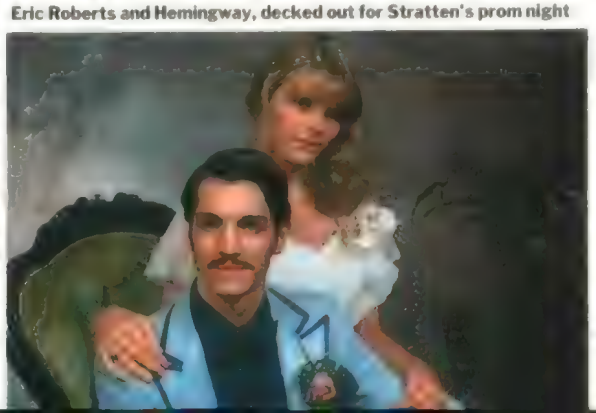


Mariel Hemingway as Playmate Stratten

Out of sleaze, a harrowing vision

The force and originality in Fosse's recounting of a true story that has attracted much journalistic attention and has already been done as a TV movie (*Death of a Centerfold*) lie in the way he defeats one's conventional expectations of his material. Mariel Hemingway's Dorothy is not the tragic tart that custom usually dictates in works of this kind. In an arrestingly straightforward, naturalistic performance, Hemingway suggests neither portents of doom nor a sense that she is self-destructively abandoning herself to a media fairy tale from which the only possible awakening is a rude one. If her physical resemblance to Stratten is only approximate, her portrayal of an adolescent girl caught up, giggly and unaware, in the excitement of a surprise party that someone, mysteriously, decided to throw for her is fresh and touching. And one that, in effect, concedes the dramatic center of the film to Eric Roberts, who plays Snider, obviously the object of Fosse's appalled interest from the first. Given the hypnotic power of Roberts' complex performance as this unsympathetic victim, one finds oneself in cringing agreement with the director's emphasis.

Eric Roberts and Hemingway, decked out for Stratten's prom night



Snider is a man in thrall to the power of the first impression. He is quick with flattery and small gifts. He studies himself in the mirror, practicing smooth self-introductions to strangers. He advises Dorothy to remember the name of everyone she meets for future flattering reference. With his absurd faith in such niceties, Snider puts one in mind of Willy Loman and his need to be well liked, particularly since that modern archetype also practiced his wiles in similarly unpromising venues. Snider's equivalent of the New England territory is the wet-T-shirt contest, the dream of multimillion-dollar sales for a Dorothy Stratten poster. There is, however, this huge difference between these figures: where Loman was damp with pathos, Snider burns with rage as he watches his discovery moving up and away from him. Seeing through the hypocrisy of those who build empires on sleaze, he cannot believe they will shut him out just because he wears snakeskin cowboy boots to their revels or drapes a prematurely friendly arm around Hef's shoulders.

But, of course, they will. Snider's rage turned inward, becomes the depression out of which he kills the uncouth self that betrayed him, as well as the girl who never knew she was supposed to be not just his lover, meal ticket and wife but also his better self, source of the ultimate good first impression. It is a cold Q.E.D. for a chilling movie that opens with shots of freeway traffic hurtling past the murder site, Snider's pad, and closes with shots of Dorothy's intimates going about their mundane business while her naked body lies covered with blood. It is hard to remember an American movie that has, from first to last, done less to court an audience's indulgence. But it is also hard to remember a more ferociously moral movie. Or one that relies so exclusively on sheer directorial technique, the assurance of its cuts and angles, its settings and costumes, to carry that moral without resort to fine words or grand, distancing posturings.

From *Cabaret* to *Lenny* to *All That Jazz*, Fosse has been rummaging through the junk heaps of our culture, looking for artifacts to symbolize his bleak view of human nature. In the process he has stripped away his self-indulgences, and he emerges here as a masterly director in full possession of a terrible vision. Very few people will "like" this film. But a few, one hopes, will see it for what it is: the year's most challenging and disturbing nightmare. —**By Richard Schickel**

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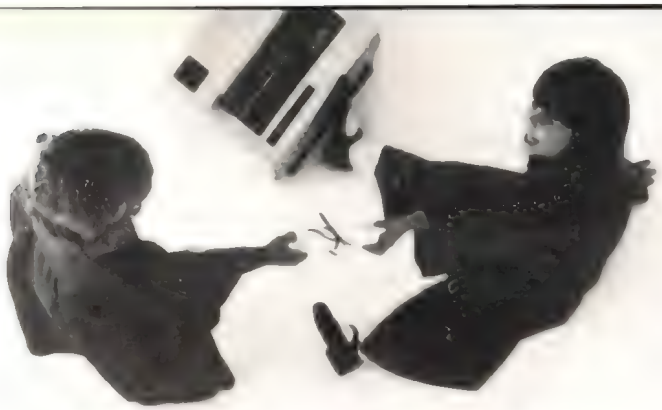

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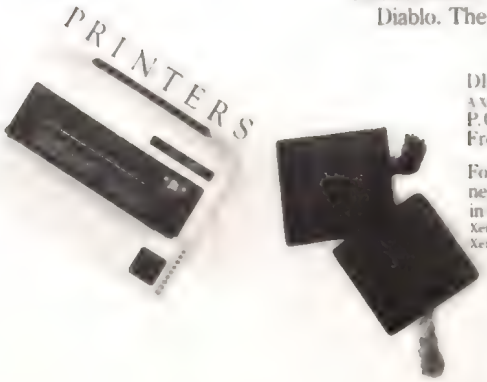

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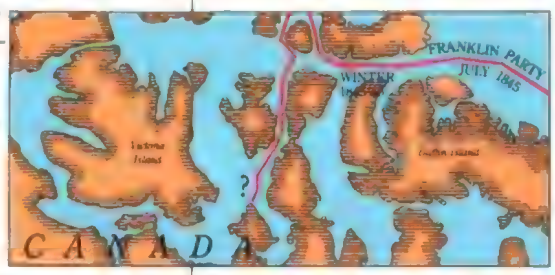

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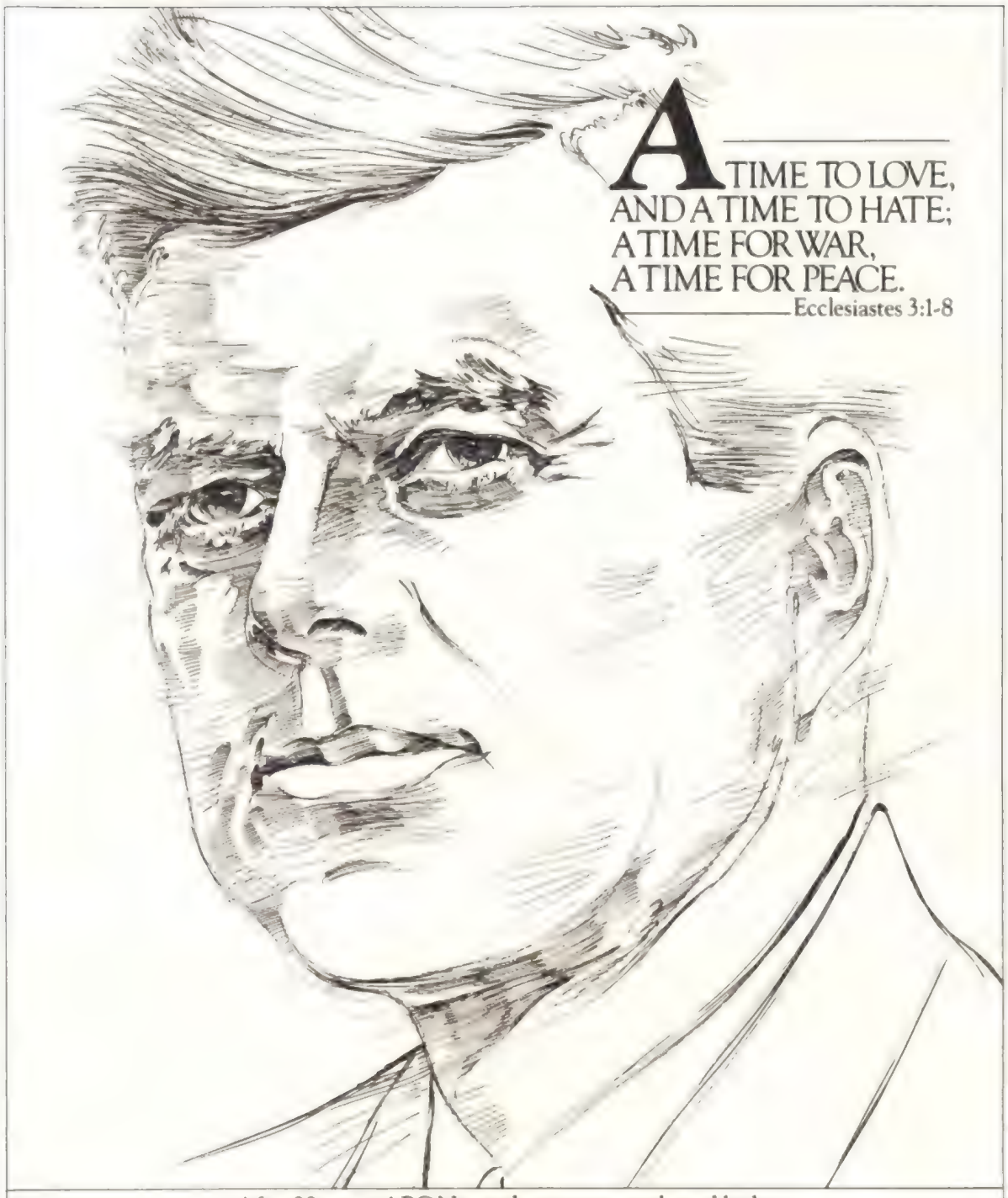

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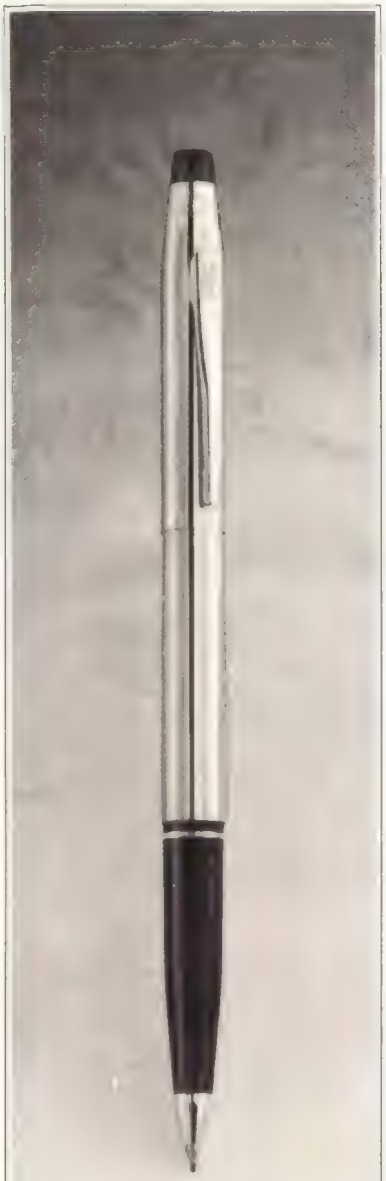

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BOAT PEOPLE
Directed by Ann Hui
Screenplay by K.C. Chiu

Directors who make movies that are "ripped from today's headlines" must tread a narrow, tortuous path. Pay attention to all the political ambiguities and you risk putting your audience to sleep; turn history into histrionics and you anger everyone with a special interest. It is to the credit of Hong Kong's Ann Hui, the 36-year-old director of *Boat People*, that she has chosen the latter course. Her film is not a meticulous précis of Vietnamese politics; it is a fast-paced, humanist melodrama centering on one family that, in the chaos of reconstruction that faced the Socialist Republic of Viet Nam after the fall of Saigon in 1975, finally determines to flee the country on an agonizingly slow boat through the China Sea.

Guo Junyi and Lam Chi-cheung
Turning history into histrionics.

Like any movie (overtly political or not) with a strong point of view, *Boat People* is propaganda. Most of Vietnamese officialdom is polite but abrupt, in a hurry to build a model Marxist nation. The film's heroes are the "misfits" who anchor their dreams in the past or launch them into the faraway future. One aging captain of the revolution, educated in France many years earlier, drowns his disappointments in French poetry and the company of a back-streets madam. A boy of about ten, godfathered by American G.I.s, has the randy strut and rancid mouth of a pint-size Richard Pryor. By 1978, the year in which the film is set, two bygone eras of colonialism could provide reason for nostalgia simply because they were past and because the present offered little but a grim struggle for survival.

These are inferences the talented Hui allows the viewer to draw; but the pace is hardly ruminative. Mostly, *Boat People* motors along with Kung Fu industry: visiting a "chicken farm," where the ten-year-old and his sisters scavenge the effects of recently executed prisoners; negotiating a field laced with land mines, a legacy of the U.S. involvement; gazing unflinchingly as the children's mother impales herself on a hook; tracing the attempt of the children and their benefactor, a Japanese photographer (Lam Chi-cheung), to bribe and fight their way to "freedom," which here is just another word for some place else to be.

Boat People, whose scenario Hui based on eyewitness reports she received from hundreds of Vietnamese refugees, was the first Hong Kong movie to be shot in Communist China. That she made her film with the support of a regime hostile to Viet Nam raised eyebrows. And when *Boat People* was screened at the Cannes Film Festival in May, and this fall at the New York Film Festival, it raised hackles on the neck of the left. The passions *Boat People* elicits testify not only to the bitterness of the worldwide debate between left and right but to Hui's skills as a popular film maker. *Boat People* should keep informed viewers on the edge of their seats—and awake at night, pondering its remorseless implications. —**By Richard Corliss**

Alien Nation

POSSESSION
Directed and Written by
Andrzej Zulawski

In Europe they take their movies seriously. Even—no, especially—the silly ones. It is not enough for a cineast just to make a horror picture about a young woman who literally gives birth to her nightmares, then copulates with the beast. The film must also be an up-front metaphor for the cosmic anomie of Western civ, and, to boot, a bilious satire on the smugness of the nuclear family.

This French–West German co-production was filmed in English in 1981 by a Polish émigré and stars an Australian (Sam Neill), a German (Heinz Bennent) and a French-German-Algerian-Turk (Isabelle Adjani). Alienation is, not surprisingly, all. Adjani bickers endlessly with Husband Neill, flirts with the mysterious Bennent, and wanders the deserted streets under a sky clouded with portents of apocalypse. One day, in a creepy subterranean walkway, she is seized by violent cramps, writhes about and delivers a glutinous hunk of protoplasm. Ugh!

Even in its horrendously truncated U.S. version (some 40 min. have been cut), *Possession* is a more engaging movie than it has any right to be. Zulawski's images are attractively dour: gray and brown, with the only assertive color an occasional shock of blood red. Adjani is a sullen ravisher, gorgeous and half bonkers. Like the movie itself, Adjani has the power of her pretentiousness. —**R.C.**

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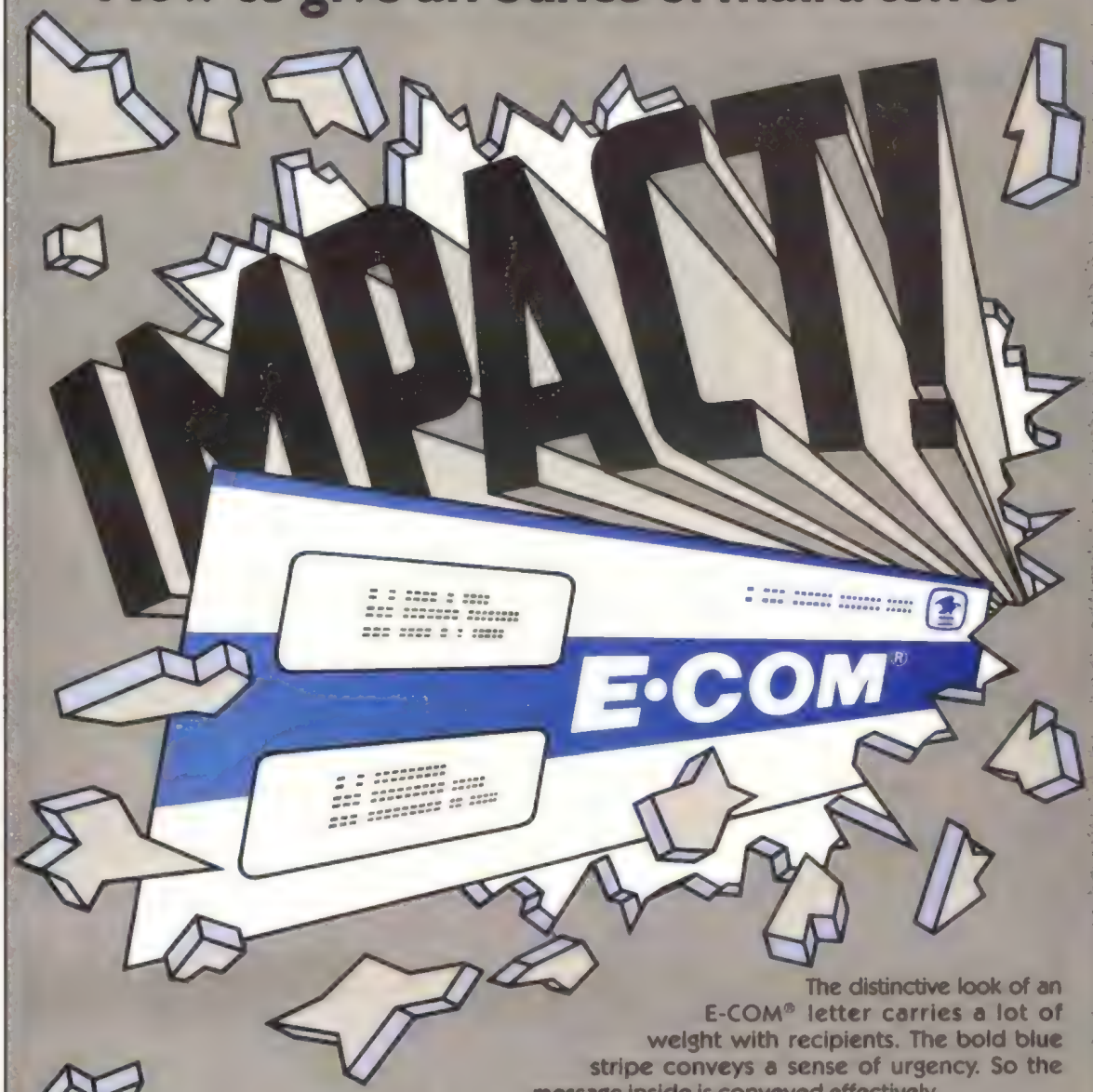

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A Passage to Pakistan

SHAME *by Salman Rushdie; Knopf; 319 pages; $13.95*

"After Sufiya Zinobia recovered from the immunological catastrophe that followed the turkey massacre . . ." Coming upon a sentence that opens like this can make readers of the novel in which it appears begin to wonder what is on the tube tonight. They might also find themselves talking back to the novelist. Turkey massacre? Literary zaniness is fine as far as it goes (which should not be in excess of 20 pages), but it had better serve some purpose more substantial than showing off or goofing around. In short, put up or be shut.

Indian-born Author Salman Rushdie, 36, puts up. Those unfortunate gobblers are not the only fanciful creatures in *Shame*, his third novel. The book is crammed with the grotesque and improbable. Many pages are devoted to introducing the hero, Omar Khayyam Shakil, and the three sisters who all claim to be his mother. Then he grows fat and disappears from the scene for long stretches. "I am a peripheral man," he announces near the end. "Other persons have been the principal actors in my life story."

Yet method runs through all the novel's madness. The author talks openly of his design: "The country in this story is not Pakistan, or not quite. There are two countries, real and fictional, occupying the same space, or almost the same space. My story, my fictional country exist, like myself, at a slight angle to reality." The personal reference needs an explanation, and Rushdie later offers one: "I am an emigrant from one country (India) and a newcomer in two (England, where I live, and Pakistan, to which my family moved against my will)." *Shame* is a looking-glass fable about a country that was actually made up, arbitrarily sundered from India in 1947, written by a native son who has never called the place his home.

Small wonder, then, that the viewpoint presented in the novel is phantasmagoric. Much more notable is Rushdie's skill at making historical facts and sheer inventiveness seem equally true and equally preposterous. On the eve of India's independence, the owner of a moviehouse in Delhi tries to appease both Hindus and Muslims by showing a double feature. One is a vegetarian epic "about a lone, masked hero who roamed the Indo-Gangetic plain liberating herds of beef cattle from their keepers," the other a Randolph Scott western of the genre "in which cows got massacred and the good guys feasted on steaks." Nobody comes, and then the theater is bombed: the blast kills the owner and blows all the clothes off his daughter. Her rescuer appears in the person of Raza Hyder, a Muslim captain in the Indian army. After the partition of the subcontinent, Hyder marries the young woman and takes her "west to the new, moth-nibbled land of God," to Pakistan.

Salman Rushdie: viewing reality at an angle

Excerpt

"Ambassadors: he got through nine of them in his six years. Also five English and three Russian heads of mission. Arjumand and Iskander would place bets on how long each new arrival would survive; then, happy as a boy with a new stick and hoop, he would set about giving them hell. He made them wait weeks for audiences . . . He invited them to banquets at which the Russian Ambassador was served bird's-nest soup and Peking duck, while the Americans got borsch and blinis. He refused to flirt with their wives. With the British Ambassador he would pretend to be a hick just down from the villages, and speak only in an obscure regional dialect; in the case of the United States, however, he took the opposite tack and addressed their legate in incomprehensibly florid French. Embassies would constantly be subjected to power cuts. Isky would open their diplomatic bags and personally add outrageous remarks to the Ambassadors' reports . . ."

As the nation struggles through its infancy, Hyder meets Iskander Harappa, a millionaire playboy. The death struggle that ensues between these two characters is shimmeringly based on recent Pakistani history. Iskander resembles Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the charismatic civilian leader who was deposed in 1977 and later executed by General Zia ul-Haq, Pakistan's current President and a fraternal twin of the fictional Raza Hyder. Similarly, the bloody civil war that led to the transformation of East Pakistan into independent Bangladesh in 1971 is mirrored here: "The final defeat of the western forces, which led to the reconstitution of the East Wing as an autonomous *(that's a laugh)* nation and international basket case . . ."

But *Shame* is not a point-for-point allegory of reasonably recent events. Rushdie introduces true occurrences with the bemused air of someone who finds them much stranger than fiction. Perhaps the only way to understand bizarre realities is to make up stories about them. The fact of brutal crackdowns on dissent in Pakistan gives rise to a tale. During his years in power, Iskander creates a Federal Security Force and appoints as its head a man with appropriate powers: "The clairvoyancy of Talvar Ulhaq enabled him to compile exhaustive dossiers on who-was-bribing-whom, on conspiracies, tax evasion, dangerous talk at dinner parties, student sects, homosexuality, the roots of treason. Clairvoyancy made it possible for him to arrest a future traitor before he committed his act of treason, and thus save the fellow's life."

Other characters display unusual gifts. One woman bears a mathematical progression of children on the same date of each succeeding year (first twins, then triplets, etc.). There is a brain-damaged girl who psychically absorbs the shame that others should but do not feel until she becomes a ravening albino panther, beheading animals and humans alike. These surreal people do not simply stand for such concepts as overpopulation or guilt; they also take their places in what the author calls "the infinitely rich and cryptic texture of human life."

Rushdie has clearly read Gabriel García Márquez and Milan Kundera. Extravagant mythmaking alternates with passages of first-person political candor ("May I interpose a few words here on the subject of the Islamic revival?"). But his literary accomplishments are uniquely his own. A Westerner by adoption and choice, looking back on a country where he would assuredly be silenced if he tried to write a book like *Shame*, Rushdie has produced an imaginative tour of obliquities and iniquities. —*By Paul Gray*

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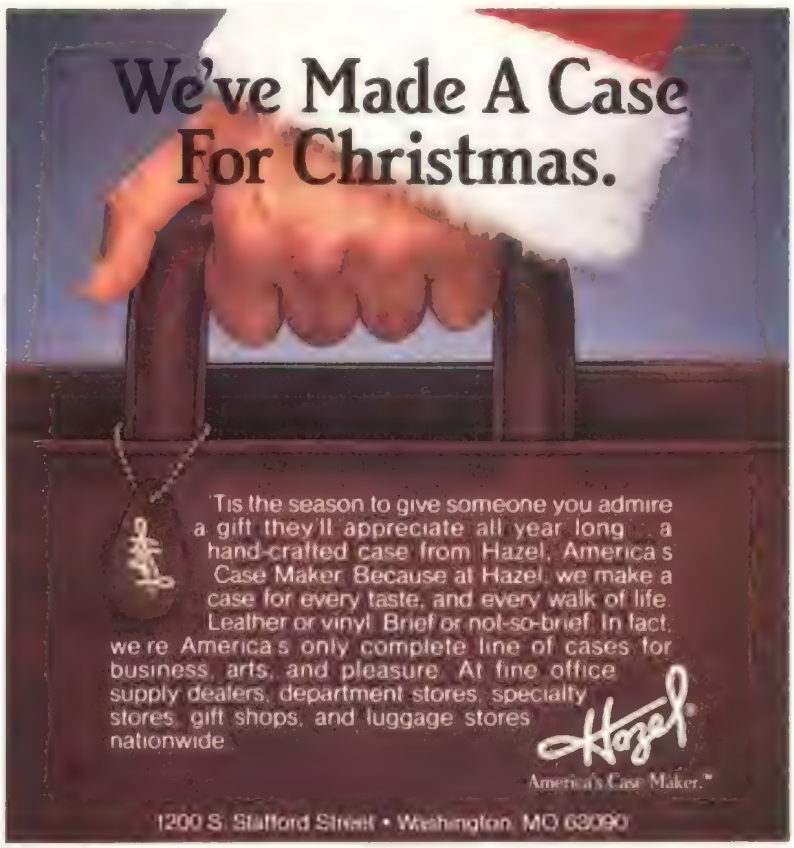

Books

Mrs. Fish and the Misses Fox

Ghost Stories

THE SPIRITUALISTS
by Ruth Brandon
Knopf; 315 pages; $16.95

Mrs. Guppy, Leah Fish, the Fox sisters, Malcolm Bird—the cast seems to have tumbled from Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck*. But the people were real, and their adventures are far more peculiar than any mere fable of talking animals and irate farmers.

In *The Spiritualists*, British Journalist Ruth Brandon takes a narrow-eyed view of an obsession that haunted 19th and early 20th century life. As she cannily observes, Darwin's legacy of doubt had weakened the moral underpinnings of Victorian and American society. But it had merely replaced religious faith with another dogma: the authority of Science. New believers turned to evidence of the world beyond the senses, "proof" given by mediums who could communicate with the dead, make ectoplasm appear in darkened chambers and order inanimate objects to move at will. Katherine and Margaretta Fox of Arcadia, N.Y., were the superstars of the new movement, adolescents who could engender a rapping sound that issued, they said, from the beyond.

"Credulity," noted Charles Lamb, "is the man's weakness, but the child's strength." The sisters had no trouble convincing elders that they could converse with the spirits of Benjamin Franklin and John C. Calhoun. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, endorsed their honesty; Leah Fish, an enterprising promoter, moved them from parlors to crowded lecture halls. By 1860, twelve years after the first triumph of the little Foxes, Humorist Artemus Ward wrote in his patented regional dialect, "My naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idear about Sperrets."

The lunacy manifested itself on both

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Books

sides of the Atlantic. In London, an obese Mrs. Guppy became celebrated for making specters tangible, including one Abdullah, who, the malicious said, was a small man hidden from the audience in her voluminous petticoats. Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, became a drum beater for spiritualism. He too pronounced the Fox sisters genuine; when shown photographs of young girls playing with tiny winged creatures, he concluded that the pictures were incontrovertible evidence that fairies did indeed exist.

In England and the U.S., a small army of mediums appeared to read the future, speak with deceased relatives and pocket very material fees. With a detached, only faintly ironic tone, Brandon notes some of the more bizarre assurances offered by these experts in the occult: one seer reported that alcohol and cigars were present in paradise; Doyle, after consultation with psychics, wrote that in heaven, "nutrition is of a very light and delicate order." Golf, he thought, was likely to be played.

Investigators soon moved in; among them were Malcolm Bird, an editor of *Scientific American*, and Philosopher William James. "If you wish to upset the law that all crows are black," James declared, "you must not seek to show that no crows are; it is enough if you prove one single crow to be white."

That *rara avis* never appeared. Early on Charles Dickens had expressed his skepticism about spirits: "I have never yet observed them to talk anything but nonsense." Not long afterward, Novelist Samuel Butler decided that "if ever a spirit-form takes to coming near me, I shall not be content with trying to grasp it, but, in the interest of science, *I will shoot it*." Exposes began to play the vaudeville circuit: Magician Harry Houdini showed audiences that the mysteries of spontaneously moving objects were no more than sleight of hand and, sometimes, foot. The Fox sisters, one of them by now a hopeless alcoholic, finally confessed that the strange rapping had been done by manipulating their big toes.

Such exposures eventually cooled the public passion for made-to-order miracles. But, as the author acutely notes, it will not do to dismiss the Victorian period as a simpler time, when the naive were easily swayed by con men and shadowy ladies. Today every paperback emporium offers tiers of books claiming intimate acquaintance with the text of the future and the leaders of the past. Thanatologist Elisabeth Kübler-Ross tells followers she speaks with the dead. A new edition of the prophecies of Nostradamus "recoded by computer" to give the requisite scientific gloss, has recently sold more than 100,000 copies in Europe. In every epoch of social confusion, concludes this entertaining history of folly, "the show goes on. The spirits are willing, and the flesh is weak."

By Stefan Kanfer

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High Currency

RATES OF EXCHANGE
by Malcolm Bradbury
Knopf; 310 pages; $13.95

He is fortyish, a bit bedraggled, quizzically bemused. He is a professor at a provincial English university, bright in his specialty, perhaps, but farcically inept in worldly matters. He tries to uphold the values of humane liberalism but keeps misplacing them, and occasionally wonders sadly whether they exist any more.

This, in various incarnations, is the prototypical figure who has shambled through all the cracklingly intelligent, funny novels of Britain's Malcolm Bradbury, 51. He appeared as a department chairman undermined by the Beat Generation in *Eating People Is Wrong* (1960); as a writer-in-residence vainly trying to go American in *Stepping Westward* (1966); and as a bystander steamrollered by trendy, sociology-spouting radicals in *The History Man* (1976).

Now, in *Rates of Exchange*, Bradbury recasts him as Angus Petworth, a linguistics scholar on a lecture tour of Slaka, the capital of an imaginary but all too plausible East European country. Among Petworth's topics: the difference between "I don't have" and "I haven't got."

Lecturing is the least of the cultural exchanges in which Petworth engages. Struggling with Slaka's implacable bureaucracy, he plays an unwitting role in its intrigues and treacheries, despite the best efforts of his fond, exasperated official guide. He falls victim to the local peach brandy *(rot'vitti)*, causing a sensation in a nightclub with an impromptu striptease. He attracts more than the routine attention of the state security police (HOGPO) as well as of most of the women he encounters, from the nymphomaniac wife of a British diplomat to a "magical realist" Slakan novelist who seduces him in a shower, quoting Marx and Freud all the while. "Do you think it is possible to

Malcolm Bradbury
Farcically inept in world matters

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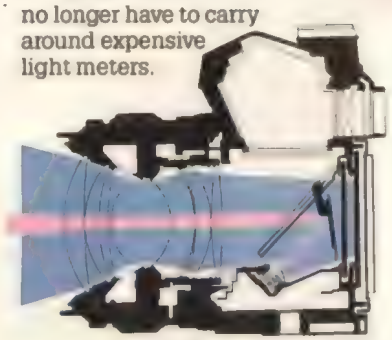

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make a dialectical synthesis?" the novelist says. "If we do it well, it might not produce a false consciousness."

If Bradbury's narration of these misadventures seems notably oblique, it is because he is up to something other than the usual picaresque of an academic innocent abroad. His book is, in fact, an intricately witty gloss on linguistics and structuralism, if not on the novel-writing process itself. The dislocations and arbitrariness of all things Slakan are meant to evoke a world without fixed meanings. Everywhere Petworth sees "the sign floating free of the signified." Nearly everyone in the country speaks some English, but it is not English as Petworth knows it ("Now, Pervert," a desk clerk mumbles, "this card I write for you, it is your hotel identay'ii, ja?"). Through Petworth's perplexities with words—and with such other languages as sex, politics and food—Bradbury suggests that life is rather like a monetary system. It can proceed only by a kind of barter, a series of provisional transactions aimed at "making a trade, finding an equivalent, striking a bargain, forging a value."

The question is whether this point is wasted on Petworth. The bourgeois Westerner is not, as his Marxist hosts keep reminding him, "a character in the world historical sense." In fact, serving mainly as a passive focus for what others say and do, Petworth is not much of a character in any sense. He remains less convincing than the Babel he visits, and when he leaves it is not clear whether he goes away wiser or merely sadder.

Bradbury, as a broker in fictional currency, implies that this inconclusiveness is the price realism must pay to artifice. Fortunately, the exchange still works out at a highly favorable rate for the reader. —*By Christopher Porterfield*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Poland. *Michener (1 last week)*
2. The Saga of Baby Divine. *Midler*
3. Hollywood Wives. *Collins (3)*
4. Changes. *Steel (2)*
5. Pet Sematary. *King*
6. Who Killed the Robins Family? *Adler and Chastain (4)*
7. The Robots of Dawn. *Asimov (6)*
8. The Name of the Rose. *Eco (5)*
9. Christine. *King (7)*
10. The Wicked Day. *Stewart (8)*

NONFICTION

1. Motherhood. *Bombeck (1)*
2. In Search of Excellence. *Peters and Waterman (2)*
3. The Mary Kay Guide to Beauty. *Mary Kay Cosmetics (4)*
4. The Body Principal. *Principal (3)*
5. Megatrends. *Naisbitt (5)*
6. On Wings of Eagles. *Follett (6)*
7. The Best of James Herriot. *Herriot (8)*
8. Tough Times Never Last, But Tough People Do!. *Schuller*
9. Vietnam: A History. *Karnow*
10. Nothing Down. *Allen*

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Whose Lives Are They Anyway?

An infant and a cerebral palsy victim prompt painful questions

The rights of the handicapped and the duties of those who handle their medical treatment once again became an emotional public issue last week in two controversial court cases. In New York, the U.S. Justice Department filed an unprecedented lawsuit aimed at finding out whether a couple improperly refused to permit life-prolonging surgery on their severely handicapped newborn infant. In California, Elizabeth Bouvia, 26, who has been rendered helpless by cerebral palsy, was in a hospital, where she wanted to starve herself to death. When hospital officials told her that they could not aid her suicide, she went to court seeking

Bouvia in California hospital

"More of a struggle to live than to die."

the right to be treated as she wished.

Though different, both cases raised painful questions, summarized by the title of the play and movie *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, and sought answers from lawyers and judges, who are the first to admit they are ill-equipped to deal with them. Baby Jane Doe, as she is known in New York court documents, was born Oct. 11 with a protruding spinal cord, excess fluid on the brain, an abnormally small head and other serious defects. Doctors concluded that the child would be paralyzed, severely retarded and in pain for however long she lived. That term, they added, would be a maximum of two years without corrective surgery; with it, she might live to be 20. Baby Jane's parents decided that hers would not be a life worth living and rejected any operation.

A. Lawrence Washburn Jr., a lawyer and right-to-life activist, was tipped off about the case, presumably by a hospital employee; he sued to force an operation. A local judge ruled in his favor, but the state's highest court, labeling Washburn's participation in the case "offensive," said that he had had no standing to sue. The parents of Baby Jane Doe thought their legal agony was over.

Not so. With vigorous encouragement from the American Life Lobby, the Justice Department sued University Hospital in Stony Brook, N.Y., to obtain Baby Jane's medical records as part of an investigation into whether there had been a violation of a federal law prohibiting discrimination against the handicapped. The suit is the latest action in a year-old Reagan Administration campaign, initiated after an Indiana baby was allowed to die, and designed to force hospitals to do whatever is necessary to prolong the life of handicapped newborns. University Hospital officials are fighting to protect the confidentiality of the records.

While parents, lawyers and judges were all speaking on behalf of Baby Jane Doe, Elizabeth Bouvia was speaking eloquently for herself. She has spent most of her life completely disabled and in severe pain from congenital cerebral palsy. The clarity of her mind has not been affected by the debilitating disease—in 1981 she earned a bachelor's degree in social work—but what she calls her "useless body" finally drove her to suicidal despair. In September, unwilling to involve friends or family and anxious to avoid the indignity of dying paralyzed and untended at home, she entered the psychiatric unit of Riverside General Hospital, where she planned to "refuse further nutrients and permit the natural process of dying to occur." But Bouvia is not dying of natural causes; she could live many years. Her death wish has thus created "major ethical problems for the doctors," says the hospital's attorney, William Katzenstein, who argues that they cannot stand by and oversee a suicide by starvation.

A court last week ordered the hospital not to move Bouvia until the suit is resolved, and she has agreed to continue taking liquid proteins to sustain herself for the time being. "You can only fight so long," she says. "It is more of a struggle to live than to die." Baby Jane Doe's parents have concluded that their daughter should not have to live through a similar struggle. "We love her very much," her mother said last week, "and that's why we made the decision we did." ■

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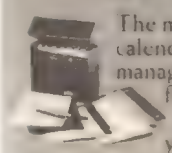

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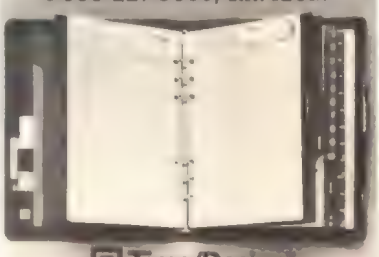

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PATRICK MCDONNELL

Fair Harvard, Are You Fair?

Harassment charges leave the Crimson crimson

It was a classic case of misused professorial power. Soon after winning a spot on the Harvard faculty in 1981, a woman Ph.D. became the target of amorous advances by her committee chairman. She claims that he invited her to his home when his wife and children were away and, at a party for Latin American dignitaries, introduced her as "my slave." The woman consulted the dean's office but was repeatedly discouraged from making a formal complaint.

The advances continued, accompanied by what the woman claims were veiled threats to jeopardize her career. She eventually complained to Henry Rosovsky, dean of the faculty of arts and sciences, who found that the case had merit. Rosovsky wrote her a letter stating, "The repeated sexual advances and certain other deprecating actions constituted a serious abuse of authority." In an August out-of-court settlement, Harvard stripped Professor Jorge Dominguez of his committee powers but did not suspend him. The woman's contract was extended, although she is now doing research in Latin America.

The case may be extreme, but it is not an isolated one. Last month Harvard released a comprehensive survey on sexual harassment, based on questionnaires sent to all arts-and-sciences faculty members, 1,000 graduate students and 2,000 undergraduates, both male and female. Some 34% of female undergraduates (and a smattering of males), 41% of female graduate students and 49% of nontenured women faculty reported experiencing some form of harassment, ranging from verbal abuse to assault.* The occurrences and the concern they raised tended to increase as women had higher seniority and tenure at stake. The 164-page report concluded, "Clearly the Harvard experience is different for men and women. Women experience an atmosphere that is more hostile and threatening."

What constitutes sexual harassment? Certain acts, such as unwanted sexual invitations, unwelcome physical contact or pressure for dates, are obvious. Men tend to define harassment almost solely in terms of sex. But the survey showed that only 2% of untenured women and 1% of women graduate students reported overt sexual abuse, such as assaults or attempted rape. Women, however, considered as serious harassment demeaning remarks and behavior designed to make them feel uncomfortable.

Although 15% of Harvard's untenured women and 9% of female undergraduates reported that they had mentioned problems to a university official, only a few made formal complaints because they feared reprisals. "I think men can often band together when one of them is threatened," wrote one woman graduate student in answer to the questionnaire. "The uniquely powerful position they hold over people just starting careers makes me hesitant about ever reporting sexual harassment." Says Holly Ladd, a lawyer for one woman complainant: "What we have here is gender harassment. We're not necessarily talking about sex in the sense of one person's trying to be physical with another. We are talking about an unwillingness on Harvard's part to do anything about a hostile and intimidating atmosphere for women."

Harassment, of course, is not confined to Harvard Yard. Bernice Sandler of the Association of American Colleges estimates that about 20% of all female college students are victims of some sort of sexual harassment. The president of Hillsborough Community College in Florida, accused by several female employees of making sexual advances, took a leave of absence last year after the state ethics commission recommended that he be suspended without pay for 90 days. He has since resigned. A dean at the University of Wisconsin at Eau Claire resigned in 1981 after a female employee made complaints to the police.

Although Dean Rosovsky admitted that the survey's findings "do not come as a great surprise," the university has not yet decided how to combat the harassment. It is hard to establish rules governing complex male-female relationships. At Yale, which has had a systematic grievance procedure since 1979, Associate Dean Judith Brandenburg warns: "We must be aware of subtle, subjective issues that are open to interpretation. There is a gray area that exists." Mary Rowe, special assistant to the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, advises a complainant to write a letter to the offender that lays out the facts, states the damages and proposes a solution. Harvard Students Christina Spaulding and Joseph DiNunzio, who helped compose and tabulate the Harvard questionnaire, believe that the university should at least appoint one disinterested authority to monitor complaints and try to prevent reprisals. Declares Harvard Senior Michael Adams: "If a teacher is found guilty of sexual harassment, potential students should be warned." ■

*Harvard was crimson last week over another issue: it agreed to repay $4.6 million to the Federal Government, settling a five-year investigation into the way the university kept records of research grants to the schools of public health and medicine.

Craft Upset

Sex bias? A judge says no

For Christine Craft, the victory was sweet but short. The television newscaster had sued the former owners of KMBC, the Kansas City station that dropped her as an anchor in 1981, charging that she had been discriminated against because of her sex and that the station had fraudulently claimed it had hired her for her journalistic ability and then attempted to remake her on-camera appearance. In August a jury recommended that Metromedia Inc. be found guilty of sex discrimination and awarded Craft $500,000 in damages on the charge of fraud. Last week, however, U.S. District Judge Joseph Stevens overturned the panel's findings and ordered a new trial on the fraud charge. Citing the "pervasive and relentless publicity" surrounding the case, Stevens said, "This verdict is the result of passion, prejudice, confusion or mistake on the part of the jury."

UPI

Ex-anchor

KMBC's actions toward Craft "were not based on her sex," said the judge. "Her affinity for casual beach life and her apparent indifference to matters of appearance required the defendant to formulate and implement corrective measures appropriate to her unique circumstances." Responded Craft: "I am reeling. It was a massive loss in the third round." ■

The Spirited Matriarch from Plains

Lillian Carter: 1898-1983

To her son, who grew up to be President, she bequeathed a toothy grin, piercing blue eyes and, as she put it, a "feeling for the underdog." To the rest of the nation, Lillian Carter—"Miss Lillian," as she was universally known—passed on a refreshing dose of down-home sass and straightforward irreverence. "There was really nothing outstanding about Jimmy as a boy," she once said of her successful firstborn, contending that Daughter Gloria, two years younger, was actually the smartest of her brood. And in 1976 she admonished her candidate-son Jimmy to "quit that stuff about never telling a lie." Lillian Carter, who died of cancer last week at 85, was never inhibited by her role as First Mother. That strength and independence made her one of the nation's best-loved matriarchs.

If Rose Kennedy produced a clan in which duty and leadership were expected, Miss Lillian expected only, but urgently, that her children be themselves. It had been her way. The fourth of nine children, Bessie Lillian Gordy was born in the southwest Georgia town of Richland, where her postmaster father taught her racial tolerance early on. When the family moved to Plains, Lillian became a nurse, and shocked some neighbors by treating poor blacks as well as whites. She was, she acknowledged, probably "the most liberal woman in the county, maybe the state." In 1923 she married James Earl Carter, owner of a local farm-supply store, and set about raising four children.

GRACE—STORK

The First Mother at home in 1976

Down-home sass and ingenuous candor.

When her husband died in 1953, not long after being elected to the Georgia legislature, she was asked to succeed him. Too depressed, she said no and later regretted it. But she forged a mid-life revival, working as a fraternity housemother and the manager of a nursing home. Then, at 68, she took literally the claim of a TV ad that "age is no barrier" and joined the Peace Corps. Her two years in India, tending to people afflicted with everything from tuberculosis to leprosy, "meant more to me than any other one thing in my life," she said.

Miss Lillian contributed to Jimmy Carter's 1976 presidential campaign mainly by staying home in Plains and taking care of Granddaughter Amy, whom she called "my heart." But she also found time for speeches and TV interviews, charming the public with her ingenuous candor. That outspokenness continued after Carter's election, though her off-the-cuff comments sometimes could be embarrassing to the increasingly beleaguered President. During the Iranian hostage crisis, she blurted that she would like to have the Ayatullah Khomeini assassinated.

Miss Lillian, whose fancies included baseball, TV soap operas and a nightly tot of bourbon, had no regrets when her son was defeated by Ronald Reagan in 1980. "I never did like the White House," she asserted. "It was boring." According to those close to her, Miss Lillian's spirits remained high even after a 1981 mastectomy failed to halt the spread of cancer. But in September, after the death of her daughter Evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton, "she sort of gave up," said a friend. Miss Lillian's unpretentious graveside service in Plains—attended by some 300 mourners including such former Carter Administration figures as Hamilton Jordan, Bert Lance and Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young—lasted less than four minutes. "Well, that's what she wanted, short and simple," commented a neighbor leaving the cemetery. "Yep," said another. "And she usually got her way." ■

SENTENCED. Frances Bernice Schreuder, 45, New York City socialite, to life in prison for plotting the murder of her millionaire father in 1978; in Salt Lake City. Her son Marc, now 22, testified that she had coaxed him into killing Franklin Bradshaw, 76, so she would not be cut out of his will.

DIED. Leonard Schapiro, 75, influential British expert on Soviet affairs; following a stroke; in London. A professor at the London School of Economics, he wrote *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union* (1959), still considered the definitive exposition of how the party works.

DIED. Farrell Dobbs, 76, Trotskyist and labor leader who designed a key organizing strategy for the International Brotherhood of Teamsters; in Pinole, Calif. After being involved in a series of bloody truckers' strikes in Minneapolis in 1934, Dobbs helped set the union on the road to unifying its local fiefdoms by recruiting long-haul drivers, who had previously been ignored by labor organizers. In 1941, after leaving the Teamsters to work full time for the Socialist Workers Party, he was convicted of advocating the violent overthrow of the U.S. Government and served 16 months in prison. He ran for President on the Socialist Workers ticket four times from 1948 to 1960.

DIED. George Halas, 88, bluff, gruff owner of football's Chicago Bears; in Chicago. He played briefly as an outfielder with the New York Yankees in 1919, quitting after an injury that did not affect his football skills. A year later he organized, coached and played end for the Decatur Staleys. By 1922 Halas had moved the team to Chicago, renamed it the Bears, and suggested that the fledgling 18-team league he played in be rechristened the National Football League. Three years later, Halas and the N.F.L. hit the big time when he signed the famed Galloping Ghost, Halfback Red Grange, who started drawing sellout crowds five days after his last college game. Tightfisted (at first he collected the tickets himself) and tough-minded (he ran up a 73-0 victory to take the 1940 league title from the Washington Redskins), "Papa Bear" Halas developed an ongoing phalanx of stars including Sid Luckman, Johnny Lujack and Gale Sayers. In his 40-year career as head coach, he earned the N.F.L. record for most victories, with 320 regular-season winning games, and led his team to six of its eight championship titles. "I play to win," he once remarked. "I shall always play to win. I speak no praise for the good loser, the man who says, 'Well, I did my best.' "

DEATH CONFIRMED. Rick Crudale, 21, Marine lance corporal from West Warwick, R.I., who was pictured on TIME's Oct. 3 cover "Lebanon: Holding the Line"; of injuries suffered in the terrorist bombing of U.S. troops; in Beirut. Crudale had apparently returned early from leave and was among those sleeping in the Marines' headquarters at Beirut International Airport when the attack took place. At first he was reported missing, but his death was officially verified last week.

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